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MODERN SCOTTISH POETS

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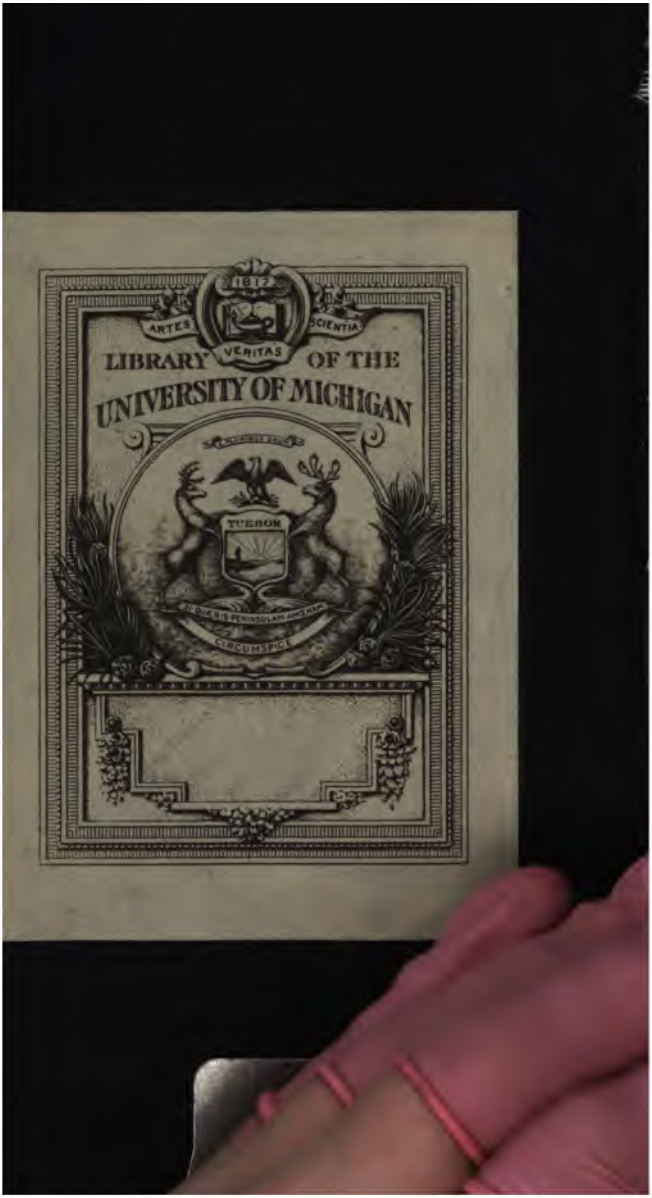
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Fifth Series.

Edwards, David Rosebell C

MODERN SCOTTISH POETS

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

BRECHIN:
D. H. EDWARDS.
1883.

Glen
7-22-37
24422

PREFATORY NOTE.

WE are not called on to give any lengthy note to the present volume. It is our intention to write a general preface to the sixth and concluding series, which will also contain a complete list of all the poets whose productions appear in the work. Like the dramatic author, who appears at the end of the play, the Editor will, much against his own inclination, and only in deference to the repeated wishes of many poets and readers, "show his face" at the close. The last volume will be found, we trust, not less interesting than the others. We will be able to reveal the anonymity of several popular authors whose productions have been hitherto known only by *noms-de-plume*, and also give sketches of and selections from the writings of a number of Scottish-American *litterateurs* and others whose lives cannot fail to be interesting. The volume will be ready about Christmas, and we are to be favoured with the continued assistance of those who kindly co-operated with us in our past efforts, and with the valuable aid of Professor Blackie; the Hon. W. C. Sturoc, Sunapee; Mr Stewart of the *Scottish American Journal*; Mr T. C. Latto, Brooklyn; Rev. Wm. Cousin, Edinburgh; Mr W. T. M'Auslane and Mr A. J. Symington, Glasgow, and other true lovers of our native minstrelsy.

9-17-37 Mar

At one time we felt afraid that it might be thought that we were unduly amplifying the work, but the hearty reception accorded to each volume as it appeared removed all ground for this feeling. Competent critics throughout the country have pronounced the increased bulk of the book to be healthy, not dropsical, and the quotations from the poets most recently introduced will show that quality keeps pace with quantity. In writing the biographical sketches our endeavour has been to present them in a pleasing and readable form, while in making selections we have, not without much thought, made it our aim to give only such pieces as are worthy of preservation, and in forming an "estimate" to be discriminating and just. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"A gathering of the best poems by lesser-known poets is a *real* boon to a busy public which has little time or inclination for sifting the chaff from the wheat."

Poetry is confessedly the highest product of intellectual effort, and it is therefore a noble ambition which induces so many writers to attempt to immortalise themselves in song. Several of our minor poets, without displaying in their verses any great range of passion or depth of thought, write with a meritorious simplicity and ease which deserve cultivation. In not a few there are traces of culture and penetration, in others there is not a little of spontaneous power and vivid freshness, and in all there is a sweet healthfulness of sentiment. Although at times we meet with verses which "seem to have been

manufactured as mechanically and systematically as some conscientious people keep their diaries," we have many poets who have already sung themselves into popular affection; and in the great mass of matter submitted for our consideration, we can see that, like the larks at early dawn, they will catch the ear, while all amply vindicate for Scotland the proud title of "The Land of Song."

D. H. EDWARDS.

Advertiser Office,
BRECHIN, *June, 1883.*

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

ALEXANDER, A. C. . . 303
Alone with Nature.
Autumna.
Vacation-Time.

ARMSTRONG, A. J. . . 253
Sweet Jessie Glen.
The Dominie's Dochter.
The Wee Creepie Stule.

BALLANTINE, Rev. J. . 382
Change.
Hope's New Harp.
The Scenes of Youth Revisited.

BOGUE, J. 340
Tannahill's Well.
Choillemhor.
To an Early Snowdrop.

BORTHWICK, J. . . 123
The last Snow on Ben More.
Sleep.
The Last Sunset.
Lullaby.

BROWN, J. 230
Mither's Questions.
Rural and City Poets.
The Cauld Fire-en'.
Half-Witted Will.
The Bairns in our Street.
Wee Jean.

BUCHANAN, M. . . 345
Long, long ago.
Longings.
Who Saved Nineveh ?

CALDER, R. H. . . 173
The Wallie.
The Anxious Mither.
Speak o' a Man as ye find him.
The Tootin' Horn.
My Highland Lassie.
When the Spring comes in.

PAGE.

CHALMERS, G. P. . . 212
On Our Father's Death.
Heaven's Voice of Prayer.
Christian Brotherhood.
The Church's Hymn of Praise.

CHRISTIE, J. 367
My Attic.
Long Ago.
Crossing the Fairport Bar.
Hesperus.
Renounced.
Mari.

CLEPHANE, E. C. . . 225
In His Garden.
The Ninety and Nine.
A Memory.
My Hero.
"We sorrow not as those who have no hope."

COLBURN, G. 64
The Glen.
James Beattie.
Eliza.
Dunnottar Castle.

COUSIN, A. R. 109
Christ within the veil.
Before the Dawn.
Day by Day.
The Double Search.
The Cross.

CRAWFORD, A. 97
Scotland, I have no home but thee.

CRAWFORD, J. 101
The Land o' the Bonnet and Plaid.
My Auld Wifie Jean.
The Waes o' Eild.

PAGE.

DOBIE, G. 128
A wee rift o' blue in the sky.
The Woods of Hopetoun.
Wha to like best.
A Plea for Hospital Flower Missions.
The Wee Raggit Lassie.
Bonny Glencotha.

DONALD, J. 257
The Minstrel's Lament,
On Knowledge.

DRYERRE, H. 274
Ad Poetam.
A Song of Severed Love.
Springtime.
Come Near Me.
What Treasures of Our Hearts have We.

DURIE, W. S. 271
Jeanie.
Long Credit.

DYKES, T. 70
Caller Ou.
A Bridal there will be.
Half-mast High.
Sailing.
The Game 'mang the Bonnie Green Knowes.

FERGUSON, REV. F. . . . 92
At a Soldier's Grave.
To an Iceberg.
Snow.

FREELAND, WM. . . . 17
The Eaglet and the Child.
Work Song.
The Ring.
Reaping.
The Cabin Boy.
A Falling Blow.
The Winter Daisy.

GRAHAM, W. 396
The Flower.
The Day that First I Saw Ye.
The Earth is Weary.
A Tale for the Marines.
Courage.

PAGE.

HENDERSON, J. C. . . . 139
Garlands.
The Mother.
On a Dead Child.
There shall be no Night there.
Sonnet.
Sonnet.
Young Hopes and Old.

HENRIETTA, F. . . . 165
It's Not Enough.
I Dearly Lo'e.
Bonnie Jean.
A Wish.

INGLIS, J. 161
The Shepherd Lad.
Glengaber Burn.

INNES, R. 96
To my Daughter when at School.
An Early Morning Walk.

JAMIESON, J. 187
The Laird's Courtship.
The Gloamin'.
Lines to an Old Cab Horse.
By the River Jed.

JOHNSTON, J. J. . . . 238
Song.
Pity's Shrine.
The Home of My Boyhood.

JOHNSTON, Rev. T. P. . 372
A' Thing Looks Dowie When Jamie's no Well.
Strayed.
An Old Violin.

KENNEDY, D. 44
In Exile Land.
The Carrier Lad.
The Time Gun.

KERR A. M. 216
To the Snowdrop.
The Voice of Prayer.
Resignation.

LAW, J. 314
Mary Fair.
When the Sun's Gane Ower the Hill.
The Song of Winter.

PAGE.

LATTO, T. C. 330
The Kiss Ahint the Door.
When We were at the Schule.
The Blind Lassie.
Oor Ain Wife.
The Queen of Scots.
Sly Widow Skinner.

LYALL, J. W. 386
Noo my Little Darling Slumbers.
A Kind Word Still is Easy Said.
Still be Happy while You May.
Be Kind to the Auld.
Widow O'Mailly's Lament.

MACLACHLAN, A. . . . 40
The Snow-Storm.
Mount Olympus.
Jamie M'Dougall.
The Poet's Bliss.

MERRYLEES, R. B. . . . 115
Beautiful in Fading.
Sweet Bird, Fly Low.
My Nest.
O Rosy Hills.
The Daisy House.
Song.
The Fisherman's Wife and the Brown Butterflies.

MILLER, T. 146
My Heart aye warms to the Tartan.
Only a Little Child.
Cushendall.
The Guid Auld Days; or When I was a Lassie.

MUNRO, A. 191
Lieutenant Irving.
A Nameless Treasure.
A Warbler's Praise.
My Book-Shelf.

MURIE, G. 264
Time.
The Skylark.
Put it Through Again.
Our Candy Man.
A Morning Reverie.

PAGE

M'AUSLANE, D. M'COLL, 1
Old Pots to Mend.
The Land whaur the Wallac was Born.
The Lass wi' the Blue Rogui Een.

M'BRYDE, A. C. . . . 1
Gillie Dhu Dhia.
The Leal Wife's Sang.
Song—The Wooer's Tryst.
Lennox Manor.

M'CORKINDALE, D. . . . 1
The Snow Storm.
Clitumnus by Moonlight.
Jessie.
Song—The Lass o' Erchless Glen.

M'GILL, W. G. . . . 3
Ode to Summer.
Death and Marion.
The Scenes of Youth.
Hope.

M'GILL, J. 3
My Boy Tammie.
The Infant's Grave.

M'INTOSH, J. 2
Oor Ain Land.
Fair Helen's Weird—A We morland Ballad.
A Retrospect.
"Oh Mither lat me rise the Nicht."
An Address to a Flea.

M'KIMM, J. . . . 3
Growin' Auld.
The Auld Gudewife o' t Drum.
Little Annie.
Old Things.
My Love.

M'MURDO, G. 2
Blawearie, I'm Wae.
The Muirs o' Kyle.
My Muirlan' Hame.

PAGE.

M'NEILL, P. 292
The Harper.
Wee Willie.
Auld Grannie.
My Ain True Lover, Johnnie.
Bonnie Bus' o' Brier.

NEILL, W. 339
The Beauty o' Scotland.
Lizzie's Black E'e.

NISBET, H. 155
Maggie : an Elegy.
Spring on the Tweed.
Love.
Sunset—a Study in Gems and Gold.
The Tangled Skein.
Charity.

PETTIGREW, J. 35
Blythe Summer's Awa'.
Where the Highland Tartans Wave.
To Mary.
My Bonnie Dark Eyed Dearie.
Summer a' the Year.
Sweet Summer comes forth.

PHIN, W. H. 298
The Thistle, the Broom, and the Heather.
Wishing and Waiting.
Ilka Dark Cloud Wears a Silvery Linin'.
She's Gane.
Simmer is Comin' again.

RANKINE, W. J. M. . 27
The Three-foot Rule.
The Dashing Young Fellow.
The Mathematician in Love.
The Carrick Hills.
The Infant Metaphysician.

REID, A. 280
Tibbie and Her Soo.
Mike and the Praist.
Consider the Lilies.
The Treasures of the Snow.
Beside a Wood.
Until the Day Break.

RESTON, A. 63
Kelvingrove.

PAGE.

SCORGIE, J. 321
O ! Come Awa', Dearie.
The Rasps.
The Coo's Calved Noo.
The Doctor's Maid.

SCOTT, A. 134
The Sleep of the Heavy Brigade.
Charade.
Temperance Song.

SMITH, R. H. W. . . 104
Glencoe.
The Lass o' Ballinshoe.
The Days that were Dearest.
Love's Young Dream.
Winsome Mary.

SMITH, D. C. 308
Time.
A Summer Song.
A Seashore Song.
The Ingle.

SPROAT, G. 356
Farewell, Old Home.
Craignair.
Beauty's Power on the Raging Sea.

STEWART, REV. A. . . 77
Elegy on a Pet Dove that was killed by a Dog.
The Bewitched Bachelor *Unbewitched.*

STRONACH, G. 391
Macleod of Dare.
Two Little Wooden Shoes.
My Message.
Aline.
The Ruby Ring.

SYMINGTON, A. J. . . 84
Arran for me.
The Cuckoo : a Summer Ode.
The Voice of the Sea.
Cheer.
Life's Dreams.

TAYLOR, J. 325
The Old Clock.
When We Were Boys.
There is Room for Mother.

PAGE.

TAYLOR, A. E. . . . 328
The Children's Christmas Eve and Morning.
Never Again.
What are they Doing at Home To-Night?

THOMSON, W. 241
The Maister and the Bairns.
Maid Mysie.
The Laird o' Gowdenleas.
Where the Ferns Grow.
City Arabs.
The Fisher's Lassie.
The Exile.
The Auld Thackit Biggin'.

TURNER, G. . . . 261
The Caumstane Laddie.
The Wee Shifter's Lament.
Stanzas on my Blindness.
Auld Bessie's Lament.

PAGE.

TOUGH, M. and M. A. 286
The Moslem's Grave.
Lay His Ashes There.
The Family Gathering.
"Praise Waiteth."
When Would I Go.
The Ministry of Song.
My Longings.

WANLESS, A. 51
The Sweetest o' them a'
Oor Mither Tongue.
Aye keep your heart aboon.
The Laird o' Macnab.
The Poor o' the Parish.
A Legend o' Selkirk.

WILSON, J. 377
The Reason Why.
The Wife's Lament.
Boyhood.
The Language of Life.

MODERN SCOTTISH POETS.

WILLIAM FREELAND.

AMONG our modern living Scottish poets, not many are more entitled to be listened to and admired than the subject of this sketch. The notes of his song may not, like those of the bold soaring lark, fill all the welkin with floods of melody, arresting the attention of every passing ear, but they are like those of the nightingale that steal quietly, almost unconsciously, upon the pensive, meditative mind, until at length they thrill the whole soul with the beauty and sweetness of their strains. Our author may never bulk so largely in the public estimation as many of his more famous predecessors, or even contemporaries, have done. But the fault will probably be found to rest rather with the public than with the poet. To those who can withdraw themselves from the dusty highways of life, and attune their spirits to the inner voices of nature and the heart, his utterances will possess a fascinating charm, an increasing and permanent interest.

William Freeland was born in the town of Kirkintilloch, Dumbartonshire, in 1828, and, like many more gifted sons of song, was born and reared in the humbler ranks of life. His elementary education was of the usual description, but the good seed, scanty though it was, fell into good soil, and bore fruit in after years. Shewing signs of artistic talent, he was apprenticed to one of the finer branches of calico printing, an occupation which not a few of our "Modern Scottish Poets" have followed in their early days.

In early youth Mr Freeland removed to Glasgow, where he availed himself of the means opened up to him of acquiring a higher education, and of making up for the deficiencies of his younger training. These means he assiduously cultivated, attending classes in the Athenæum and other institutions, and being of course a frequent visitor at the public libraries of the city. He now more than ever developed a taste and talent for literary pursuits, and at length he obtained, in 1858, the post of sub-editor of the old *Weekly Citizen*, under the supervision of Mr (now Dr) Hedderwick (see page 410 of Third Series), a man of rare literary and poetical talent, who has done in his life-time much for the encouragement and training of young and rising literary spirits. Under such favourable auspices young Freeland had an excellent opportunity of getting an insight into the higher and finer literary work of the time, and he made the utmost of this opportunity. Indeed, it may well be assumed that already he had given indications of more than ordinary ability, when he was appointed by so discriminating a judge as Mr Hedderwick to the important post of sub-editor of a journal of the literary calibre of the *Weekly Citizen*. It was during this period that Mr Freeland and that fine poetic spirit David Gray, first met, and became bosom

friends. Their friendship was singularly deep and tender, and only ended when the grave closed over the precious dust of the sweet young singer in the "Auld Aisle," where a monument has been raised to his memory. Freeland was of course the elder of the two; but there can be no doubt that each exercised upon the other a most beneficial and elevating influence. In a most appreciative poem Mr Freeland pays a graceful and touching tribute to the memory of his gifted compeer and friend.

In 1866 Mr Freeland joined the staff of the *Glasgow Herald*, on which paper, with the exception of a brief interval, he has ever since been engaged. He at present discharges editorial functions on the Glasgow *Evening Times* the property of the *Herald* proprietors, and his racy and high toned leaders are not the least attractive features of that widely circulated and vigorous periodical.

In 1872 our author published a novel in three volumes on the subject of the Glasgow "Radical Risings" of 1820, a work of great local interest, which created, if we mistake not, a considerable sensation on its first appearance in the columns of the *Weekly Herald*. It was also extensively read and appreciated in its completed form. But in the meantime he had been a constant and valued contributor of poetry to the magazines of the day, and recently the Princess Beatrice paid him the high compliment of placing upon the title-page of her beautiful and excellent "Birthday book" the last stanza of his poem "Reaping," which she had culled from a collection of poems contributed by various authors. In May 1882 Messrs James Maclehose & Sons published a selection of his poems under the title of "A Birth Song and other Poems," a volume which, containing the matured productions of the poet's genius, has already met with a most favourable reception, and we doubt not will continue

to grow in the public estimation, as its excellence becomes more widely known.

For as we have already indicated, Mr Freeland's work is not of the noisy and obtrusive, but of the intense and unpretentious order of merit. One does not see all its beauties on a first perusal. It can be read again and again with increasing pleasure and profit, and we are confident that the fame of its author will not be of an evanescent nature, but will grow and gather as the years roll on.

As might be expected Mr Freeland's poetry evinces keen appreciation, and an ardent love of the beautiful in external nature. He is as much at home in describing the imposing grandeur of earth, sea, and sky, as in delineating with delicate pencillings the tender beauties of the tiny floweret, the gleam of the dew-drop in the morning sun, the murmur of the mountain stream, and the exquisite melody of the songsters of the grove. He dwells also in a fine tender vein, and with all the ardour of the poet, upon the master passion of the soul; although we are not sure that his love-passages, strictly so-called, are the happiest efforts of his muse. There is a fine manly tone and ring in those poems more specifically devoted to life and labour, which must have a bracing and invigorating influence on the reader, while his allusions to the domestic affections are characterised by purity of sentiment and vigour of expression. His religious references are in good taste, being at once reverent, healthful, and free from all mawkish or hackneyed phraseology.

There is infinite variety in the rhyme and rhythm of Mr Freeland's versification, giving indication of great poetical resources. Rarely do we find a strained or stilted line, while in many passages he evinces exquisite skilfulness and taste. His language is copious, elegant, stern, and vigorous. A reviewer of his volume says:—"Those who have been ac-

quainted with the literary endowments of Mr Freeland, as displayed in London magazines not less than in those Glasgow journals with which he has so long and honourably been associated, will not require to be informed that this is a book of rare thoughtfulness and beauty. The imagery is exquisite; the language musical and refined; while the blank-verse poems are characterised by a pensive melodiousness which reminds us of Coleridge in his loftier moods. We do not, therefore, hesitate to affirm that it is one of the most important contributions to poetic literature that has appeared for years. A deep moral earnestness, not commonly discoverable in modern literature, pervades, like a deep-sounding stream, the whole landscape of his song. No writer has more eloquently illustrated, whether in his life or writings, the enduring dignity of honest toil. To him, as to all true thinkers, labour is life."

THE EAGLET AND THE CHILD.

I.

The Baron cam' to his castle yett:
"O wifie, let me in;
For I wi' rain and bluid am wet,
And sair and weary-blin'."
His leddy lookit down and saw
Her dear lord standin' there,
Wi' bluid upon his brow o' snaw,
And on his yellow hair.

"Whaur hae ye been sae lang and late
What deed is't ye hae dune?"
"I've brought our son an eaglet-mate
Frae Corriemulzie Linn.
The parent-eagles, fierce as fire,
Did strike me wi' their wings;
I gave them o' my dirk's keen ire,
And dyed the Corrie's springs.

"But bring babe Ronald forth to see
This plaything o' the wild—"
Rushed in the nurse—"Oh, wae is me,
An eagle's stown the child!"

"Awa', awa', ye guilty man!"
The anguished mither said;
"'Tis son for son, 'tis ban for ban—
O God that I were dead!"

II.

The eagle cam' to the wren's nest:
"O Jenny are ye in?
Some counsel gie me o' the best,
For I wi' grief am blin'."
And Jenny lookit oot and saw
The puir bedraigled king,
Wi' bluid upon his beak and claw
And jaups on ilka wing.

"Whaur hae ye been sae late and lang,
What waefu' deed's been dune?"
"Oh, we hae tholed a cruel wrang
At Corriemulzie Linn?
The Baron climbed into our nest—
Ower late we saw him there—
And tore our darling frae our breast
To please his baby heir.

"But I hae played his ain dark game,
And reft his babe frae him.
What will he think when he gangs hame
To find his cradle toom?
O Jenny, speak and counsel me,
And gie my heart relief—
It boils within me like a sea
Of fire, and rage, and grief."

"Awa', awa', ye cruel king,
Wha come for counsel here!
Your bluidy claw, your jaupit wing,
They shake my breast wi' fear:
Awa', and tak' the bairn wi' speed
Unto his mither's knee;
A kindly deed's a kingly deed
That sets the captive free."

III.

The human mither sabbit sair;
While round her and the Chief
The eagle-mither rent the air
Wi' cries o' rage and grief.
"O husband! tak' the eaglet hame,
Unto his ain dear nest;
A parent's heart is a' the same
In man or eagle's breast."

The eaglet heard his mither's cry,
  And shook his helpless wings,
And screamed a prayer unto the sky,
  As to the King of kings.
The Baron tossed the youngling free
  Upon the dial-stane;
Then with a swoop and clutch of glee
  The eagle had her ain.

Yet sair and sairer did she greet,
  Babe Ronald's mither fair;
"Oh, give me back my son, my sweet,
  Ye powers of earth and air!"
"Be comforted my wife, my joy,
  And I'll redeem my sin;
I'll seek and find our darling boy
  By Corriemulzie Linn."

But hark!—a sound—a surge of wings—
  O wonder! O delight!
The eagle, son and sire of kings,
  Brought hame the baby wight:
Then flashing into heaven wi' speed,
  Shrieked forth exultingly,
"A kindly deed's a kingly deed
  That sets the captive free!"

WORK SONG.

Ho, leap, if you list, boys, and fly, if you can;
  Or move to the tapping of drums;
Limp or crawl,—but be true to the line of your plan,
  Though cheered but by cracking of thumbs:
Be thinking, be working, be marching away,
  Pulse beating that thrills like a rhyme;
Though slight be the bravest ascent of the day,
  Heights are scaled by one step at a time.

There's little to lose, boys, but mickle to win;
  Each morn on its wing brings a chance;
Should day's prosy wheel hurt your soul with its din,
  Sweet evening will bring its romance:
For, ever-and-ever the planet goes round,
  Nor yet has it come to its prime;
It lives, and it blooms, and with glory is crowned
  By wheeling one arc at a time.

Awake, and away, boys; the bugle of morn—
  The cock—calls the lingering sun;
The hungering furrows await the seed-corn—
  Up! sow them ere daylight be done!

Nor grieve though an acre remain to be sown—
  Only wait,—there will ring a new chime:
You will hear in the wind that to-morrow is blown,
  Faith and Work are the monarchs of time.

Each bud of the spring, boys, in summer will blow,
  Cheered by melody, labour, and love:
The juices of earth will be busy below,
  And the sunlight will sparkle above;
Then autumn will come, and the sickles will swing,
  In the battle untainted by crime;
Each bold brawny reaper will whistle and sing,
  Harvest piling, one sheaf at a time.

So, heart full of faith, boys, and arm full of power,
  Clear eye on the dawn ever bent;
Scorch the sun, chill the night-dew, or thunder the shower,
  Still yon star-glowing roof is a tent:
Stand or fall, win or lose—in the battle of truth,
  Even defeat were a conquest sublime;
Persistence is glory; pure action is youth;
  Heaven springs from the strivings of time!

THE RING.

O blythesome ring, O winsome ring,
  That Willie gied to me,
As doon thy glen, dear Moneymore,
  We wandered to the sea:
For we had come by Drumodune,
  The rills o' Toranree
That croon amang the green breckan,
  And the blaeberrie.

And soft and coothie were the words
  He coo'd into my ear,
Like wafts of heavenly win' that blaw
  When nane but love can hear:
And sweet and sweeter grew the kiss
  For miles he gied to me,
As we gaed through the green breckan,
  And the blaeberrie.

Then in the glen o' Moneymore,
  Where the brown waters sing,
He took my hand and fondly bound
  My finger wi' a ring:
O winsome ring, O blythesome ring,
  That Willie gied to me,
As we gaed through the green breckan,
  And the blaeberrie.

I wear the ring, my Willie's ring;
It clasps me like his arms;
His heart beats in it warm and sweet,
And keeps my life from harms:
And still it shines, and see I ken
That he'll come hame to me,
And kiss me 'mang the green breckan,
And the blaeberrie.

REAPING.

Up, mortal and act, while the angel of light
Melts the shadows before and behind thee;
Shake off the soft dreams that encumber thy might,
And burst the fool's fetters that bind thee:
Soars the skylark—soar thou; leaps the stream—do thou leap;
Learn from nature the splendour of action,
Plough, harrow and sow, or thou never shalt reap;
Faithful deeds bring divine benefaction.

The red sun has rolled himself into the blue,
And lifted the mists from the mountain;
The young hares are feasting on nectar of dew,
The stag cools his lips in the fountain:
The blackbird is piping within the dim elm,
The river is sparkling and leaping;
The wild bee is fencing the sweets of his realm,
And the mighty-limbed reapers are reaping.

To spring comes the budding: to summer the blush;
To autumn the happy fruition;
To winter repose, meditation, and hush;
But to man every season's condition:
He buds, blooms, and ripens, in action and rest,
As thinker, and actor, and sleeper;
Then withers and wavers, chin drooping on breast,
And is reaped by the hand of a reaper.

THE CABIN BOY.

Upon the bridge, at silvery break of day
I stood, and saw a solitary bark
Move from her moorings in the harbour dark;
Silent and spectral in the shadowy gray
Towered the great masts, and flung their pennons gay.
Among the sailors, cheerily as a lark
Whistled a cabin boy, an elfin spark,
Newly apprenticed to the fearful spray,
He stalked about and watched the brightening beams
Kiss the top-gallant with a golden tone
That winged his fancy to romantic skies,
Where pearly isles made music in his dreams:

He sniffed the gales that murmur round Ceylon :
While all the Indies flashed within his eyes.

Unhalting wheeled the inevitable year :
And once again upon the bridge I paced
Beside a mother, sad, prophetic faced,
Each sea gust making misery in her ear.
Behind us hummed the city ; and more near
The harbour rustled with the windy masts.
Then lo ! a ship rushed in before the blasts,
A battered phantom of the pitiless sea—
The same proud bark that, one brief year ago,
Bore to the gleaming dreamlands of the East
That beauteous boy. "O Captain, where is he ?"
"By Sapphire isles the fairies of the yeast
Loved him, and took him down the emerald flow,
On their soft bosoms, to a marriage feast !"

A FALLING BLOW.

The blow is falling ! Let it fall ;
  Even death were no calamity ;
God wot, why should we whine or call ;
It cannot hurt our souls at all,
  Since we are free.

A little less of earthly things ;
  Less favour of the world have we :
What then proud man ? The rede still rings,
'Tis not the Crown that maketh kings
  But being free.

Then let the blow fall ! what if it
  Should lay us flat, both you and me ?
O Lord of wings ! give us the wit
To soar heaven-high though low we sit,
  Content and free.

To toil, to suffer, live unknown,—
  What matter, if brave men we be?
Why, we can live without a groan,
And dying, make the grave a throne,
  Forever free !

THE WINTER DAISY.

The river flows with hasty flood and keen,
Biting the red earth from the broken ledge :
The dull-eyed sparrow dozes on the hedge,
Dreaming the world is clothed in fruitful green,
And only wakes to hunger and the spleen.
Lean blackbirds dig for grubs with golden wedge ;
The water-hen stares wildly from the sedge,

Half crazed that not a minnow can she glean
Within her wonted soul. I, too, am crost,
And wander like an unforgiven ghost
In the dank meadow by the whirling stream,
Seeking redemption. Lo, the holy sign!
A half-blown daisy lends her patient gleam,
And all the world is clothed in light divine!

W. J. MACQUORN RANKINE.

WE have given examples of remarkable men of all ranks and walks of life. Distinguished statesmen and judges; brave military and naval heroes; eminent lawyers, judges, and professors, have all been found in our galaxy; while busy merchants and prominent journalists have also oftener than once adorned our pages. The last-mentioned especially, we may be pardoned for saying, have been treated in works on the subject of our eminent men with rare exceptions, as if they were mere harmless drudges in the public service, about whom the absence of any lasting memorial need cause no concern.

We only mention this in passing, believing that our readers will have perused with deep interest the particulars given of the subject of the foregoing sketch. Our present purpose is to introduce here another poetical Professor. In doing so, it is desirable to keep in mind that the length of space devoted to a name is not in any way to be construed as the precise measure of its importance. We have spent hours and even days, occasionally writing numerous letters to many widely-spread places and individuals, examined files of newspapers and volumes of magazines for a date or other fact about individuals, accurate *particulars of* whom we were anxious to give;

but, although they had been of some note in their day, they had either received no permanent record, or access to information was difficult to obtain. Such has been the case regarding the early life and career of the subject now before us.

William John Macquorn Rankine, late Professor of Civil Engineering and Mechanics in the University of Glasgow, was born in Edinburgh in 1820. His father, David Rankine, was in his youth Lieutenant in the 21st Regiment (Rifle Brigade), and latterly secretary to the Caledonian Railway Company. He was descended from the Rankines of Carrick. The son was educated at the Ayr Academy and the Glasgow High School. He afterwards, in 1836-7 studied at the University of Edinburgh in the Natural Philosophy Class, under Professor Forbes, and gained the gold medal for an essay on the "Undulatory Theory of Light."

Professor Rankine studied engineering under his father, and had also some professional training from Sir John M'Neil. After practical work in railway engineering, he began, in 1848, the study of Molecular Physics—his chief claim to distinction in pure science. He assisted Professor Gordon in Glasgow University, and in 1855 was appointed to the Chair of Engineering. He was President of the Institution of Civil Engineers in Scotland, and President of the Mechanical Section of the British Association. His first work appeared in 1842—on "Cylindrical Wheels on Railways," and this was followed by "The Transformation of Energy," "The Expansive Action of Heat," "Manual of Applied Mechanics," "Manual of the Steam Engine," and "Civil Engineering." He also contributed many valuable papers to learned societies; and, in consideration of his many important discoveries, he was made LL.D. of Dublin University. In 1874 his more strictly literary compositions were collected and published by Messrs Maclehose, Glas-

gow, under the title of "Songs and Fables." From this interesting volume we give the following :—

"Those who enjoyed the personal intimacy of the late Professor Rankine—and the circle was not a narrow one—will, it is thought, be glad to have the means of recalling some of the songs which they can no longer hear from him, though his voice and manner lent a charm which the printed page cannot restore. Those who knew him in his graver works only, may be surprised, but, it is hoped, will not be disappointed, to find that a genius for philosophic research, which made his name known throughout the scientific world—and the labours of a life devoted chiefly to directing others, from the chair and by the press, how to follow his steps—were incompatible with the playful, genial spirit which brightens the following pages. The first of the songs may be taken as the meeting-point of science and humour—"The Mathematician in Love;" the last—"The Carrick Hills"—possesses a melancholy interest from having been written very shortly before his death, when failing health and eyesight seem to have revived a longing for the scenery and simple pleasures of his childhood. The fables explain, in a mode not attempted by archaeologists, the organ and meaning of some of our old and popular sign-boards. The illustrations attached to them, from the well-known pencil of a gifted lady connected with the same University, will serve to enliven a humour which some readers might consider dry." As a specimen of these Fables, we give the following :—

The Goose and Gridiron.—A goose, proud of her wings, taunted a gridiron with its inability to fly. "Foolish bird!" that utensil replied ; "I shall perhaps one day broil those members of which you now boast."—*Moral*—Boast not of transient advantages.

The Pig and Whistle.—A cottager being disturbed by the cries of his pig, tied a whistle on the animal's snout, and thus converted its discord into melody.—*Moral*—True wisdom converts the most unpleasing circumstances into sources of comfort.

The Goat and Compasses.—A pair of compasses belonging to a geographer was lying on a table, when a goat happening to pass by, addressed to it the following taunt: "Your limbs serve but to straddle across a piece of paper; mine, to bound over the mountains." "Your limbs," replied the instrument, "enable one wretched animal to seek its food; mine assist the sage to map the world."—*Moral*—Science, though despised by the ignorant, is beter than bodily strength.

We do not require to add much in the way of criticism. The genial Professor considered poetry a mere recreation from more ambitious toil. From the quality of the examples we give, both in prose and verse, our readers will feel regret that he had not done more work of a purely literary nature, and not written in this vein only for the purpose of amusing a large and congenial circle of friends during his leisure hours. His fables show fine perception of the ridiculous, and a lively sense of incongruity; while in his verses humour is always fresh, rich, and enforced, and the satire is keen, without bitterness. In the midst of lofty and varied gifts, we find the presence of touching tenderness and pathos, and a transparent and cheery nature, which endeared him to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Professor Rankine died in 1872.

THE THREE-FOOT RULE.

A SONG ABOUT STANDARDS OF MEASURE.

Air—"The Poacher."

When I was bound apprentice, I learned to use my hands,
Folks never talked of measures that came from foreign lands:
Now I'm a British Workman too old to go to school;
So whether the chisel or file I hold I'll stick to my three-foot rule.

Some talk of millimetres and some of kilogrammes,
And some of decilitres, to measure beer and drams;
But I'm a British Workman, too old to go to school;
So by pounds I'll eat, and by quarts I'll drink, and I'll work by my three-foot rule.

A party of astronomers went measuring of the earth,
And forty million metres they took to be its girth;

Five hundred million inches, though, go through from pole to pole ;
So let's stick to inches, feet, and yards, and the good old three-foot rule.

The great Egyptian pyramid's a thousand yards about ;
And when the masons finished it, they raised a joyful shout ;
The chap that planned that building I'm bound he was no fool ;
And now 'tis proved beyond a doubt he used a three-foot rule.

Here's a health to every learned man that goes by common sense,
And would not plague the workman on any vain pretence ;
But as for those philanthropists who'd send us back to school,
Oh, bless their eyes, if ever they tries to put down the three-foot rule

THE DASHING YOUNG FELLOW.

Air—"The Charming Woman."

So Pygwyggyne is going to marry—
What a number of hearts it will vex !
In fact it will quite play old Harry
With the feelings of half the fair sex.
I believe he's of kin to a Duke,
Or a Marquis, or else to an Earl ;
And I know he's a dashing young fellow,
And she's almost fortunate girl !

Yes, indeed, he's a dashing young fellow—
A three-bottle man, as they say ;
And he's always good-natured when mellow,
As long as he gets his own way.
Cards, billiards, and hayards he'll play,—
His whiskers most charmingly curl—
In short he's a dashing young fellow,
And she's a most fortunate girl !

His horse he can sit like a centaur,
He rides like a trump to the hounds ;
His tailor he owes, I may venture
To say, ten or twelve hundred pounds.
His bills and his bets have no bounds,
He can fence, box, row, steer, reef, furl—
Oh, by Jove ! he's a dashing young fellow,
And she's a most fortunate girl !

Though to business he never attended,
His great talents for it appear,—
For he lives in a style that is splendid
On an income of—nothing a year.

Now his bride's handsome fortune will clear
(For the present) his credit from peril—
In fact he's a dashing young fellow,
And she's a most fortunate girl !

He keeps dogs and guns in large forces,
A tiger (a comical elf),
And seven or eight tall Irish horses,
Which he loves more than aught save himself.
That he marries the lady for pelf
Sure none can suspect but a churl—
For you know he's a dashing young fellow,
And she's a most fortunate girl !

At the pistol to none he'll surrender,
As witness his deeds at Chalk Farm ;
Yet his heart as a dove's is as tender,
For to every fair face it can warm.
I would not the ladies alarm,
But you know good advice is a pearl—
Don't marry a dashing young fellow,
If you are a sensible girl

THE MATHEMATICIAN IN LOVE.

A Mathematician fell madly in love
With a lady, young, handsome, and charming :
By angles and ratios harmonic he strove
Her curves and proportions all faultless to prove,
As he scrawled hieroglyphics alarming.

He measured with care, from the ends of a base,
The arcs which her features subtended :
Then he framed transcendental equations to trace
The flowing outlines of her figure and face,
And thought the result very splendid.

He studied (since music has charms for the fair)
The theory of fiddles and whistles,—
Then composed by acoustic equations, an air,
Which, when 'twas performed, made the lady's long hair
Stand on end, like a porcupine's bristles.

The lady loved dancing :—he therefore applied,
To the polka and waltz, an equation ;
But when to rotate on his axis he tried,
His centre of gravity swayed to one side,
And he fell, by the earth's gravitation.

No doubts of the fate of his suit made him pause,
For he proved, to his own satisfaction,
That the fair one returned his affection ;—" because,
" As every one knows, by mechanical laws,
" Re-action is equal to action."

"Let x denote beauty,—y, manners well-bred,—
"Z, Fortune,—(this last is essential),—
"Let l stand for love,"—our philosopher said,—
"Then l is a function of x, y, and z,
"Of the kind which is known as potential."

"Now integrate l with respect to d, t,
"(t Standing for time and persuasion);
"Then, between proper limits, 'tis easy to see,
"The definite integral marriage must be:—
"(A very concise demonstration)."

Said he—"If the wandering course of the moon
"By Algebra can be predicted,
"The female affections must yield to it soon"—
But the lady ran off with a dashing dragoon,
And left him amazed and afflicted.

THE CARRICK HILLS.

Come busk ye braw, my bonnie bride,
And hap ye in my guid grey plaid,
And ower the Brig o' Doon we'll ride
Awa' to Carrick Hills, love.

For there's flowery braes in Carrick land,
There's wimplin burns in Carrick land,
And beauty beams on ilka hand
Amang the Carrick Hills, love.

There dwalt my auld forefathers lang,
Their hearts were leal, their arms were strang;
To thee my heart and arm belang,
Amang the Carrick Hills, love.

I'll bear thee to our auld gray tower,
And there we'll busk a blythesome bower,
Where thou shalt bloom, the fairest flower,
Amang the Carrick Hills, love.

In spring we'll watch the lammies play,
In summer ted the new maun hay,
In hairst we'll sport the lee lang day,
Amang the Carrick Hills, love.

When winter comes, wi' frost and snaw,
We'll beet the bleeze and light the ha',
While dance and sang drive care awa',
Amang the Carrick Hills, love.

THE INFANT METAPHYSICIAN.

A little boy went out one night,
The little boy went out;
The moon and stars were very bright
As he ran round about.

And round, and round, and round about,
And round about went he;
Says he, "I'm running round about,
Oh round about I be."

His head began to giddy get,
To giddy get began,
And giddier still, and giddier yet,
As round about he ran.

And then he said unto himself,
Unto himself, says he,
"Is this myself that's round about,
And is it really me."

And then it grew so very dark,
So very dark grew it,
That though he often tried to see,
He could not see a bit.

And then he thought his eyes were out,
As out they seemed to be;
Says he, "I think my eyes are out,
I think they are," says he.

But his mamma came running out,
To look for little Sam;
Says she "Where are you Sammikin?"
Says Sammy, "Here I am."

And when he saw his dear mamma,
Who Sammy came to find,
He knew by that; as well he might,
He was not really blind.

And then he knew his eyes were in,
As in they well might be,
Says he "I think my eyes are in,
I think they are" says he.

JOHN PETTIGREW,

WELL-KNOWN in Glasgow as "the Parkhead Minstrel," and in Ayrshire as "the Roving Gardener," was born at Keppochhill, Glasgow, in 1840. His parents were poor, and could only give him a very limited education—some six months in all. He was apprenticed to a cartwright, but his father and mother dying, he had to go to farm service, and afterwards learned the gardener trade, serving in a nursery, and latterly with Mr Abercromby, Stirling. Since then he has "jobbed" throughout Scotland, and being intelligent, skilled, and of a civil and obliging disposition, he has gained friends in many parts who still cling to him in the hour of adversity.

While in Parkhead, in 1862, a "poetical war" broke out in the columns of a Glasgow newspaper, and John took an active part in the contest. After some hard-hitting on both sides, he was allowed to be the conquerer, and he received encouraging epistles from the late Janet Hamilton and others. When in Ayrshire, he wrote both poetical and prose sketches for the *Kilmarnock Standard*, and also contributed a good deal to the English press—now painting nature, singing to the child in the cradle, and again writing comic verses for the music halls. On account of his moving from place to place, he was styled "the Roving Gardener," and many of his best productions are now lost.

Eight years ago the subject of our sketch had an attack of bronchitis, and he tells us that for four years he "struggled, worked, and bought medicine," but the disease had got too firm a hold, and has now been pronounced by the medical profession as incurable. For several years he has been unable to follow his calling, and he has frequently to seek the shelter of

a poorhouse, when too ill to wander about the country, Homer-like, facing the cold world, and selling his own songs for a livelihood. In his own words, he is "often *freer* of breath *outside* than *inside*, tortured summer and winter with my breathing; often without a leaf of tobacco, 'as puir as a kirk moose,' and without a piece of writing paper. When a man is unable to work he would be better to 'shuffle off this mortal coil' at once; but strange, we cling to this earth."

His songs have found much favour in some of the English journals, as well as the leading Scottish press, including the *Glasgow Herald* and *Mail*, *People's Journal*, and many provincial newspapers, while a few of them are preserved in "Kyle's Scottish Gems." He has also been successful in several prize competitions. In his rambles he has kept his eyes and ears open to the sights and sounds of nature. Many of his songs, with much delicacy of expression and touching fervour, sing of the sough of the trees, the crooning of the burn, the silence of the moor, the breezy heights, and the sunny knowe. His productions, as a whole, have a simple sweetness and a freshness that cannot fail to please the genuine lover of Nature's beauties.

BLYTHE SUMMER'S AWA'.

The hunter wi' freedom noo sports ower the plain,
The fields are a' cleared o' their rich gouden grain,
And farmers are theekin' their craps frae the snaw
Since the beauties o' summer hae a' fled awa.
Noo whaur's the laburnum, wi' its fine yellow plume;
A' gane are the hawthorn, an' rose's perfume,
And through ilka woodlan' the broon leaves do fa,'
Which shows us ower plainly—blythe summer's awa'.

The ripe crimson hip noo fu' gay does appear,
Like a sweet maiden's cheek, when her lover is near,
And the haws on the hedges are bonnie an' red,
And ripe hazel nuts hang doon the brae side.
But the woods are a' stript o' their mantles o' green,
Nae warblers keep liltin' at mornin' or e'en,

Save wee robin redbreast, wha chirps roond oor ha',
And tells us ower truly—blythe summer's awa'.

Frae the broo o' Benlomon' the cauld blast comes ower,
The sun in the mornin' looks sulky an' sour,
The sheep noo are cooriu' faur doon in yon glen,
And shivering wee bairns draw near the fire en'.
But though a' thae scenes may be dismal to see,
Wi' this lonely heart aye they seem to agree,
For the blast o' misfortune around me does blaw,
And my hopes they are gane like the scenes that's awa'.

WHERE THE HIGHLAND TARTANS WAVE.

Where the Highland Tartans wave,
Men are found endowed with feeling,
Love and friendship ever crave
A home in every lonely shieling.
'Mongst the rugged mountains wild,
Saddened hearts may fondly wander,
Where the giant cliffs are piled,
Towering high in rocky grandeur.

Where the Highland Tartans wave
Love and freedom join together,
No vain tyrant, serf, nor slave
Treads the bonnie purple heather.

Vengeful war may sound his blast,
Haughty kings and armies crushing,
Firm and faithful to the last
Highland swains are foremost rushing,
Heedless of the sword or spear,
Midst the dying, dead, and gory,
Stalwart men unknown to fear,
Forward rush to death or glory.

Where the Highland Tartans wave, &c.

'Mongst the bonny fern-clad braes
Peerless maidens, fair and youthful,
Free and guileless, spend their days,
Artless, winning, kind, and truthful.
Some for sake of wealth and fame
O'er the ocean gang a roamin',
'Mangst the heath I'll find a hame
Where I'll live until life's gloamin'.

Where the Highland Tartans wave, &c.

TO MARY.

Thou hast departed from this earth,
Pretty Mary,
No more to join our friendly mirth,
Winsome Mary;
Like a bonnie blooming flower,
Dying soon in fragrant bower,
Thou did'st fall through unseen power,
Lovely Mary.

At trysting hour no more we'll meet,
Guileless Mary;
Our interviews were ever sweet,
Artless Mary;
When summer smiled on bush and tree,
And zephyrs fann'd the fragrant lea,
'Twas then I loved to stray with thee,
Darling Mary.

For ever gone is each fond vow,
Handsome Mary;
Thou can'st not keep thy promise now,
Truthful Mary;
Borne away on death's dark wave,
My heart can find no solace, save
When weeping o'er thy silent grave,
Darling Mary.

When thy earthly task was o'er,
Cheerful Mary,
Did'st thou reach that blissful shore,
Gentle Mary;
That pure land, so free from pain,
Where truth and love for ever reign,
And where I hope we'll meet again,
Faithful Mary?

MY BONNIE DARK EYED DEARIE.

The sun has set, and gloamin' grey
Hangs ower the earth sae dreary;
The partrics cry while on my way
To meet my dark eyed dearie.
The angry wind amang the trees
Keeps soughin' sad an' eerie;
But what care I though cauld's the breeze
Whan gaun to see my dearie.

For Maggie's artless, young, an' fair,
Sae mensefu', kind, an' cheery;
Through life 'twill be my only care
To lo'e my dark eyed dearie.

Young Maggie's scarcely seventeen
Her smile's like summer weather;
Wi' raven hair, and laughin' een,
And cheeks like bloomin' heather.
At kirk or market there are nane
Wha's smiles are half sae cheery;
And mony a chiel has socht in vain
To woo the dark eyed dearie.
For Maggie's artless, &c.

Young Maggie wears nae pridefu' air,
Or heart that's fause an' hollow;
Her modest ways an' virtues rare
A' ither maids micht follow.
Wi' sic a lassie for a wife,
Nae man could ever weary;
She'll cheer me through the vale o' life,
My bonnie dark eyed dearie.
For Maggie's artless, &c.

SUMMER A' THE YEAR.

What need for a' the bustling strife
That ilka day we see;
I'm sure 'twad be a different life
Gin folks wad just agree.
The clouds that cause sic spleen an' wae
Wad quickly disappear,
An' mony a wretched hame wad hae
Sweet summer a' the year.

Nae doot at times oor temper's broke
Through cauld misfortune's frown,
Wha gi'es us aye the tither stroke
To sink us faurer down;
But while we warsle up life's brae,
Though dreich it may appear,
Through perseverance we micht hae
Sweet summer a' the year.

Although we live on humble fare,
An' think we're sair oppress'd,
The wealthy folk hae got their cares,
For trials haunt the best.
But if we put oor trust in Him
Wha ilka heart can cheer,
We're sure to reach that land abune,
Whaur summer's a' the year.

SWEET SUMMER COMES FORTH.

Sweet summer comes forth wi' her garlands o' beauty,
An' decks a' around her sae bonnie an' fair;

The sangsters are liltin' in woodland an' valley,
An' laverocks are chantin' their sangs i' the air.
The wild screamin' whaup has come back to the mountain,
The lapwings are skirlin' athwart the green lea;
While doon ower the burnie that comes frae yon fountain
The bonnie blue kingfishers gracefully flee.

The mornin's are fair, and the plantins are ringing
Wi' music sae sweet that the saddest micht cheer;
To bush an' to bracken the dewdraps are clinging,
And braw coloured flowerets in meadows appear.
The slae bushes noo hae got on their licht dresses,
Like mantles o' snawdrift the hillsides adorn;
The violet the wee modest primrose caresses,
As they hail the glad sunshine that gilds up the morn.

The sportin' wee lambkins are jinkin' and hidin'
Amang the whin bushes that grow on the brae;
While high ower yon mountain the kite hawk is gliding,
The sangsters are merry, and nature seems gay.
But why should mankind be in sadness repining,
Although they maun sune leave those scenes that are dear?
Abune yon fair cloud wi' the clear silver lining,
There's a land whaur the beauties are fairer than here.

ALEXANDER MACLACHLAN,

SON of the widely-known and esteemed Kenneth Maclachlan, whose name appears in our first series, is author of numerous thoughtful descriptive prose sketches, and a writer of pleasing verses. He was born in Greenock in 1856, and after receiving a limited education, he left school when about eleven years of age. He was employed for a short time in an office in his native town, and afterwards learned the drapery business—a calling which he still follows. He has always entertained a warm affection for poesy, although he says that he has ever thought her "extremely indifferent" to his addresses, and he just contents himself, and always means to do so, with

now and then a quiet moment's courting at the saucy Quean. This sweet indulgence is only engaged in when business permits, as he wisely gives his first attention to that which is more conducive to the sustenance of life. Several of his productions are bright little songs and poems about men and things, and even his prose sketches contain not a little poetic fire, and prove him to be, like his father, a keen and appreciative observer of nature.

THE SNOW-STORM.

Cold grew the air, growing colder, colder,
Till, cold as the breath of a polar night,
The bleak wind made the traveller shiver,
Though he walked with a pace both quick and light—
No feeble test to his travelling might.

Onward he went, getting sadder, sadder;
Miles lay between and the village he sought.
'Twas poverty's pangs that sent him thither,
To the doors of peasants who knew him not,
His heart grew full, and he wept at the thought.

Once he was rich, but got poorer, poorer,
As hardship on hardship 'gainst him were pressed.
Left with no joy, save hopes of a future,
When wrongs of the just are in Heav'n redressed—
Dwelling in glory, no longer oppressed.

On came some snow flakes, still larger, larger,
Till, thick as seem stars on the milky way,
Ev'ning was nigh with its darkening shadows,
Rend'ring more solemn the snowy display
That seemed as a shroud for the dying day.

The withering wind blew harder, harder,
The wide-spreading drift through the frosty air
Blinding the eyes of the hapless traveller,
Still pressing forward in silent despair,
Felt nothing on earth could comfort him there.

The winter night drew nearer, nearer;
No sound was heard save the hiss of the breeze,
A friendless sound to the lonely wand'rer,
Who felt as the blood in his veins would freeze,
And death approached him by rapid degrees.

Slow grew his step, growing slower, slower,
Yet he spurned the thought that his strength could fail

But to plough the great white wreaths before him,
And the raging tempest's fury assail,
His desp'rate efforts could little avail.

His faltering hope grew fainter, fainter,
As on came the night with its gathering gloom;
Benumbed to the heart, hungry and weary,
He sank on the waste to his wretched doom,
With the merc'less drift for a shroud and tomb.

He feels not the cold drift now around him,
Nor hears he the hiss of the wind o'erhead;
Far from earth and its burden of sadness,
To realms of bliss from the body that's dead,
Defiant to ill his spirit hath fled.

MOUNT OLYMPUS.

The sun that shines on nature's every scene
Shines not upon a grander scene than this,
When Greece her longest summerday has seen,
And thou, Olympus, clouds of ev'ning kiss.
The bards of old, in their admiring pride,
Choose for the gods a fabled home on thee,—
Well did they choose, if such could ever be,
No fitter place on earth could gods reside.
Who were those bards who sung with hearts so pure?
Time hath not left a vestige of their name.
Their unknown graves, their life-tales keep secure,
No land, alas! the priceless relics claim.
What matters it, their best and noblest aim
Was, serve Apollo, heedless of a name.

JAMIE M'DOUGALL.

In yon bonnie wee clachan, 'maist oot o' the warld,
Whaur peace an' contentment in harmony reign,
An' life is as happy to ilka puir peasant,
As it is to the rich 'mang treasures o' gain,

There lives a queer chiel they ca' Jamie M'Dougall,
Wha resides in a curious auld hoose by himsel';
Roun' the hale kintra side, 'mang cottars an' farmers,
There's nane at the fiddle can Jamie excel.

He mak's nae his bread by a single profession,
Like a doctor, a merchant, or pleader o' law,—
He's a clipper o' hedges, an' delver o' ditches,
A mender o' roads, an' a mason an' a'.

O Jamie's nae ane wi' a face awfu' solemn,
Wi' never a smile frae the mornin' till nicht,
Like ower mony coofs wi' pretensions to wisdom,
Wha see ilk ane wrang, an' themsel's in the richt.

Though he's just a wee droll in some o' his notions,
He can tell a blythe story, an' sing a guid sang;
Though his queer tauld opinions sound ever sae funny,
Nane can say he ever gangs very far wrang.

When ony young couple are gaun to get married,
An' folks are a' gathered in bridal array,
Blythe Jamie's aye there wi' his bow an' his fiddle,
To cheer on the dance till the break o' the day.

At maist a' the New Year an' Hallowe'en meetin's
They hand in the ciachan an' kintra aroun',
It's sure to be him gars the lads an' the lasses
Gang a' whirlin' roun' to ilk weel-maistered tune.

That Jamie's a bachelor nane can dispute it,
But whaur will ye meet wi' anither sae gay?
He's fond o' the lasses, an' doesna deny it,
Though the hair o' his heid is noo turnin' grey.

The neebors aft wonder he never got married—
Hoo a chiel sae canty can sae lanely dwell;
Ye micht put that question to wisest o' sages,
Yet there's nane could answered 't but Jamie himsel'.

THE POET'S BLISS.

Some may sing of war's vain glory,
And its fields with heaps of dead,
Where the blood of slaughtered thousands
By their fellow-man was shed;
Or may sing of some dead loved one,
Sing of blighted happiness,—
Thirsting for a theme more hopeful
I will choose the Poet's bliss.

Sent upon a glorious mission—
A gift to Adam's fallen race,
On life's path of change perpetual—
Yea braving hardship's haggard face—
He can from the spotless pleasure
Nature offers free from harm,
'Neath the guiding light of poesy,
Ever draw a double charm.

Vanity's deceiving glitter
Holds no happiness for him,
From his paradise of pureness
Pomp's proud face looks cold and grim.
On a path of peace and brightness,
Lovely as the light of day,
There he treads where none can follow
On his unpolluted way.

He can hark to grandest music
In the mighty thunder peal,
And all things by God created
Wonders unto him reveal.
Not the strongest chains of bondage,
Nor the highest, thickest walls,
Curbs the spirit of the Poet
When Apollo to him calls.

I can see him, care-defiant,
Mingling 'mid the city's throng,
While his great soul clings to nature
For the burden of his song;
And away by stream and wild wood,
Will his fancy take its flight,
Till the artful flood of fashion
Is to him as lost to sight.

As the owner of that genius
Only Heaven can endow,
See the glorious title Poet
Written on his manly brow;
And his song may charm his brothers,
Touch their hearts, or make them glad,
But they ne'er can have the pleasure
That the gifted singer had.

So upon the trackless ocean,
Or by mountain, stream, and wood,
In the bustle of the city,
Or the chamber's solitude,
He hath blessings pure and holy
That alone to him belong,
When his soul is filled with raptures
In the brilliant flight of song.

DAVID KENNEDY,

SON of the world-renowned Scottish vocalist of the same name, and a member of the much-admired and esteemed family, whose natural genius has cast a bright and pure light upon the music and poetry of Scotland, was born in the "fair city" of Perth in

1849. As a member of the Kennedy family, he will perhaps have been best known to the majority of our readers; but we venture to think that the selection of his poetry here given, and for the first time published within the boards of a book, will tend to increase the respect in which he is already held for able musical performance. It was during a seven years' apprenticeship as a printer in London that he first displayed that literary ability which, in recording the varied adventures of the "family" in foreign lands, has given him an honourable place amongst successful writers of travel. "Kennedy's Colonial Travel," "Kennedy at the Cape," and "Kennedy in India" are too well-known to require more than a passing mention. These volumes are bright, cheery, vivid, and instructive. They are virtually transcriptions, written on the voyage home, from notes made during arduous tours. What he has to tell, he tells pointedly, and yet graphically. The brisk, airy style of the author quickly secures the attention of the reader, who surrenders himself to his guidance.

In their "foreign and colonial travel," with Robert at the head of the party as business agent, they crossed "the pond," and gained golden favours as they travelled hither and thither through the States and Canada. Novel and frequently thrilling were the experiences which the wanderers encountered. Every town and village in Australia and New Zealand were visited in turn. In going overland from Melbourne to Sydney, they gave a concert in the heart of the bush. Here is how they "roughed" it:—"From Longwood to Violet Town was a heavy drive through sandy tracks, with the dust spouting from the wheels. A hotel, store, and post office, in one block of buildings, constituted the whole place. As the daylight faded, the chilly wind blew in deep gusts from the dark forests, and camp fires blazed out in various quarters. A number of

farmers had encamped across the road from the hotel, and were busy boiling tea in large 'billies'—meat, fowls, and bread plentifully supplying this practical matter-of-fact picnic. The passages of the small hotel swarmed with large-bearded, red-faced bushmen, blue-nosed coach-drivers, and commercial travellers. Many of these, it may be noted, had come miles to listen once more to the well-beloved Scottish ballads. The largest room in the hotel was arranged in imitation of a hall. The table became a platform, and all the chairs about the house were gathered together. The lounging benches that stood in the verandah were brought in; tub-stools came from the kitchen; and rough pieces of timber, or halves of sapplings, were laid on boxes with the rough, rounded side uppermost. By a little squeezing and good-humour on the part of the audience, a large number of people managed to get in. Most of them had come from many miles around. In all these country places we used our 'wee peeawny,' as an old Scotsman called it. It has been all round the world—been baked beneath the suns of Queensland, and frozen amid the snows of Canada; been handled by Yankee 'baggage-smashers' or railway porters; has tumbled off carts and fallen down stairs; and, in short, has conducted itself in a roving way, such as no piano, I am perfectly certain, ever did before."

Mr Kennedy now occupies a congenial sphere as manager of the *Natal Witness*, published at Pietermauritzburg, and we are glad to learn that he still finds time amid the cares of business to throw off an occasional verse. He has inherited a musical ear, and the specimens we give of his muse proves that he has the sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a poet. He sees deep enough to find music in the heart of nature, and to feel that poetry is musical thought. Indeed, we may be pardoned for adding here that one of the most distinguished features of the success of

the family, and their pawky head in particular, is their ability to interpret the true meaning of musical thought—the melody that lies hidden in it; its inward mystery, and its harmony of coherence, which is its soul. The power of song goes deep, and who is there that in logical words can express the effect music has upon us. The elder Kennedy has grappled with the heart of his songs, felt with the poet, and with vocal ability has struck at the emotions of his audience, causing his hearers to forget the artist in the faithful pictures which he draws of national life and character. His greatness, it has been said, lies in "subordinating the music he sings to the expression of human feeling, and thereby, as an inevitable consequence, touching the hearts of his auditors." Whoever has listened to Mr Kennedy without discovering this secret does not yet know what is the highest mission to which a vocal artist can aspire. There cannot be many such among Scotchmen at least, and as Scotchmen are to be found everywhere so Mr Kennedy, with his family, has been everywhere singing to them of their native mountains and glens, and streams and flowers, and cottages and shielings, of their loves and their quarrels, their merry-makings and their deadly wars. Wherever one goes, our songs and laments send their weird melody to the ear, and wherever our Scottish Apollo, from whom flows a perennial stream of native humour and music, wends his way, he is greeted with the intense delight that marks him the master of Scottish song. Mr Kennedy's "nichts" are veritable "*noctes ambrosianæ*," at which he presides, dispensing to his votaries with a lavish hand the nectar and honey of our ballad music. He carries to the distant sojourner from the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" its beauties and its memories; awakening many a rough heart to visions of childhood, and convulsing with the pawkiest of humour his Doric-lov-

ing audiences. Who has not heard him revelling in the exuberant fun of "The wearie pund o' tow," or in the wailing pathos of a Jacobite lament, or singing with almost god-like ardour the strains of "Scots wha hae?" The world, which he has made his audience, has learned to acknowledge him as the King of Scottish Song.

In a short article, entitled "Kennedy and Scottish Christianity," showing that the effect of his mirth has been beneficial and interesting, on account of the glimpse it gives us of the "upbringing" of the subject under notice, we find the writer saying:—"There has, we fear, been a sad misunderstanding in Scotland of the true use of laughter. Mr Gladstone, a grave Scotchman, who, if he had not been a Prime Minister, would certainly have been Archbishop of Canterbury, leaves the cares of an Empire, and laughs like the rest of the world at the delightful nonsense of twenty love-sick maidens in "Patience." Surely if so devout and serious a statesman as Mr Gladstone refreshes himself with such an amusement, the rest of us may not allow our consciences to accuse us for following his example. The fact that a man so well known as a warm friend of Sabbath Schools that his own girls and boys are always seen in the church choir wherever he goes, proves that he is in sympathy with all that is best in Scottish Christian life. His very sorrows have endeared him to all that have borne bereavement. He has indeed done much to improve congregational singing—a far higher service than the present craze for organs can ever render. He has with his children mingled in the Sabbath School life of both Scotland and America; but best of all, he has proved that mirth and laughter are not only innocent, but that the highest and best, the most earnest men and the noblest women in Scotland, by their appreciation of his delightful entertainments, can not only share in the pathos, but enjoy the laughter-

giving mirth which evidences robust and healthful Christian life.

IN EXILE LAND.

In exile land 'neath southern skies,
  On far Australia's sunny shore,
On longing wings my spirit flies
  Back to the happy scenes of yore.
My head is grey with flight of time,
  Long years I've trod in alien ways,
But still my heart leaps in its prime
  Whene'er I think of bygone days.
    In exile land 'neath southern skies,
      On far Australia's sunny shore,
    On longing wings my spirit flies
      Back to the happy scenes of yore.

I sent a message o'er the sea
  To dear auld friens, "This boon I crave:
Gang to the auld kirkyard for me,
  An' pu young flowers frae mither's grave."
Their kindly hands the gowans pu'd,
  I've got them now across the sea;
Far dearer than Australia's gowd
  Are these wee bonnie flowers to me.
    In exile land, &c.

They'll plant the gowans ower my grave,
  Sweet tokens of my mither dear!
Tho' all the world between us lies,
  My thochts aye bring her spirit near:
And it will soothe my dyin' hours
  To think that, when I'm cauld in death,
The same green grass and bonnie flow'rs
  Will sweetly bloom abune us baith.
    In exile land, &c.

THE CARRIER LAD.

I sit and dream o' the days that's gane,
  When life gaed like a sang;
When twa fond hearts grew into ane,
  The Lothian woods amang.
Oh, I was but a carrier lad
  That drove frae toon to toon,
And she the bonniest servin' lass
  In a' the country roun'.

Ilk e'enin's fa' I passed the Ha'
  Whaur grand folk lived in state,
And aye my whistle at the wa'
  Brocht Jeannie to the gate.

Oh, Jeannie kent my whistle weel,
An' oh! my heart was fain
When in the moon-licht through the trees
She linkit doon the lane.

Abune us twa fond rowan trees
Their lovin' berries hung;
Oh! golden hours! Oh, hours of love!
When love and life were young!
A'e nicht I waited at oor tryste,
But Jeannie wasna there;
I whistled loud a bonnie tune
Until my heart grew sair.

Then doon amang the trees I saw
An auld wife hirplin' slow;
'Twas bonnie Jeannie's mither cam',
Her look was fu' o' woe.
Wi' white and solemn face she cam',
My heart misgied me sair.
"Ah! me," she said, "oor Jeannie's dead,
You'll never see her mair!"

THE TIME GUN.

Edinburgh: 1 *p.m.*

O gun at One!
That breaks on business with thy sudden stun,
Great Comma, thou, that punctuates the day;
Loud boom, proclaiming that a day's half done,
Grave Voice, that warns us minutes flee away;
Loud cannon-shout, with fiery breath, that tells
The wedding of the fore and after noon,
A union hallowed by the Church, whose bells
Corroborate the day's bright honeymoon—
For now the day's made One, and many a steeple
Leaks out its trickling drops of silver chime,
That falls in list'ning ears, while all the people
Attune their dials to the rightful time.
Blest prandial hour! for now is labour ceased,
Down bye and high way flows a living surge;
Be-grimed mechanics, now from toil released,
From lanes and alleys joyously emerge.
O thund'rous Unit, that unnerves the air,
Thou boom of Father Time's remorseless tread,
Sulphureous sermon, short and unaware,
Shot daily at each weary, care-worn head.
Thou mind'st us of the great and final hour,
When earth shall fade, and sea, and sky, and sun;
When the last trump, with overwhelming power,
Shall loudly tell that time itself is run,
O gun at One!

ANDREW WANLESS.

WE have not deemed it necessary to confine our subjects to Scotsmen who have spent their life in Scotland. On the contrary, we have had pleasure in tracing out such as have distinguished themselves abroad, or have become promenent as colonists in the wide fields opened up to the enterprise of the hardy sons of the North. Almost every quarter of the globe has been laid under contribution in this way. Far away from our rugged land, with its wealth of golden gorse-covered moor, with frowning bens and shimmering lochs, with every strath and vale hallowed by the glamour of romance—far from these, amid the primeval forests of the West, in the heart of the great commercial centres of the States, live Scotsmen, thrilling with all the genial sympathies, love of fatherland, and pride in its poetry and achievements which animate the hearts of those within its confines. It has been said that the "ballad-music which Beethoven and Mendelssohn loved, which Flotow had the bad taste to place only second to the lays of Erin, and to which alone Scotland could give birth," seems to bind all these wanderers over the face of the earth in a "sweet bond of universal goodwill." The subject of the present sketch is well known for the graceful rhythm of his poems, and the musical, racy humour of his songs.

Andrew Wanless was born at Longformacus, Berwickshire, in the very heart of the Lammermuir Hills, in 1824. His father was parochial teacher of that parish for over fifty years, having been educated at the University of Edinburgh, and was widely respected for his talents, classical attainments, and integrity. The poet's mother's name was Graham, and his grandmother's, on the paternal side, was Douglas—

to say the least a noble combination of heroic Scottish blood! His mother had a powerful memory, and could say and recite many ballads and songs relating to the "bonnie borderland" that have never yet been in print. She frequently remarked that "Andrew wad never do ony guid in this warld, for the only thing he cared about was to glower o'er the pages of 'Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary,' and wander awa to lonesome places among the hills"—

I'd stand and learn poetic skill
Frae nature's book.

A snow-drop on its bielded bed
Would raise its modest virgin head,
My very heart to it was wed
With nature's chain;
And tears o' joy would o'er it shed,
I was sae fain!

And when the bonnie spring would come,
When bees around the flowers would bum,
And linties were nae langer dumb
The woods amang,
'Twas there wi' them I learned to hum
My wee bit sang.

Beyond the birks where cowslips grow,
And violets spring upon the knowe,
The Muses decked my youthfu' brow
Wi' roses fair,
And bending low I breathed a vow,
Their joys to share.

Then in the gladsome summer days
I'd wander 'mang the heath'ry braes,
And hear the lark sing nature's praise
Far up the sky:
On fancy's wing my soul would gaze
On heaven high!

Nature would guide my careless feet
To where the blackbirds sang sae sweet;
For hours my heart with joy would beat
To list their lay,
Unmindful that the stars did greet
The gloamin' grey.

When darkness wrapt the mountain's head,
And gloom o'er glen and valley spread,
Then o'er me came an eerie dread—
A nameless fear,
A soul-commingling with the dead—
A heaven near!

I hae nae wish to gather gear,
My muse is a' my comfort here,
My Pegasus is horse and meer,
That heaven has sent,
And while the beastie I can steer,
I'll be content.

Mr Wanless recollects the death of Sir Walter Scott, and when his father was mourning his loss his mother said that "he was weel awa', for he was just fillin' the heads o' the folks wi' dounricht havers. He had nae earthly richt to mak' a fule o' the Covenanters." In the neighbouring town of Dunse, the young poet was bound apprentice to the printing and bookbinding business, and he early commenced to contribute poetical pieces to the *Berwick and Kelso Warder*. He resided some years in Edinburgh, and had the honour to be taken notice of by Professor Wilson and other literary gentlemen. In 1851 he emigrated to Canada, and began business on his own account in Toronto. While in that town he contributed largely to the press, and published a volume of songs, which is now entirely out of print. He resided some years in Brantford, Ontario, where he conducted a newspaper. In the year 1860 a fire burned down the best part of that city, and having no insurance, the poet was left without a penny. He, therefore, soon after left Canada, for Detroit, U.S., where he now carries on an extensive bookselling business in that University city.

His latter poems have gone through two large editions, and he has had the honour of being thanked by the Queen in acknowledgment of a copy presented to Her Majesty. Regarding the last edition, a New York literary journal thus comments:—"Mr Wanless

is one of the few Scotsmen upon whom in their cis-Atlantic home the Doric muse has consented to bestow her favours. He is, beyond all comparison, the one who has been most successful in vindicating his claim to the title of a Scottish poet, and in touching the Scottish sentiments of his readers. He writes in Scotch because it is natural for him to do so; but, while the rich robust Doric falls from his lips, his heart is in tune with the great heart of humanity. Like Burns, his sentiments are universal, and only his language is local. His use of the Scottish tongue is, moreover, one of Mr Wanless' great virtues as a writer. Where used, it is introduced without affectation or laboured effort. The Scottish dialect throughout is, according to the best standards, what might be called classical. The great curse of Scottish literature, at the present time, is a hybrid production, compounded of bad English and worse Scotch. Mr Wanless seems to understand all this. He never hesitates to use a pure, correctly spelt English word when it suits his purpose, and when the Scotch is most suitable it is used in all its purity. The work is full of gems, so called, of healthy sentiment and of musical rhythm; and, beyond all these, it is a book to which we turn with pleasure when the difficulty is greatest at—to use the author's words—"Keeping the heart abune."

We give the following particulars of a visit Mr Wanless, along with his friend Mr Clarke, paid to Hew Ainslie, the greatest of our Scottish-American poets: Mr Ainslie in his youth must have been a "strappin' chiel'," and must have stood over six feet high. He is now bent down, many wrinkles have furrowed his massive brow, and his tottering steps tell of infirm old age. When we looked at the man, and on his beard as white as snow, we felt as if we were in the presence of the "Last Minstrel"—

His withered cheek and tresses grey
Seemed to have known a better day.

After some off-handed conversation, Mr Ainslie turned to Mr Clarke, who, like Neil Gow, has a remarkably fine "bow hand," and said, "Man! ha'e ye no brocht yer fiddle?" On Mr Clarke apologising, the poet's eyes brightened, and he said, "Ye ha'e dune wrang; the bonnie tunes o' my native land still fill my aged heart wi' gladness—they wile me back to the burns and the braes, to the braw lads and bonnie lasses o' the lang syne." Continuing, he added—"Oh for the days o' the lang syne; let us light our pipes and crack; let us steal time from the night." Our conversation went on at a rattling pace, and then the bard began to tell us of a visit he had paid to the land of his birth. Southey spoke true to nature when he said—

They err who tell us love can die.

And here this line was finely illustrated by the following which fell from Mr Ainslie's lips: "In my my young day Kate Reid ought to have been mine, but it was ordered otherwise, although we twa had often spoken aboot getting married. On visiting Roslin, near Edinburgh, after an absence of many years, a friend of mine wha remembered my calf-love said 'Kate Reid lives near hand, let us gang and see her.' 'Wi' a' my heart,' said I. 'O! I wad gi'e a' the warld ainee mair to see my bonnie Kate;' but when I saw her she was sair changed, and my heart filled alternately with joy and sorrow. The same feeling came over me as is so finely described by Nicol—

I would sooner ha'e the ither ane than this Bessie Lee."

"Kate," continued Mr Ainslie, "didna ken me. At last my friend said to her, 'This is Hew Ainslie.' 'Hew Ainslie,' she exclaimed, 'that's no the lad

that ainee loved me sae weel.' And then she came up and looked into my face. 'It is Hew,' she cried, and the tears ran down baith our cheeks. The old love was not dead. Soon we were locked in each other's arms." I observed that the recital of this love passage had somewhat affected the aged bard, and I attempted to turn the course of conversation, but he continued, "Did you ever hear my last sang to Kate Reid?" and he recited the well-known song, "I'll Sing a Sang to thee, Kate Reid," and also the following, which is not to be found in any of the editions of the poet's works:—

THE SWEETEST O' THEM A'.

When springtime gi'es the heart a lift
Out ower cauld winter's snaw and drift,
And April showers begin to sift
Fair flowers on field and shaw,
Then, Katie, when the dawning's clear,
Fresh as the firstling o' the year,
Come forth my joy, my dearest dear,
O sweetest o' them a'.

When pleasant primrose days are dune,
When linties sing their saftest tune,
And Summer's wearing to his noon
Gars rarest roses blaw;
Then, sheltered frae the sun and win',
Beneath the bush below the linn,
I'll tell ye hoo this heart ye win,
Thou sweetest o' them a'.

When flowers ha'e ripened into fruit,
When plantings wear their Sabbath suit,
When win's grow loud and birdies mute,
And swallows flit awa;
Then, on the lea side o' a stook,
Or in some calm and cosy nook,
I'll swear I'm thine upon the Book,
Thou sweetest o' them a'.

Though black December binds the pool
Wi' blasts might e'en a lover cool,
It's then that brings us canty Yule
As weel's the frost an' snaw;
Then, when auld winter's raging wide,
And cronies crowd the ingle-side,
I'll bring them ben a bonnie bride,
O sweetest o' them a'.

When I left, the thought struck me I would never see him more. Mr Ainslie was born in 1792 in Ayrshire, and died at Baltimore in 1881.

We endorse the opinion expressed in the criticism quoted as to Mr Wanless' position as a poet. He is entitled to a high place among modern minor poets. Some of his verses have a charm and melody that give him claims to a still higher place. He describes natural objects with ease and accuracy, and evinces an affectionate love of rural sights and sounds. Yet he finds themes in other objects than green grass, beautiful flowers, pale moonlight, and other external forms of nature. Within the walls of houses, in the streets of the crowded city, he finds touching subjects for his muse, and can paint the dark scenes of vice and misery as touchingly as he would picturesquely sketch the traditions and situation of a ruined castle. He presents homely and domestic emotions with tenderness and feeling. Many of his graceful and harmonious songs have a flowing rhythm, and a sunny tranquil tone that is truly refreshing.

OOR MITHER TONGUE.

It's mony a day since first we left
  Auld Scotland's rugged hills—
Her heath'ry braes and gow'ny glens,
  Her bonnie winding rills.
We lo'ed her in the by-gane time,
  When life and hope were young,
We lo'e her still, wi' richt guid will,
  And glory in her tongue!

Can we forget the summer days
  When we got leave frae schule,
How we gade birrin' down the braes
  To paidle in the pool?
Or to the glen we'd slip awa
  Where hazel clusters hung,
And wake the echoes o' the hills—
  Wi' our auld mither tongue.

Can we forget the lonesome kirk
  Where gloomy ivies creep?
Can we forget the auld kirk yard
  Where our forefathers sleep?

We'll ne'er forget that glorious land,
Where Scott and Burns sung—
Their sangs are printed on our hearts
In our auld mither tongue.

Auld Scotland! land o' mickle fame!
The land where Wallace trod,
The land where heartfelt praise ascends
Up to the throne of God!
Land where the Martyrs sleep in peace,
Where infant freedom sprung,
Where Knox in tones of thunder spoke
In our auld mither tongue!

Now Scotland dinna ye be blate
'Mang nations crousely craw,
Your callants are nae donnert sumphs,
Your lasses bang them a'.
The glisks o' heaven will never fade,
That hope around us flung—
When first we breath'd the tale o' love
In our auld mither tongue!

O! let us ne'er forget our hame,
Auld Scotland's hills and cairns,
And let us a' where'er we be,
Aye strive "to be guid bairns"!
And when we meet wi' want or age
A-hirpling owre a rung,
We'll tak' their part and cheer their heart
Wi' our auld mither tongue.

AYE KEEP YOUR HEART ABOON.

Oh! monie a day has gane, guidfolks,
Since first this warld I kent,
And folk o' a degrees I've seen
Gie way to discontent;
They growl at this, they growl at that,
Their growlin's never doon,
They ne'er will learn to sing wi' me—
"Aye keep your heart aboon."

Aye keep your hearts aboon, guidfolks,
Whatever may befa',
O! ne'er forget the gowden words—
"Tine heart and ye tine a'."
The wimplin' burns, the bonnie birds,
A' nature sings the tune,
And tells the thankless race o' man
To keep their hearts aboon.

I'll no deny that we, guidfolks,
Ha'e a' our load o' care,
And e'en at times been on the brink
O' even-doon despair;
But we should mind that there was *ane*
Who bore the cross and croon,
Who taught us a' to live in hope,
And trust in heaven aboon.

Aye keep your hearts aboon, guidfolks,
And dinna be doun cast,
There comes a blink o' sunshine aye
When angry winds blaw past.
'Tis best to turn our back on care,
For he's a cauldriff loon,
But Leddy Hope says to us a'
"Aye keep your hearts aboon."

Dame Nature ne'er design'd, guidfolks,
When first she ga'e us breath,
That we should stand in mortal fear
O' that grim Carl Death.
She ga'e us Hope and sister Joy,
To tend us late and soon,
Sae let us strive to be content,
And keep our hearts aboon.

Distress and grief will come, guidfolks,
But Pity aye draws near,
And Hope and Joy will watch and wait
To wipe the waefu' tear;
When winter's gane the spring will come,
And syne the flow'rs o' June,
The wells o' Hope they ne'er rin dry,
Sae keep your hearts aboon.

The days and years slip by, guidfolks,
And mingle with the past,
And Reason tells us, ev'ry breath
Draws nearer to the last;
And when Death comes, as sure he will
Be comin' late or soon,
May Faith and Hope attendant wait
To waft our souls aboon.

THE LAIRD O' MACKNAB.

The Laird o' Macknab lived up by Loch Tay,
And he suppit kail-brose twa-three times ilka day.
He was strong o' the bane, fu' o' smeddum and spunk,
And he whiles took a dram, but he never got drunk.

Aunty Kate was his cook, she was cross as a bear,
And she snuff'd and she puff'd to drive awa care,
And she aft took a dram to weet her auld mou',
And, laigh be it said, she got whiles roarin' fou.

Ae mornin' the Laird was thrang suppin' his brose,
When up from the table he instantly rose!
In his bicker he faund his auld aunty's snuff mull,
Sae he ran to the kitchen, an' raged like a bull.
Next morning he rose at the brake o' the day,
And the thought struck his head that a wife he must hae;
He put on his kilt, caught a horse by the pow,
Then dashed 'cross the moor wi' his heart in a lowe!

He neared a lone cot where a herd lassie stay'd;
When she saw the Macknab she was sorely afraid.
His horse had nae cleedin', nae bannet had he,
But a great muckle sword hanging down by his knee.
He sprang aff his horse, shut him up in the byre,
Ran into the house, and sat doon by the fire.
When he saw the kail-pat hangin' up on the clips,
He laughed in his sleeve, and he smackit his lips.

He glower'd here and there, but naething he said,
Till the lassie cam' ben frae the back o' the bed;
Then he cried, "I hae seen ye far up on the knowes,
And ye looked like an angel a-herding the ewes;
And I swear by my sword and the firmament blue,
That if ye'll consent I will soon marry you."
She held doon her head, took a giff to reflect,
Then said "Your grand offer I canna reject."

Then the Laird seized her hand, and he kissed her sweet mou!
Then the twasome kicked up a great hullabaloo;
When her minnie cam' in she heard a' their tale,
Then she gae the Macknab a big plate fu' o' kail.
As the Laird rode awa, fu' canty and crouse,
The lassie looked mim and meek as a mouse.
At the end o' twa weeks, ower the moor in a cab
He has hurl'd her hame to be Lady Macknab.

At the door stood his aunty, wha welcomed them hame,
And quo' she, "for this business I'm muckle to blame;
If my snuff-box had no fa'in into his brose,
He ne'er wad hae buckled wi' you, I suppose."
Then the Laird bellowed out, "Go woman from me,
And prepare for my bride a browst o' black tea;
And if your snuff-mull's found in saucer or cup,
By the gods ye shall feel the but end o' my whup!"

THE POOR O' THE PARISH.

The Poor o' the Parish are mickle to main,
In a *but* or a *ben* they dwall by their lane;
Their friends are but few, and but little they care
How the auld bodies fend or the auld bodies fare.
The back-end o' life e'en has mickle to dree;
The youthfu' ne'er dream what auld age has to see,
The warld's vain hopes in their bosoms they cherish,
They ne'er ha'e a thought being Poor o' the Parish.

The Poor o' the Parish are laden wi' care,
Their eldin's but scant and their cleedin's but bare;
Yet they grudge nae the rich wha in luxury shine,
But blest wi' contentment they never repine.
There's auld Eppie, poor body, she works at her stockin',
On the gate o' the grave, wi' eild she is rockin',
In her Bible she reads—it's a' that can nourish
The hearts o' the weary, the Poor o' the Parish.

She gangs to the kirk cleedit barely eneugh,
But her heart is weel clad wi' the robes o' the truth,
Aft doon her wan cheek the silent tears fa',
As she hearkens o' Him wha died for us a'.
Her bairnies that's livin' are awa like the frem'd,
The guidman o' her bosom death langsyne has claim'd,
But there's *ane* ever near—never backward to cherish
And comfort the weary—the Poor o' the Parish.

She hopes soon to dwall in the mansions above,
Where the poor are made rich through a Saviour's love,
Where nae sorrow can enter, nae grief can oppress,
Where a' is ae day o' unchangeable bliss.
Aye, there's *ane* high aboon wha kens a' our ken,
What we gi'e wi' our heart it's to *Him* that we len',
Folk, dinna be scrimp, 'twill gi'e life a relish,
To be couthie and kind to the Poor o' the Parish.

A LEGEND O' SELKIRK.

A Souter o' Selkirk sat in his shop
A-sewing at a shoe,
And the sun gade doon wi' an awesome scowl,
And the wind a hurricane blew.

And the Souter ply'd awa at his wark,
Plash, plash, dang doon the rain,
And the thunder roar'd, and the lightning flash'd
On the Souter's window pane.

And he sat and laugh'd wi' a mockriff laugh,
For he had nae kith or kin;
But he cared no ae straw for the folk thereout,
If he was a' richt within.

The angry winds raved 'mang the hills,
And doon through glen and shaw;
And the Souter prayed that the muckle deil
That night might on him ca'.

There stood on the floor a weird auld man,
Wi' a face as white's a sheet,
And the hair o' his beard hang danglin' doon
The length o' his cloven feet.

And his lips were as black as the coom o' the lum,
And his mouth was as dark as a dungeon;
When the queer man scowl'd the Souter's dog howl'd,
And out at the door he gaed plungin'.

And the Souter yell'd, and he gasp'd for breath,
And he muttered words o' prayer,
As the weird auld man gae a gruesome grane,
And clankit doon on a chair.

Then the Souter cried, "Get oot o' my hoose,
I dinna ken hoo ye got in,
For I fasten'd the door wi' bolts and bars,
And a great big iron pin."

Then the weird auld man cried, "haud yer tongue,
I seek nae maut or meat;
Come hither, ye selfish, sordid wretch,
And measure my twa feet!"

And the Souter rose and measured his feet,
Although half dead wi' fricht;
And the spectre howl'd, "ye must mak' me a pair
O' shoon by the morn's nicht."

The Souter's e'en rolled round in his head,
His knees they gaed knick-knock,
As the spectre vanish'd oot o' his sicht
Like a puff o' tobacco smoke.

On the very next nicht, when the cuckoo-clock
Had coo'd a dizen coos,
The spectre stood on the Souter's floor,
And spier'd for his pair o' shoes.

As the Souter rax'd ower the new made shoon,
The spectre giggled wi' glee,
Then row'd them up wi' a hempen rope,
Syne handed ower the fee.

As out at the door he whippit awa,
The Souter followed like daft,
And he saw him loup the kirk-yard wa',
And descend in a new made graft.

Thenlower the wa' the Souter played spring,
And stuck his awl in the sod:
Next mornin' he cam wi' shovel and spade
To find the spectre's abode.

And he howkit doon, and he howkit doon,
And the Souter never did stop
Till he saw the shoon on a coffin lid,
Tied up wi' a hempen rope.

And he grasped the shoon wi' a greedy hand,
And out o' the graft he sprang;
And the corbies croak'd, and the head-stanes rock'd,
And the doors o' the kirk play'd bang!

And the Souter ran hame wi' the spectre's shoon,
But that was the end o' him;
For the spectre that nicht whipt him aff to the grave,
And tore him limb frae limb.

Ho! Souters o' Selkirk be wary and wise,
This tale is no idle conjecture;
Beware! oh, beware! and ne'er rifle the graft
O' a waukriff blood thirsty spectre.

ANDREW RESTON

WAS born at Glasgow in 1818, and followed the occupation of hand-loom weaving. When a young man, he went to Kilmarnock, where he deftly plied the shuttle; but returning to his native quarter, he resigned the rhythmical hum of weaving for the more profitable occupation of the grocery business. Reston was a man of a genial but quiet disposition, and although the author of several pleasing lyrics, he contributed but little to the press, and no collection of his poems has even been published. He died in his native city when about forty years of age.

KELVINGROVE.

We've wandered mony a day, Mary,
  Through Kelvin's flowery grove,
An' on its broomy brae, Mary,
  We breathed oor vows o' love;
We pu'd the gowans wat wi' dew,
  The buttercups an' a', Mary,
We've spieled up whaur the blue-bell grew,
  An' pu'd the milk-white haw, Mary.

Your mither's hame was mine, Mary,
  An' mine was aften yours;
For 'twas a hallowed time, Mary,
  Whan we twa gathered flo'ers.
We chased the gilded butter-flee,
  The lea-lang summer day, Mary,
Owre mony a gowan speckled lea,
  And mony a sunny brae, Mary.

But a' thae days are gane, Mary,
  Like some fause blissfu' dream,
An' noo I'm left alane, Mary,
  To mourn by Kelvin's stream.
A dungeon gloom comes owre my brow,
  A mist comes owre my e'en, Mary,
When musin' on thy broken vow,
  And days that we hae seen, Mary.

Then fare-ye-weel in peace, Mary,
  We maunna part in strife,
For sune this pulse 'll cease, Mary—
  This pulse o' weary life.
A pain rins thro' my burstin' heart—
  A pain *you* canna feel, Mary;
Ere madness comes, O! let us part,
  Ae kiss, an' then fareweel, Mary.

GEORGE COLBURN.

GEORGE COLBURN, a poet of fine and tender feeling, was born in Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire, in 1852. His parents were of the working class, and the family was large; but by dint of untir-

ing perseverance and self-denial, the children received a fair education. When George was nine years of age, the family removed to Stonehaven, where he attended school for a short time—working in the country in summer, and returning to school in winter. These were to him happy summers; and he considers that he owes as much to the teachings of nature in those years, as, perhaps, to all his book knowledge, although from his early years he was passionately fond of books—history and poetry being his favourite studies. They fixed in his mind a strong love of Nature in all her phases. In the evenings, unlike most lads employed at farm work, he would climb the hills, and view the majestic peaks that swelled over each other, from Mount Battock to the "steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar," the snow-clad cliffs of Cairngorm, and the beautiful valley of the Dee from Ballater to Aberdeen.

When fourteen years of age, our poet was sent to Montrose to learn the grocery business, and after spending some time in Stonehaven, he went to America, where he remained three years—ill-health compelling him to return to Scotland. While in America he visited some of its grandest scenes—the lakes, Niagara, the St Lawrence, &c. He now resides in Glasgow.

Mr Colburn has contributed numerous thoughtful historical and descriptive sketches, both in prose and verse, to various public prints. His poetry shows keen fancy, and a considerable knowledge of rhyme and rhythm. His thoughts are invariably pure and elevating, and he looks with clear and honest eyes on nature, and discerns the possibilities of happiness the world holds out to those who know rightly how to use it.

THE GLEN.

How sweetly glides this winding stream
Between its blooming hills of heather;

While o'er it, in the sunny beam,
The birch and hazel wave together.

And verdant plants and beauteous flowers
Are 'neath the hazel branches springing;
And evening dews and summer showers
Like diamonds to their sprays are clinging.

Like golden lines between the hills,
The rising beams of day are streaming;
Like living links of light, the rills
Beneath the waving heath are gleaming.

Like some sweet haunt of peace and love,
The village home is quietly sleeping;
And by its walks, and through the grove,
This winding stream is gently creeping.

Far down the glen upon my sight
Arise the village church and spire;
Bathed in a flood of living light,
They shine like pinnacles of fire.

How calm it is; a Sabbath rest
Breathes over wood and stream and hill,
Save when the blackbird's little breast
Pours forth its music loud and shrill.

And faintly on the raptured ear
Comes up the sounding, Sabbath bell;
How sweet in such a spot to hear
This sacred music sink and swell.

It fills my soul with happy thought,
And brings sweet visions to mine eyes,
Of things that seldom come when sought—
Perchance, a glimpse of Paradise.

This is a scene to swell the soul—
This scene of mingled earth and heaven—
Here may the poet, without control,
Pour forth the song divinely given.

Though not for me such joy and power
(My muse is neither clear nor ringing),
Like redbreast in his thorny bower,
I chirp my joy in place of singing.

JAMES BEATTIE.*

Oh, thou ! sweet Nature's child,
With genius soft and mild,
And genial heart and sweetly-sounding lyre,
Around whose honoured head
The purest beams are shed
Of Poesy's sacred light and heavenly fire.

Thou, who in nature's face
Saw Christian hope and grace,
And joined to truth thy beams, philosophy.
Oh ! gifted poet and sage,
Who feels not in thy page
The sacred power of true humanity ?

Thy voice the stars among
Shall ever sound along—
A milder voice among the sacred choir—
And still thy song endure,
As sweetly toned and pure,
As if an angel's fingers touched the lyre ;

And mingled with thy voice,
All earth and air rejoice.
Sweet bard, at once the gentle and the strong,
Who in a scoffing age
Defied the sceptic's rage,
And dared to sing a pure and holy song.

Long, long in wood and vale,
Shall live thy tender tale,
And every youthful poet love thy lays ;
And still in beauty twine,
In sweet melodious line,
Young Edwin's gentle honours and thy praise.

And still thy gentle name—
Though loftier bards may claim
The homage due to high and noble song—
Beloved by those shall be
Who love simplicity,
And rank her queen the sacred nine among.

With Edwin in the grove,
How oft my footsteps rove,

* The author of the "Minstrel" and the "Hermit" was a native of Laurencekirk. His poetry is justly loved and admired for its descriptions of natural scenery, its philosophic thought, its sweetness and purity, and its high moral tone.

To list the streams and warbling wood-bird's song?
Though harsher sounds mine ear
Unwillingly may hear,
Yet o'er the din that music flows along.

How sweet at eventide
To rove the mountain side,
And view the winding valley far below,
The village 'neath the hill,
The village church and mill,
All glorious in the golden sunset's glow;

And see the god of day,
With darkly deepening ray,
Bathe every peak in floods of living light,
Till shone each hill afar,
As shines the planet star
In glory through the deep majestic night.

Though far removed they be,
Yet still, at least to me,
Within thy pure and tender minstrel lays,
Each well-known scene I find,
And to my longing mind
Rise every form I loved in boyhood days.

ELIZA.

Thou art fair, but thy best charm
Is thy simple childlike meekness,
Shrinking from all thought of harm,
More in charity than weakness.
Faith is written on thy brow,
Faith in better things above thee,
Faith in those around thee now—
Can we else than trust and love thee?

Something of the fiery skies
Under which thou spent life's morning
Kindles in thy deep, dark eyes,
As thy soul with thought is burning.
But those eyes are never gleaming
With a hot or 'vengeful ire;
Still the light that's from them streaming
Is a heavenly-tempered fire.

Bright the paths with beauteous flowers
Where thy infant footsteps strayed,
Balmy winds through fragrant bowers
Round thy opening graces played.
Fairest of the Orient's stream
Round thy native island laves,

Where the towering temple gleams
O'er the Ganges' sacred waves.

India's flowery plains may never
Greet again thy sunny smile,
Nor that mighty rolling river,
Nor the temple's gorgeous pile.
Bleaker skies now bend above thee,
Colder winds thy bosom chill,
But the friends who trust and love thee
With their love shall guard from ill.

DUNNOTTAR CASTLE.

Great ruined keep! throned on thy mighty rock,
Even in thine age defiant and sublime;
Proud in thy rugged strength as if to mock
The storms of ocean and the teeth of time,
Though both have rent thy walls and tried thy strength,
And shook fair jewels from thy hoary crown,
And shorn thee of thy glory, and at length
Into the roaring deep will cast thee down.
And those proud halls and vaults and dungeons drear,
Where freedom triumphed and religion bled,
Whose sounding corridors were wont to hear
The mirth of revels, or the warrior's tread,
Are lone and tenantless, and over all
A baneful growth of weeds hangs like a funeral pall.

How sad the change since o'er thy ruined tower
Streamed Scotland's banner to the ocean breeze,
When Earl Marischals, in their pride of power,
Proclaimed thee monarch of the northern seas.
Yet though the breath of time may sweep away
The remnants of thy weather-wasted power,
Thy name shall live in history, tale, and lay;
And often in the meditative hour
The thoughtful bard shall seek thy lonely steep,
And while he lingers by their lowly grave
Shall call thy heroes from their long, long sleep.
That patriot chief* no tyrant could enslave,
And that brave-hearted race† whose fame was won
On freedom's bloody plain,‡ our country's Marathon.

And those stern champions‖ of a holy cause—
The cause of virtue, truth and liberty—
True men no despot and his tyrant laws
Could quell; though bound, yet free,
Though bruised and bleeding in the dripping cell,
Yet still the truth upheld the noble band,
And hope rose in their breasts as sprang the well¶

* Wallace. † The Keiths. ‡ Bannockburn. ‖ The Covenanters. ¶ The well is still to be seen bubbling like a fountain of truth from the solid rock.

Forth from the barren rock at God's command.
Such themes as these shall fire the poet's soul,
And raise his singing into tones sublime,
Such as upon the ears of angels roll,
Who, raptured, listen to some sacred chime;
And, like the well that burst at heaven's command,
His song shall gladden and refresh our land.

THOMAS DYKES,

BETTER-KNOWN, perhaps, as "Rockwood," and as a graphic and clever writer of prose, rather than as a poet, was born at the farm of Hill-house, Ayrshire, in 1850. The farm is beautifully situated on the Dundenald Hills, in the Frith of Clyde. It commands a splendid view of the Frith and the Island of Arran beyond, and the greater part of the Land of Burns is seen from the house. All his relatives have been honourably connected with land in that poetic county for several generations—his uncle and namesake having been factor on the Marquis of Ailsa's estates, for nearly fifty years. His mother is a niece of the Rev. Dr M'Kerrow, Bridge of Teith, author of the "History of the Secession," and whose widow, still living, is the only sister of the late Mr Lindsay, M.P. for Sunderland, author of the "History of Merchant Shipping."

Mr Dykes was mainly educated at Irvine Academy. He rode to school ten miles a-day for six years, and this education in the saddle, and the fact of his father being a keen sportsman, have very possibly given a special tone in that direction to his facile pen. In clear and lucid description he appears equally at home on the flood and in the field—hunting, shooting, fishing, yachting, curling, and golfing.

The career of Mr Dykes has been in some respects

interesting. After having taken part in nearly all branches of farm work, he went in for Scotch law, but four years' experience was sufficient for his temperament, and having been dabbling in journalism, and sometimes writing fugitive verses, he accepted a situation on the *Ayr Observer*. This was followed by a season's yachting. In 1873, he was appointed to the *Glasgow News*, on which he had charge of the sporting and agricultural departments, sharing also, for six years, in the general, and more especially the descriptive, reporting. Here he brought out the "Clydesdale Stud Book," with the history of the breed. We next find him acting as an agricultural auctioneer. He did not care for the rostrum, however, and having by this time severed his connection with the *News*, and become a contributor to the *Herald*, he left soon after for harder work in London, where he has been ever since, except when called to go into the country. When the *Cuckoo* was started as an evening newspaper by Edmund Yates, Mr Dykes was appointed assistant editor to Mr Phil Robinson, author of "My Indian Garden," "Noah's Ark," &c.

After occupying this sphere for a time, he retired, and now devotes his attention to literature, contributing racy articles to many of the London journals. In his volume entitled "Stories of Scottish Sports," Mr Dykes introduces several bright songs. It is altogether a lively volume, and has been described as *the* volume to "while away an hour in a railway train, a wet day in a shooting-lodge, a dead calm on the deck of a yacht, or a frosty day in a hunting-box." The sketches extend over the whole field of Scotch sport, and the still waters of the loch, the solitude of the glen, the furze-covered moor, the gathering mists, and the drifting clouds, are in their places described as vividly as the sports with which they are associated. His lyrics

and songs relating to sport are full of breezy life and motion, with a pleasing mixture of quaint, rollicking humour; while his poems show the painter's eye for Nature. In his groupings of character, and bold, vigorous descriptions he brings vividly before the mind's eye the setting of his incidents. In the words of one of his reviewers, "he uses his pen as Leech used his pencil—the lines prominent, few, and firm."

CALLER OU!

[A Song of the Dreadful 14th of October, 1881.]

Any fish, ye say, the day, ma'am?
  Aye, an' bonnie—just new in;
Silver haddies, silver whities,
  Skate and gurnet, cod and ling.
Whelks and mussels, clams and cockles.
  Are they fresh, ma'am? In ee' noo—
Think ye'll no have o'cht the day, ma'am?
  Then gude mornin'. Caller Ou!

Would you help me wi' ma creel, ma'am?
  It is heavy, d'ye say?
Weel, it aye gets licht and lichter,
  As I toil my weary way.
A' for bairnies, orphan bairnies,
  For to fill their wee bit mou,
Playing fishwives, while their mither
  Is out cryin' Caller Ou!

Whaur's ma man? Oh, dinna ask, ma'am.
  He is wi' ma laddies twa.
They went out and ne'er cam' hame, ma'am,
  For the boat was lost wi' a'.
But there's cases waur than mine, ma'am,
  Whaur they'll have to battle through;
For my auldest baits a line, ma'am,
  And the youngest cries Ca-oo!

On the pier that fearfu' day, ma'am,
  As the spray did ower me lift,
Did I hear them eerie say, ma'am,
  "Lead the puir thing oot the drift."
Then I kent what had befa'en me;
  And cauld, cauld my heart it grew,
Cauld the hoose, and cauld the bairnies—
  Cauld days crying Caller Ou!

But, thank you, ma'am,—gude mornin'.
The sun glints on Inchkeith ;
Say e'en I must be daun'erin'
Up the weary brae o' Leith—
Silver haddies, silver whities,
Clams and cockles,—in ee' noo ;
Soles and flounder, cod and gurnet.
None the day, ma'am? Caller Ou!

A BRIDAL THERE WILL BE.

So softly through the corridor
My ladie's voice it rang,
So quickly from the ha'-door
My gay young lord he sprang.
So gallantly he held his hand,
So gracefully she swung,
So lightly fell the bridle reins
That from her fingers hung.
Full sweet the smile stole o'er her face,
As fell her glance so free ;
Its 'ware ye o' that smile so sweet,
And 'ware that glance so free,
And 'ware ye no that smile so sweet—
A bridal there will be.

So gaily by her side he rode
By brier and bush and bank,
So softly by her side he spoke,
The blushes rose and sank.
So tremulously, so pleadingly,
So winning was his way,
So bent he o'er her saddle low,
She could not answer nay.
So tenderly he pressed her lips,
The light gleamed in his e'e.
Its 'ware ye o' that kiss so sweet,
And 'ware that dark blue e'e,
And 'ware ye no that kiss so sweet—
A bridal there will be.

With careless rein and loving mien
They through the valley rode ;
With careless rein and loving mien
They've halted 'neath the glade.
O happy hearts, O happy hours
Of ne'er forgetful day,
For there amid the woodlands green,
And 'mid the hawthorn spray,
He's spoke the word, she hangs her head—
What answer make can she?

And he's wooed her 'neath the saddle,
And he's won her 'neath the tree
And 'ware ye no, or care ye no—
A bridal there will be.

HALF-MAST HIGH.

"The sea-gull to the lone sea cave
Is ferrying home with weary wing,
And homeward bound across the wave
The sailor hears fond voices ring.
With swelling heart, his voyage o'er,
Aloft he's wearying for the land;
And straining hard to catch the shore,
In fancy oft he sees the strand.
At last his cry of 'Land ahead'
Gives cheer to all and lights each eye.
No cheer for us, our captain's dead—
Our flag is floating Half-Mast High.

"When out aloft at night we lay,
And cross the moon fast raced the clouds,
And piping on each straining stay,
The driving storm rent the shrouds;
As by the swinging yard we hung,
And gathered in the struggling sail;
Or to the lone lea-earing clung—
What cared we lads how blew the gale.
As from below, to us o'erhead
Came through the dark his cheery cry.
That cry no more! our captain's dead—
Our flag is floating Half-Mast High.

"But life's a voyage wild and short,
The log runs quickly through the hand;
Our captain ne'er did reach the port—
He died when we were nearing land.
The course he asked, then went below;
Ah, still, my mates, we hear him say—
'Good night, my men, just keep her so;
She's doing well. No more—away.'
Last words he spoke were—'How's her head?'
Then 'Keep her sailing full and bye.'
And now our good old captain's dead,
Our flag is floating Half-Mast High."

SAILING.

Brightly shines the noonday sun,
Autumn winds are blowing;
To the beech the wavelets run,
Spindrift from them flowing.

Come with me, my love, then come!
Ne'er shalt thou be wailing;
  Sailing through the Highland seas,
  Sailing with the westland breeze,
  Care nor sorrow there to tease
My love and I when sailing.

On the snowy mainsail white
  See the sun is striking;
Silvery glowing in the light,
  Heart's delight of Viking,
Come with me, my love, then come,
Hearts let's be regaling;
  We shall sail the billows o'er,
  We shall sail by Jura's shore,
  We shall hear Corr'vreckan's roar—
My love and I when sailing.

Rising gently o'er each sea,
  We shall breast each billow;
Far from care and trouble free,
  Health shall smooth thy pillow.
Come with me, my love, then come!
Your heart ne'er let be failing;
  We shall mount the rising wave,
  We shall look in Fingal's Cave,
  We shall see Columba's grave—
My love and I when sailing.

We, behind the Coolin hills,
  Shall see sunset falling;
Lulled to sleep by Highland rills,
  Waked by curlews calling.
Come with me, my love, then come!
At our stem oft trailing
  Flowing locks of yellow hair,
  Yellow as thine own, my fair,
  Tresses that the mermaids wear,
When you and I are sailing.

THE GAME 'MANG THE BONNIE GREEN KNOWES.

Whate'er be the way in this warld ye tak
  To brush awa its cares,
Some cobweb-like will stick to the heft
  And come back on ye unawares.
But if the heft it be a golfing-stick,
  And your brush the wind sae keen,
You'll find that nane will bother ye sair
  As ye walk by the golfing-green.

Chorus—Oh, I like the game, the guid auld game,
That's played with the stanes and the cowes,
But it's nocht at all to the driving the ball
Out amang the bonnie green knowes.

The roaring game on the ice we aye like,
But then there comes a thaw,
And the bowling, too, it is guid auld sport,
But the winter drives it awa'.
But a' year round we tramp the ground,
Wi' nocht for to intervene,
And enjoy our game on the links at hame,
The game on the golfing-green.

Chorus—I like the game, etc.

The shooter unto the hill he goes,
For to fill his bag he tries;
And the fisher to the river gangs,
And swirls out his flies.
But the grouse don't sit, and the fish don't rise,
And so hame they come at e'en,
Fairly tired out, without bird or trout—
Noo, there's nocht like that on the green!

Chorus—I like the game, etc.

The racing man he tak's to the Turf,
And he gambles his money awa';
But the game you lose your siller at
It can be nae game ava!
The hunting man he gangs oot wi' the hounds,
But the scent it is na' keen,
And he comes hame quick for his golfing-stick,
For there's aye a scent on the green!

Chorus—Oh! I like the game, etc.

So summer and winter on we gang,
And we play oor life awa';
Keener whiles wi' a canny wee bet,
For a black strap or a new ba'.
There's nae close time oor game to stop,
And we're at it frae morn till e'en,
For there's scarcely a day that we canna play
Oor game on the golfing-green.

Chorus—I like the game, etc.

Noo, life it is but a game at gowff,
And has a' its oots and its ins;
When we started first we swiped off well,
But sometimes we got amang whins.
But in whins or sand for the hole we went,
We cared na' what was between;

We aye played the game, and played oot well,
  Yes, oot on the golfing-green.
    Chorus—I like the game, etc.

At three score and ten we are "stemied" men,
  And we've leeved it every hour,
But say not at all we will loft our ball,
  And hauff the hole in fower.
Then dormy hame we can sing through the round,
  And die like golfers keen,
We've played fu' weel the short game and lang,
  The game on the golfing-green.
    Chorus—I like the game, etc.

Now here's a toast—let's have heel-taps nane,
  We will drink it in every howff.
Success for aye to the guid auld game,
  To the grand old game of the gowff.
And when like as we lie 'neath the greensward below,
  You'll remember us golfers keen,
Who with heart and soul from hole unto hole
  Drove the ball on the golfing-green.
    Chorus—I like the game, etc.

REV. ALEXANDER STEWART, F.S.A.,

("NETHER LOCHABER")

IS very widely known by the "*nom-de-plume* of "Nether Lochaber." He is one of the most voluminous and versatile writers of the day, and his fine genius, brilliant fancy, and gracefulness of expression force his claim to remembrance here. His sketches in the *Inverness Courier* and *Celtic Magazine* are full of deep thought, quaint humour, delightful anecdote, and sarcastic wit. We select the following from one of the deeply interesting "Pen-Portraits of Eminent Divines" in the *Christian Leader*—a religious newspaper of great excellence, and edited by a master hand:—

The reverend gentleman, whose literary portrait we present now, chose "Nether Lochaber" as his signature simply because it was his humour. Having begun he has persevered with it. Nearly every Scotsman, certainly the great majority of our readers, have heard of "Nether Lochaber," but to most the name of the Rev. Alexander Stewart is new. As a literary man "Nether Lochaber" is a marvel, and this remark is not for the first time made. If men of letters should feed on books as well as produce them, it seems difficult to understand how the minister of Ballachulish can obtain support; for from libraries he lives afar. Yet it is certain that his contributions to periodicals and newspaper literature are as fresh, and vigorous, and replete with substance as if his intellectual food was the most choice. Remove "Nether Lochaber" from the list of contributors to the *Celtic Magazine*, the *Scotsman*, *Chambers's Journal*, and other serials and journals, and the blank would be felt—intensely so. But Mr Stewart possesses a special literary privilege which doubtless has in some measure conduced both to his popularity and usefulness. A graceful writer of English, he is expert in using the Gaelic tongue. It is certain that, while there may be more classical interpreters of the Celtic tongue in its various idioms, no *savan* in the Highlands, since the days of Macpherson, has evinced a keener linguistic ardour.

Mr Stewart was born in the Island of Benbecula in 1829, his father being stationed there as a revenue officer. Consequent on the family removing to Oban, his early years were chiefly spent at that delightful spot. He entered the University of St Andrews in 1843, and there continued till he had finished a theological course. He was ordained pastor of Ballachulish in 1851, and has there ministered ever since. He has been repeatedly invited to other fields, but he has declined transportation. His preference for

Lochaber reminds one of Sir Hew Dalrymple's celebrated letter, recommending to an Orkney patron the Rev. Andrew Dischington, afterwards of Stronsay. At the close of a lengthened panegyric, Sir Hew remarks that his *protégé* "had one weakness, that of preferring the Orkneys to all the earth." Mr Stewart's weakness—if so we might call it—is his preference of Lochaber to every other scene. Yet may not his predilection be absolutely a virtue? With an attached flock he has no personal reason for seeking another sphere of labour. And who that has once visited Lochaber will ever forget its wild grandeur and imposing beauty? Here the lover of nature, which "Nether Lochaber" pre-eminently is, may feast his eyes all the year round with ever-varying pictures of the grand and terrible. Than the crags and mountains which environ the scene none more striking may be found in the Highlands. Here Nature has reared a temple magnificent and gorgeous; while creative energy evinces on every side a profusion of garniture such as is rarely to be found in the most genial climes.

As a naturalist, Mr Stewart has obtained a wide reputation. He does not confine his attention to the feathered tribe; he is at home among the flowers and rocks and lochs. The grand old ocean which skirts his parish he has described eloquently. Whether he navigates sea or lake, he is, pen in hand, ready to charm by his brilliant descriptions those who have not surveyed such scenes, or who, on surveying them, would not so enjoy or comprehend them. His mountain rides are equally a source of interest to his readers. His literary style is varied, musical and flowing, rich and rotund, but not redundant; abounding in happy descriptive phrases which fit into the sentences with perfect art, yet with the utmost apparent artlessness. Whether he is telling a Highland story—in which he stands unrivalled—or

recording his observations of a sea-bird; whether he is criticising a poem or describing a glorious western sunset, in either case he says with the most charming grace and simplicity what he has to say, filling in every detail and employing every suitable epithet and adjective, yet never conveying any sense of effort or exaggeration. Like Hugh Miller, the subject of this paper first became known through his contributions to the *Inverness Courier*, which have been continued for many years, and constitute a special feature in that northern journal. Selections from these contributions, also from his magazine articles on the natural history, folk-lore, and antiquities of the Highlands, are about to appear in a collected form.

Mr Stewart, although well known as a poetical critic, has himself written but little in English verse. Next to his Natural History and Archæological pursuits, his main ambition has been to make known the poetry and beautiful folk-lore of his native Highlands to such outsiders as are unacquainted with the round, rhythmical language of the mountains; and it is freely admitted on all hands that in this he has succeeded better than any one else. He has also done a great deal to make better known the *music* of the Highlands, some of it weird and wild as the noise of mountain torrents in spate, some of it soft and plaintive as the murmuring of tiny brooklets through grassy meadows.

No one now living, perhaps, has so minute and intimate an acquaintance with Gaelic Poetry and Gaelic Music. We give several translations from the Gaelic as specimens of the deftness and felicitous ease with which he can turn the most difficult Gaelic into English verse.

Mr Stewart is a Fellow of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh, and of the Geological and other scientific

Societies of Glasgow. He is bard of the Celtic Society of St Andrews. He numbers among his friends and admirers not only men of letters, but the cultivators of science. He is an authority in the language and history of the Gael; the poetry of the Highlands, ancient and recent, is familar to him; and his own verses are spirited, graceful, and ornate. He has edited Logan's "Scottish Gael," in two volumes octavo. Those who have had the pleasure of paying a visit to his manse among the mountains are loud in their praises of its hospitality, and of the comfort and quiet dignity of the life which the worthy inmates contrive to maintain on a stipend that would be scorned by many a clerical stripling in the Lowlands who has not a tithe of the merit or the industry of "Nether Lochaber."

ELEGY ON A PET DOVE THAT WAS KILLED BY A DOG.

(From the Gaelic of Alastair-Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair, *Circa*, 1720.)

Mournful my tale to tell,
Though others heed not my sigh;
My gentle, my beautiful pet dove dead—
Must the callow twins, too, die?
Alas, for the death of the gentlest dove
That ever in woodland coo'd:
Killed by a dog, whose properer foe
Were the otter that fights and dies so slow
In the cairny solitude.

Of all the birds that cleave the air,
Buoyant on rapid wing,
I mourn thee most my pet dove fair,
Dear, darling thing!
Noah loved thee, dove, full well,
When a guilty world was drowned;
With thy message of peace thou cam'st to tell
Of solid ground;
He knew thy truth, as the waters fell
Slowly around.

The raven and dove good Noah sent
Far over the heaving flood:
The raven wist not the way he went,
Nor back returned, for his strength was spent
In the watery solitude;

But cleaving the air with rapid wing,
The dove returned and back did bring
Her tale of the flood subdued.

At first she found no spot whereon
To rest her from weary flight,
And onward she flew, and on and on,
Till now at length she gazed upon
The mountain tops in sight;
And the dove returned with her letter—a leaf,
(Of mickle meaning, I trow, tho' brief),
Which Noah read with delight.

Not easy to rob thy nest, thou dove,
By cunning or strength of men;
On a shelf of the beetling crag above
Was thy castle of strength, thy home of love—
None durst come nigh thee then!
Harmless and gentle ever wert thou,
Dear, darling dove!
In the ear of thy mate, with a coo and a bow,
Still whispering love!

Not in silver or gold did'st thou delight,
Nor of luxuries ever did'st dream;
Pulse and corn was thy sober bite—
Thy drink was the purling stream!
Never, dear dove, did'st need to buy
Linen or silk attire,
Nor braided cloth, nor raiment fine
Did'st thou require.
Thy coat, dressed neat with thine own sweet bill,
Was of feathers bright green and blue,
And closely fitting—impervious still,
To rain or dew!

No creed or paternoster thou
Did'st sing or say;
And yet thy soul is in bliss, I trow,
Be't where it may!
That now withouten coffin or shroud
In thy little grave thou dost lie,
Makes me not sad: but O I am wae
For the death which thou did'st die.

THE BEWITCHED BACHELOR *UN*-BETWITCHED.

(*Circa* 1660.)

A ballad founded on an old Highland superstition not yet altoge extinct. It was believed that cattle never prospered unless libatio milk to the Fairies were frequently poured out on the green top of nearest Fairy Knoll—Gaelic, *Shian*. In order to be prosperous, it also necessary that the farmer should occasionally let the widow or fat less taste of his bounty.

The bachelor mumbled and grumbled full sore
  Over the butter-kits, all through the dairy;
Over cheese, over butter, and milk-pails, he swore
  "'Tis the work, I'll be bound, of some foul witch or fairy.
  "How can I ever be happy or rich
  "If robbed and tormented by fairy or witch?"
  Quoth he; and lo, with a sudden turn,
  He stumbled and spilt the cream-full churn!

He went to his mother. (She dwelt in the cot
  Amid the hazels, down by the linn;
Full well the wild birds loved that spot,
  And taught its echoes their merry din.)
He went to his mother, that bachelor gruff—
He was mild with her, though with others rough.

"Mother," quoth he, "I have not now
One half the butter or cheese, I trow,
That loaded my dairy shelves when you
Had charge of my household and dairy too;
  Tell me, mother, what shall I do?
For I vow and declare some fairy or witch
  Is robbing me still and doing me ill—I shall never be rich."

"My son," the mother mild replied,
  "See that you pay the fairies their due;
"A tribute due should ne'er be denied—
  "Others don't grudge it, and why should you?
"Nor thrive their flocks nor kine, I ween,
  Who scorn or neglect the *shian* green."

"But, mother, the witch that lives down i' the glen?"
  "A widow, my son, with a fatherless oe,*
"Who has seen much sorrow and years of woe;
"Give her, as heretofore, my son,
"Of your curds and whey; and let her alone.
"And, O, my son, if you would be rich,
"And free from dread of fairy and witch,
"And happy, and well-to-do through life—
"Go get thee, my son, a winsome wife!"

The Bachelor hied him home full soon—
  He sent the widow, far down i' the glen,
A kebbuck of cheese as round as the moon,
  Of oaten cakes he sent her ten;
With a kindly message, "Come when you may
  For curds and whey in the good old way."
He sent her withal, 'tis right you should know,
  A braw new kilt for her fatherless oe.

* Oe, Gaelic *Ogha*—a Grandchild.

And ever he saw that his maidens paid
To the fairies their due on the *Fairy Knowe*,
Till the emerald sward was under the tread
As velvet soft, and all aglow
With wild flowers, such as fairies cull,
Weaving their garlands and wreaths for the dance
When the moon is full!

And, lo! at last he took him a wife,
A comely and winsome dame, I trow,
Who shed a sunshine over his life,
And silvered the wrinkles upon his brow.
'Twas well with the kine, and well with the dairy,
Nor dreaded he ought from witch or fairy;
(He had one of his own—she was light *Wee Mary!*)
And often they went to the cot by the linn,
When mavis and merle made merry din.

ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON, F.R.S.N.A.

MR SYMINGTON is a distinguished member of the large family of Paisley's famous sons, and one of the most painstaking, pleasing, and popular *litterateurs* of the present day. He was born in 1825, and was educated at the grammar school of his native town, and at an early age he commenced his literary career. As far back as 1844 he contributed translations of German poetry, and original verses to *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, and he has since written for *Good Words*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Household Words*, *Sunday at Home*, *Fireside*, *Hand and Heart*, *Home Words*, *The English Mechanic*, *The Animal World*, and for many other serial publications, on a great variety of subjects; indeed, they are encyclopædic in character, and all written in a clear and lively style.

From "Men of Mark" in the *Hull Miscellany*, edited by Mr W. Andrews, F.R.H.S., we learn that in

1848 Mr Symington published "Harebell Chimes, or Summer Memories and Musings" (Blackwood & Sons). A second edition, with additional poems, appeared in 1862. He next issued, in 1855, "Genevieve, and other Poems" (privately printed). Then appeared in 1857 a work in two octavo volumes, involving ten years' labour, "The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life" (Longmans). Two years later he paid a visit to Iceland, and on his return gave the results of his journey in "Pen and Pencil Sketches of Faröe and Iceland, with an Appendix containing Translations from the Icelandic, and fifty-one Engravings by Linton, from Drawings by the Author" (Longmans). In 1870 was issued "The Reasonableness of Faith; with Appendix consisting of Hymns and Verses of Consolation and Hope" (London: Houlston & Sons). In 1878 appeared from his pen "Thomas Chalmers—The Man, his Times and Work;" which was followed by "Thomas Guthrie, Preacher, Pastor, and Philanthropist" (London: Houston & Sons). In 1878 he edited "Christmas in Picture, Song, and Story," for Maclure & Macdonald, Chromo-Lithographers to the Queen; and in the following year, "The Four Seasons, in Picture, Song, and Story," for the same firm. In 1880, as editor of Blackie's Series, entitled "Men of Light and Leading," he wrote "Samuel Lover—A Biographical Sketch with Selections from his Writings and Correspondence;" "Thomas Moore, the Poet—His Life and Works;" "William Cullen Bryant—A Biographical Sketch, with Selections from his Poems and other Writings." In 1881, for same series, but in two volumes, octavo, "William Wordsworth—A Biographical Sketch, with Selections from his Writings in Poetry and Prose." In this popular series, narrative and comment are combined with selections from the works of the respective authors, so as to convey an adequate idea of the spirit and style of each writer.

and enable readers to understand the scope of his productions. These have been republished in America by Harpers and by Roberts. In 1881 he prepared selections from the speeches of President Garfield for the (*Home Words* Office) series called "Talks with the People by Men of Mark;" and in 1882 he wrote for it the volume devoted to "The Duke of Albany." He also contributed to the wedding number of the *Illustrated London News*, issued on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Leopold, lives of the Prince and Princess. Mr Symington has written biographical notices in "Men of the Time," the "Biograph," the "Poets and Poetry of Ireland," and other works.

In 1863 he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen; and in 1882 he was elected Corresponding Member of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society. He visited France, Germany, Switzerland, and the north of Italy in 1851, and his travelling furnished subjects for poetry and prose. In 1874-75 he spent a year in the United States, and there wrote for the *International Review*, New York *Independent*, *The Advance* (Chicago and New York), *Christian at Work* (New York), *Our Dumb Animals* (Boston), New York *Scotsman*, *The New York Evangelist*, &c.

Mr Symington has thus been a voluminous writer. He contributes to the leading magazines and newspapers of this and other countries, and his productions find great favour with reviewers and the reading public. In 1868 he prepared his friend Miss F. R. Havergal's first volume, "The Ministry of Song," for the press; and to him, in affectionate terms, the Rev. A. B. Grosart, LL.D., F.S.A., dedicated the poems of old "Giles Fletcher," published in "The Fuller Worthies' Library." As a prose-writer Mr Symington possesses *verve* and vigour. He is ever clear and pleasing, while his quiet vein of humour, mixed with choice description and graphic char-

acter-sketching is a healthy and attractive feature of many of his productions.

In his poetry we frequently find passages of much beauty and true pathos. He evinces a quick eye for observation and a keen sensibility to external beauty, while an apparent ease and felicity of expression show that he has a mind that can discern and feel the beauties of creation, and an imagination which can produce pictures of much beauty, rendering them in musical verse. In a word, he is no mere rhymer, but a poet.

ARRAN FOR ME.

Isle where the plover's low tremulous cry,
Whirr of the grouse, drowsy hum of the bee,
Float o'er the heather, and fade in the sky:
Fair Isle of Beauty, Arran for me.

Fringed with the bracken, the broom, and the flowers,
Murmuring mountain streams rush to the sea;
Glens where I've linger'd oft, musing for hours,
Drinking in beauty, Arran for me.

Isle, where the gorse and the bog-myrtle grow;
Where, by clear torrents, the wild dear roam free;
Life I inhale from each wind that can blow—
Mountain or sea-breeze—Arran for me.

Corries, deep glens, and high serrated peaks,
Scenes of stern grandeur, as wild as can be,—
Chaos arrested, amid her strange freaks—
Grandeur and beauty—Arran for me.

Bare, splinter'd crags, towering round, overlook
Fertile green valleys, dark fringed with pine-tree;
Mirror'd all clearly, they show in life's brook,
Flowing so swiftly—Arran for me.

Rose, and then purple tints, indigo hues,
Follow, and, deepening down, fade all and flee;
Moonlight and starlight calm splendour diffuse—
Mist-veils float, dream-like—Arran for me.

Birds, save the owl, have all gone to their rest;
Faintly, I hear the far murmuring sea;
Bats are still flitting athwart the pale west;
Fair Isle of Beauty—Arran for me.

Night 'mong the mountains. Beneath heaven alone,
Fondly to love, and to dream, I am free,
Over my dear ones, both living and gone;
Dear Isle of Beauty—Arran for me.

THE CUCKOO: A SUMMER ODE.

It is a joyous, glorious day
In the merry month of May;
My boys and I, all out together,
Ramble o'er the budding heather
On the hills above Lamlash,
Beyond the tall trees—pine and ash—
Down through which, below, we view
The Holy Isle and ocean blue;
Goatfell's purple peak before us,
Streaked with purple mist; and, o'er us,
A cloudless dome of azure hue.
Hark! spell-bound with joy we hear
(First time this year)
A magic, mellow flute-like note
From childhood's land of faery float—
Cuckoo, Cuckoo.

Each thing around of summer tells—
Young, frisking lambs dot all the dells;
Ferns, golden gorse, harebells, primroses:
Or sheltered, bracken-curtained nooks,
By clear, gurgling mountain brooks,
Where the wild red deer reposes.
But list! again that double note
O'er the tinkling streamlet float
From the coppice. Hid from view.
The voice seems far, now near, as if it flew.
Strange bird-ventriloquist! thy haunting measure
Floods heart and soul with mystic pleasure—
Cuckoo, Cuckoo.

Emblem meet, thy twofold voice,
Of past and present. Then rejoice.
What though some hopes, once fondly cherished;
In darkness deep have sunk and perished;
Brighter blessings shall arise;
He made the light who gave us eyes,
And all our need supplies.
Full many a bright and blissful dream
From childhood, like yon mountain stream
That singing, sparkles, dancing free—
No vain, delusive, dwindling gleam—
Still shines and deepens to the sea.

Lo! these peaks, though downward casting
Dark, long, stalking shadows
On sterile corries and green meadows—
Though bare and riven
Are everlasting,
And point to heaven!

Slumbering there, the grand old sea
Hath its mighty music too;
And birds that build in brake or tree,
Still singing, woo;
Flowers die down to live again;
Sweet lessons these of hope and brighter cheer
Not taught in vain
To feeling heart and hearing ear
By each transient sight and sound
In Nature's ever-changing round—

Taught also by the Book Divine
Whose sacred pages shine,
Leading to the Temple's shrine,
Where He sits upon
The Great White Throne
Is approached, through Christ alone,
By love and wisdom true.
So now, with growing joy, anew
Hail we all lovely sounds and sights:
Each spirit-meaning that delights
By sea-shore, glen, or mountain heights,
Wavering in the soft warm sunny air,
Laden with odours rare—
Bog-myrtle, daisies, violets.

And now, Cuckoo,
From thy curious summer note—
On which we, young and old, all dote—
I fain would borrow,
Instead of frets
And vain regrets
O'er bootless sorrow,
Hope for the morrow.
Most things, like thy note, are double:
The dark night flees away
Before the dawn of day;
Heart-ease follows sorest trouble.
After famine plenteous years;
Eyes are brighter after tears;
Meads are greener after dew;
And laurel cometh after yew.

Then, winged voice singing,
From memory's far East comfort bringing,

Like seaward-wafted spicy breeze,
Or gulf-stream to life's arctic seas,
We bid thee now a fond adieu.
But long, thy twofold, haunting strain,
The summer's balmy, sweet refrain,
With its double lesson too,
Shall live and warmly echo through
The winter of the heart and brain,
Cheering—shaping life anew—
Cuckoo, Cuckoo.

THE VOICE OF THE SEA.

Myriad-twinkling, restless sea,
In the sunshine, gloriously
Shimmering with flashing light,
Living, sparkling, diamond bright;
From the ripple on the beach,
Far as dazzled eye can reach—
To Arran, Pladda, Ailsa blue,
Where the horizon bounds the view!

Though now playful as a child,
Oft I've woo'd thee, dark and wild—
Joyed to hear thy billows roar
Thundering grandly on the shore.
Hushed in slumber, mirror-calm—
Now the lion, now the lamb—
Every mood I love in thee,
Ever changing, changeless sea.

For thy voice, so vague and vast,
Whispers of the buried past—
Or of shadowy future years
Fraught with yearning hopes and fears:
Soul-tides linked to sun, moon, star,
Truths, of deeper import far,
Shining, where Faith's golden key
Unlocks nature's mystery.

CHEER.

Oh! shut not out the light of God,
Within—around—above thee;
Life's darkest lanes have sky o'erhead,
Look up—One there doth love thee.

Look up with true and humble heart—
No self-trust can avail thee—
Shall He who suffered—bore a part
Of every sorrow fail thee?

Bestir thyself! work while 'tis day—
  Blest, though the world should hate thee,
Fulfilling duty—work and pray,
  And gladness shall await thee.

LIFE'S DREAMS.

Yes—'twas in yon black gondola!
  Thou and I sat dreaming there,
Pale and silent, one in spirit,
  Sailing seas of dark dispair.

Oar to steer, or song to cheer us,
  There was none, yet on we sped,
Through great brackish waves of sorrow
  Dashing, as the wild winds led:

As the wild winds?—Hush! the tempest
  But obeys His sovereign will
Who, 'mid seeming shoreless anguish,
  Cometh saying, "Peace be still!"

Down the sun sank, red and stormy,
  Glaring through the spoon-drift white;
Orange streaks and fiery scarlet,
  Fading, barred the ebbing light.

Darkness veiled the heaving ocean—
  Hope and joy lost in eclipse—
Well nigh foundered, trembling, weary,
  Words of prayer 'scaped thy lips!

Then, the East began to brighten,
  And the tempest died away;
Hesper mild looked from the azure—
  Joy dawned with the break of day!

Odours rich, came stealing, wafted
  Far, from dim-seen Islands Blest . . .
Noon!—the prow had touched the sand-beach—
  Spirits twain enjoy their rest!

REV. FERGUS FERGUSON, D.D.

THE pastor of a large city church, belonging to an independent and somewhat ostracised denomination, has little leisure for cultivating the divine art of poesy, and the fact of his doing so is a pretty strong evidence that his tastes and talents in that direction are innate and natural, rather than acquired and elaborated.

The subject of this sketch is not only such a pastor, but he is one who is unceasing and untiring in the performance of his pastoral work. He is, moreover, a prolific writer—being the author of more than a dozen of goodly-sized and popular works on ecclesiastical history, theology, practical religion, travels, &c., besides being editor of, and a voluminous contributor to a quarterly theological magazine. He is also an ardent temperance reformer, and a much sought-after lecturer and speaker at public meetings. And yet, in spite of these multifarious labours, Dr Ferguson ever and anon breaks forth into song, and frequently charms his audiences at soirees and other social gatherings with happily-expressed and impromptu versification. Were the whole of his rhymes gathered together they would fill a considerable volume, and apart from their poetical merits they would delight a large circle of readers, by their quaintness, their humour, and their aptness to the occasions for which they were produced. But the worthy Doctor would be the last man to think of such a compilation. With the genuine simplicity and unconsciousness of a child crooning a song to itself, as it sports upon the green braes, Dr Ferguson strings his rhymes for his highly-appreciative audiences, and then allows them to pass away from his memory, never more to be recalled. But these

do not embrace the whole of Dr Ferguson's poetical productions. He has written some beautiful hymns, which are much cherished in his own denomination, and by all who have seen them, and will not be speedily forgotten. In his various travels, too, he has been inspired by the beauties of Nature to higher flights of imagination and poetical expression than on the fugitive occasions referred to.

Fergus Ferguson was born in Glasgow in 1824. His father was an energetic and successful merchant in that city, but retired from business in early life, and becoming the subject of deep religious convictions he afterwards devoted himself to the Christian ministry, and died only a few years ago in Aberdeen, where he had long and successfully filled the pastorate of the Evangelical Union Church of that city. He was a man of great energy and decision of character, and an earnest and impressive preacher. Our poet received his elementary education in the Grammar School of Hamilton, to which town his father removed when he left Glasgow, and here young Fergus enjoyed the companionship of the renowned David Livingstone. At the early age of fourteen he entered the University of Glasgow, and passed through a very successful curriculum. He gained no fewer than thirteen prizes, and excelled in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Logic, and Moral Philosophy. Before leaving college he took his degree of B.A., and ten years later, when he was the busy pastor of a large congregation, he renewed his studies, and gained the further degree of Master of Arts. He studied theology in the Hall of the Congregational Union under Dr Wardlaw, but, along with other eight students, he was expelled from that Institution for alleged heresy regarding the Work of the Holy Spirit, the students holding that the influences of the Spirit were *impartial, moral, mediate*, and *resistible*, while the professors held that they were *partial, im-*

mediate, and *irresistible*. These nine students afterwards joined the Evangelical Union, then recently formed, under the auspices of Rev. James Morison, Rev. John Guthrie, and others.

Ferguson was ordained to the Ministry in 1845, when he was only in his twenty-first year, and became the pastor of a newly-formed church in Glasgow. Of that church he still remains the pastor, and no minister in the denomination has been more popular and successful, or more highly esteemed than he. He is a man of most genial, loving disposition; full of kindly, pawky humour; yet of an earnest evangelical spirit. An indefatigable worker in all spheres of usefulness and well-doing, he is not merely beloved by his own people, but is respected and esteemed by the community at large.

Mr Ferguson obtained in 1875 the honorary degree of D.D. from the University of Lebanon, near Nashville, Tennessee, the only educational institution in connection with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, America, that has a full Theological Faculty. He had been a delegate from Scotland to their General Assembly in 1874.

AT A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Sleep, Soldier, softly sleep;
No foe approaches this sequestred ground;
We come again to visit thee and weep,
And mark the spot where thy dear dust is found.

Did'st thou on gory field,
A sacrifice for us in battle fall?
Or did'st thou up thy patient spirit yield,
'Mid wounded men in crowded hospital?

O'er thee no mother hung,
Soothing thy latest hours with fondest love—
No sister, sweet, with kind familiar tongue,
Told thee of Christ, and pointed thee above.

Yet God did visit thee,
When left alone, and far away, to die;
And thou did'st angels in thy visions see
Descending swift to carry thee on high.

Sleep, Soldier, softly sleep;
Thou hast not lived, thou hast not died, in vain;
We come to-day in gratitude to weep;
Because thy loss has been thy country's gain.

TO AN ICEBERG.

Bright wanderer from the North,
Where piercing cold has sway, and darkness drear,
Upon this southern sea thou lookest forth,
Like some strange spirit from another sphere.

Were our dim eyes unsealed,
And spiritual things made clear to sense,
Bright seraph-forms would be forthwith revealed,
Approaching us like thee, but for defence.

For thou, if pure, art cold,
And danger lurks around thy icy base;
Full many a tragic story has been told
Of those who met death in thy dread embrace.

Thou art like Syren grey,
Attracting to herself the admiring eye;
But at her treacherous feet, her vanquished prey,
The wrecks of ruined ones, deep buried, lie.

Back to thy horrid home,
Where plunge the seals, and prowl the polar bears;
Nor lay again, where fleets of commerce come,
For venturous mariners, thy glittering snares.

Or let the summer sun,
So melt away thy gelid, icy tower,
That down thy sides the limpid streams shall run,
Obedient to his calm o'ermastering power.

Thus oft renewing Grace
Make streams of life from moral icebergs flow,
Till men become a blessing to their race,
Who once had spread around them only woe.

HE LOVED ME, AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME.

"He loved me, and gave Himself for me;"
Amazing love, amazing sacrifice;
I'll take my harp down from the willow tree,
And bid its notes in praise of Jesus rise.

"He loved me, and gave Himself for me;"
And what a rebel against him I was;
Like those that nailed him to the cruel tree,
I hated him, alas, without a cause.

'He loved me, and gave Himself for me;"
And made atonement to the broken law,
And wrought a righteousness on Calvary,
Which God has tried, and found without a flaw.

"He loved me, and gave Himself for me;"
And surely I myself to him will give;
None, Jesus, will I ever love like thee,
And to thy glory only will I live.

"O, when I stand 'mid yonder shining throng,
And on fair Canaan's coast my Saviour see,
I'll add this chorus to my swelling song—
"He loved me, and gave Himself for me."

SNOW.

On the entry into London of the Princess of Russia, during a fall of snow, as the bride of the Duke of Edinburgh, in the Spring of 1874.

London was gay with flags and flowers,
Because a Princess was made ours;
Thousands stood in each crowded street,
Ready with loud acclaim to greet;
But ah! the pageant needs must go
Through blinding flakes of chilling snow.

So is it oft in earthly things,
Amid our fond imaginings;
We picture scenes of fairy bliss,
And exquisite heart-happiness;
But when our hopes are brightest, lo!
Descends the shower of chilling snow.

Yet was there something in that shower
Consonant with the festal hour:
Perhaps Alexandrovna thought—
"I might my people have forgot
Upon this happy day; but no!
I see my Russia in the snow."

Thus when the shower of sorrow falls,
The wandering heart it swift recalls
To its dear home beyond the sea—
Heaven with its full felicity.
Then oft as through the world we go,
We'll bless God for the falling snow.

ARCHIBALD CRAWFORD,

AUTHOR of a volume of sketches entitled "Tales of a Grandmother," and many poetical pieces of much merit, was born in Ayr in 1785, and died in 1843. In his ninth year, left an orphan, he was placed under the care of a brother-in-law, a baker in London. With a limited school education, his ardent love of literature and his powerful memory enabled him to become conversant with the works of the more distinguished British authors, as well as with the best translations of the classics. At the expiry of eight years he returned to Ayr. In 1810 he opened a grocery establishment in his native town; but, with less aptitude for business than literature, he lost the greater part of the capital he had embarked in trade. He afterwards exchanged this business for that of auctioneer. The literary inclinations of his youth had been assiduously followed up, and his employers, sympathising with his tastes, gave him every opportunity, by the use of their libraries, of indulging his favourite studies. With two literary coadjutors, he started a weekly serial at Ayr, entitled *The Correspondent*, but the publication, in the course of a few months, was abandoned. A similar periodical, under the designation of *The Gaberlunzie*, appeared under his management in 1827, and extended to some sixteen numbers. Latterly he contributed articles to the *Ayr Advertiser*.

To a hearty social nature, he added strong intellectual capacities, and considerable dramatic power. One of his sons, Mr Wm. Crawford, attained distinction as an artist.

SCOTLAND, I HAVE NO HOMÈ BUT THEE

Scotland, thy mountains, thy valleys, and fountains,
Are famous in story—the birth-place of song;
Thy daughters the fairest, the sweetest, the rarest,
Well may thy pilgrims long for their home.

Trace the whole world o'er, find me a fairer shore,
The grave of my fathers! the land of the free;
Joy to the rising race! Heaven send them ev'ry grace;
Scotland, dear Scotland, I have no home but thee.

Glow on, ye southern skies, where fruits wear richer dyes
To pamper the bigot, assassin, and slave;
Scotland, to thee I'll twine, with all thy varied clime,
For the fruits that thou bearest are true hearts and brave.

Trace the whole world o'er, find me a fairer shore,
The grave of my fathers! the land of the free;
Joy to the rising race! Heaven send them ev'ry grace;
Scotland, dear Scotland, I have no home but thee.

ROBERT INNES,

SON of a merchant in the Island of Madeira, was born on that Island in 1810. His father died in 1813, leaving a widow and two children. In the following summer the family left Madeira, and settled in Scotland, residing for a short time in St Andrews. But the air of that town being found too keen and piercing after so warm and genial a climate, they removed to Musselburgh. Here the son received the first rudiments of his education, and on the removal of the family to Edinburgh, he was placed under the tuition of Mr Lennie, the celebrated gram-

marian. Leaving school, he entered on his apprenticeship as bookseller and stationer, and after filling other situations in Edinburgh and Glasgow, returned to Madeira in 1835. Here he engaged in business, and remained till 1848, when he again returned to Scotland. Ultimately he removed to London in 1854, where he carried on business for many years, and where he still resides.

Mr Innes writes with quiet melodious flow, and with pure thought and feeling. He is a warm and intelligent admirer of Nature, and has written numerous pieces in the old narrative ballad style, and seems to have a special leaning towards epistolary effusions. In his own words, much of his writings have been confined to letters written to

> "Some old, or young, or valued friend
> Who liked a note in rhyme,
> But had no merit in themselves,
> And only *served the time!*"

TO MY DAUGHTER WHEN AT SCHOOL.

I do not think I ever found in you
Much love of poetry. If perchance you do,
I would commend you to peruse by turns
Such works as Cowper's, Scott's, or even Burns'.
Others there are whose names I would indite,
As Goldsmith, Milton, Pollock, or Kirk-White,
Whose noble writings I am sure you'd find
Well fitted to improve and form your mind.
The style of Cowper, you at once will see,
Is simple, pious, loving, kind, and free!
Scott's Marmion and his Lady of the Lake,
Simplicity and grandeur both partake.
Where will you find such sweet and simple style
As that descriptive of fair Ellen's Isle?
Or grandeur more sublime than meets the view
In that of Trossachs wild, or Ben Venue!
In Marmion, too, how nobly is portrayed
"Mine own romantic town," as seen from Braid.
The convent, camp, and e'en the battle field,
Do each and all some striking beauties yield.
In Burns, alas! though great and high his fame,
'Mid much to praise, there's much that we must blame;
His scenes from humble life must ever stand
The perfect sketches of a master hand.

Long as the cottar by his ingle neuk
At close of week takes down the Sacred Book,
And to his bairns with reverential air
Reads from its page, and closes all with prayer;
Long as the ploughman whistles at his plough,
Or mavis sings upon the hawthorn bough;
Long as the daisy decks the mountain side
The name of Burns for ever must abide!
But nobler themes than these employed the pen
Of Milton, Pollock—those two gifted men,
Who climb'd the Heavens, where mortal never trod,
And showed to us the hidden things of God.
The first, in gorgeous numbers, has unfurl'd
The sylvan beauties of a new-formed world;
When man, in his own Maker's image made,
In pure and perfect nature stood displayed,
Ere sin, that evil and most hateful thing,
That gave to death its sharp and bitter sting,
Had enter'd in, and man's whole heart defiled
With hatred, pride, and every passion wild.
But while he shows the loss we thus sustained,
He tells how Paradise has been regained.
Not through man's works or ought that he had done,
But through the merits of God's only Son,
Who came to earth and suffered in our room
The wrath and curse that else had been our doom!

Next Pollock comes, and in his "Course of Time,"
Unfolds, in language equally sublime,
The mysteries of that great and awful day,
When heaven shall melt and earth shall pass away,
The bless that waits the righteous in the skies,
The horrors of the worm that never dies!

With works like these I would be glad to find
You took delight to store your youthful mind.

AN EARLY MORNING WALK.

I often wonder why one likes to live
Shut up in towns, where all is smoke and noise,
Instead of revelling in fresh country air,
With all its sweetness and its sylvan joys.

'Tis sweet to take an early morning walk,
To watch the new-born day spring into life,
To hear the linnets sing their morning song,
Ere yet we enter on our daily toil and strife.

How sweet and fresh the morning grass appears,
So richly deck'd with drops of early dew;
While everywhere around, trees, shrubs, and flowers
Combine to "lend enchantment to the view."

How sweet to watch the progress of the day,
To mark the constant changing of the scene,
The wonderful effects of light and shade,
The gorgeous sun-tints on the brilliant green.

How richly blended are the various shades,
From darkest Cedar to the palest Lime,
With oaks and chestnuts, sycamores and pines
Uniting in one glorious scene sublime.

How fresh and balmy is the morning air,
How sweet the perfume of the opening flowers;
How bright and lovely everything appears,
Renewed and freshened by soft dewy showers.

Where ere we gaze around this scene so bright,
New beauties seem each moment brought to light;
Trees, fields, and meadows lend their mighty aid
To beautify the earth, which God hath made.

JOHN CRAWFORD.

SEVERAL of the effusions of this poet have long been popular. He was born at Greenock in 1816, in the same apartment which, thirty years before, had witnessed the death of Burns's "Highland Mary," his mother's cousin. With only a few months' attendance at school, he was, in boyhood, thrown on his own resources for support. Selecting the profession of a house-painter, he left Greenock in his eighteenth year, and prosecuted his vocation in the town of Alloa. In 1850 he published a small duodecimo volume of lyrics, entitled "Doric Lays: Snatches of Song and Ballad." This little work received the strong approbation of Miss Mitford. "There is," she wrote to a correspondent, "an originality in his writings very rare in a follower of Burns. . . . . This is the true thing—a flower springing from the soil, not merely cut

and stuck into the earth. Will you tell Mr Crawford how much pleasure he has given to a poor invalid?" In 1860 Mr Crawford published a second series of "Doric Lays;" and an interesting volume entitled "Memorials of the Town of Alloa," on which he had been long engaged, was published a few months after the death of the poet. This work was carefully edited by Dr Charles Rogers, of the "Scottish Minstrel," and contains a very interesting historical and descriptive account of the town and parish. His poetry is distinguished by a pleasing melodious flow, purity of feeling, and genial humour.

THE LAND O' THE BONNET AND PLAID.

Hurra! for the land o' the broom-cover'd brae,
The land o' the rowan, the haw, and the slae,
Where waves the blue harebell in dingle and glade—
The land o' the pibroch, the bonnet, and plaid.

Hurra! for the hills o' the cromlech and cairn,
Where blossoms the thistle by hillocks o' fern;
There Freedom in triumph an altar has made
For holiest rites in the land o' the plaid.

A coronal wreath, where the wild flowers bloom,
To garnish the martyr and patriot's tomb:
Shall their names ever perish—their fame ever fade,
Who ennobled the land o' the bonnet and plaid.

Oh, hame o' my bairnhood, ye hills o' my love!
The haunt o' the freeman for aye may ye prove;
And honour'd for ever be matron and maid
In the land o' the heather, the bonnet, and plaid.

Hurra! for the land o' the deer and the rae,
O' the gowany glen and the brackan-clad brae,
Where blooms oor ain thistle, in sunshine and shade—
Dear badge o' the land o' the bonnet and plaid.

MY AULD WIFIE JEAN.

My couthy auld wifie, aye blythesome to see,
As years slip awa' aye the dearer to me;
For ferlies o' fashion I carena ae preen
When I cleek to the kirk wi' my auld wifie Jean.

The thoughts o' the past are aye pleasin' to me,
And mair sae when love lights my auld wifie's e'e ;
For then I can speak o' the days I ha'e seen,
When care found nae hame i' the heart o' my Jean.

A hantle we've borne since that moment o' bliss,
Frae thy lips, breathin' balm, when I stole the first kiss,
When I read a response to my vows in thy een,
An', blushin', I prest to my bosom my Jean.

Like a rose set in snaw was the bloom on thy cheek,
Thy hair, wi' its silken snood, glossy and sleek,
When the Laird o' Drumlochie, sae lithless and lean,
Wad ha'e gane a lang mile for ae glisk o' my Jean.

Thy mither was dead, and thy faither was fain
That the lang-luggit lairdie wad ca' thee his ain ;
But auld age and frailty could ne'er gang atween
The vows I had niffer'd wi' bonnie young Jean.

I canna weel work, an' ye're weary an' worn,
The gudes and the ills lang o' life we ha'e borne ;
But we ha'e a hame, an' we're cozie and bein,
And the thrift I've to thank o' my auld wifie Jean.

Baith beddin' an' cleadin' o' a' kind ha'e we,
A sowp for the needy we've aye had to gie,
A bite and a drap for baith fremit an' frien',
Was aye the warst wish o' my auld wifie Jean.

The puir bieldless body has scugg'd the cauld blast,
'Yont our hallan he's houft till the gurl gaed past,
An' a bite aff our board, aye sae tidy an' clean,
He's gat wi' gudewill frae my auld wifie Jean.

Our hopes we ha'e set where our bairnies ha'e gaen ;
Though lyart we've grown since they frae us were ta'en ;
The thoughts o' them yet brings the tears to our een,
An' aft I've to comfort my auld wifie Jean.

The paughty and proud hae been laid i' the dust,
Since the first hairst I shore, since the first clod I cuist ;
And soon we'll lie laigh, but aboon we've a Frien',
And bright days are comin' for me an' my Jean.

THE WAES O' EILD.

The cranreuch's on my heid,
The mist's now on my een,
A lanesome life I lead,
I'm no what I ha'e been.

Ther' re runkles on my broo,
Ther' re furrows on my cheek,
My wither'd heart fills fu'
When o' bygone days I speak.
For I'm weary,
I'm weary,
I'm weary o' care—
Where my bairnies ha'e gane,
Oh, let me gang there.

I ance was fu' o' glee,
And wha was then sae gay,
Whan dreamin life wad be
But ae lang simmer day!
My feet like lichtnin' flew
Roun' pleasure's dizzy ring,
They jimply staucher noo
Aneath a feckless thing.
For I'm weary,
I'm weary,
I'm weary o' care—
Where my first love lies cauld,
Oh, let me lie there.

The ourie breath o' eild,
Has blown ilk frien' frae me;
They come na near my bield
I ha'e dauted on my knee;
They haud awa their heids,
My frailties no to see;
My blessings on them, ane and a'—
I've naething else to gie.
For I'm weary,
I'm weary,
I'm weary and worn—
To the frien's o' my youth
I maun soon, soon return.

R. HAY W. SMITH

HAS for many years sung true and hearty notes of song, and his Doric is pure, simple, and flowing. He has contributed with much acceptance to English as well as Scottish magazines and peri-

odicals, and his effusions have been admiringly noticed by many eminent men in literature—including Dr Robert Chambers, Hugh Miller, George Gilfillan, Chas. Swain, Jas. Ballantyne of "Gaberlunzie" fame, and Dr Guthrie. He also enjoyed the friendship of Alexander Laing, Brechin, author of "The Braes o' Mar."

Mr Smith was born in the vicinity of Kirriemuir in 1826. His father held the farm of Longbank, and there our subject, nursed, so to speak, in the lap of Nature, and hemmed in by the most romantic associations, first felt the soul-stirring power of poesy. A studious youth, he would roam amidst the leafy solitudes of Inverquharity, or wander by the silent and gloomy ruins of his maternal ancestors, indulging in those pleasant thoughtful reveries peculiar to the poetic mind. Until recently, Mr Smith followed the profession of a schoolmaster. Though over fifty years of age, he is still a vigorous athlete, and retains healthy vivacity of intellect, together with a youthful flow of animal spirit. He is also a musician, and, as might be expected from the form and flow of his songs, he has a very perfect knowledge of music. Though often urged by competent authorities to collect his numerous poems and songs in book form, he has not as yet consented to do so. His productions possess a remarkably fresh sweetness and beauty of imagery, and they are all finely adapted for being sung or set to music, evincing that the writer is possessed of a very correct taste. His artless songs touch the heart with their tender feeling, and charm the ear with their simple melody.

GLENCOE.

Red, red from the mountain, the wild waters flow,
And night's darkest shadow looks sad on Glencoe;
The clansmen are sleeping—the foemen are nigh—
Macdonald, Macdonald, awake ye, and fly.

Ye mothers and maidens of rocky Glencoe,
The voice of the traitor is sounding below,
And murder looks—red—from his dark-flashing eye—
Macdonald, Macdonald, awake ye, and fly.

Flash—flash—'tis the musket that kindles the gloom,
And death the result of each murder-aimed boom—
No mercy—the old and the young are laid low—
Thy heart-blood, Macdonald, lies red on the snow.

The child from the bosom is dashed on the plain,
The heather is wet with the gore of the slain;
All vain, from the shot of the Saxon to fly—
Awake ye, Macdonald, awake ye, and die.

Woe, woe to Macdonald, and woe to Glencoe,
Their homes and their hearts are as cold as the snow;
The voice of the tempest, the thunder may cry—
Macdonald—Macdonald—but who shall reply?

THE LASS O' BALLINSHOE.

When bloomin' broom in beauty hung
And scented a' the country side,
I bent my steps to yon auld toon
Whaur haughty Fletchers wont to bide;
The oak, the ash, with ancient pride,
Wav'd through the summer breezes slow,
When fond beneath their shade I met
The bonnie lass o' Ballinshoe.

O, Annie, twenty years ha'e pass'd
And mingled with eternity,
And great things then grow little now—
At least they're seeming so to me;
Unless the love I bear for thee,
That brighter in my breast will glow,
Till cauld the heart that lo'es sae leal
The bonnie lass o' Ballinshoe.

In yon blue heavens the laverock sings,
And charms us with his warbling glee;
Though lost to sight his trembling wing,
Afar we hear his melodie.
Though far asunder we may be,
Yet memory's sweetest strain will flow,
And love unseen a vanish'd form—
The bonnie lass o' Ballinshoe.

THE DAYS THAT WERE DEAREST.

We herded together in the greenwood so gay,
How blythe in the morning, how glad through the day;
And aye in the gloamin' we sang the same strain—
O, the days that were dearest will ne'er come again.

Aft, aft by yon burnie that runs to the east
The dreams of the night in the morn we confess'd;
It was innocence a'—but I needna explain—
O, the days that were dearest will ne'er come again.

O, dear were the days that we herded; I ken
Their thoughts are to me like the thoughts of yestreen;
I mind them as weel, but they're mingled wi' pain—
O, the days that were dearest will ne'er come again.

For them that were dear to the dreams of my youth
Are weeded away by the cauld hand o' Death;
And to dree the misfortunes of life I remain—
O, the days that were dearest will ne'er come again.

The saft voice is hush'd, and the leal heart is cauld;
The light limb is stiff, and the young love is auld;
The green leaf o' June flutters grey o'er the plain—
O, the days that were dearest will ne'er come again.

The flower of the morning in beauty is clad,
But noon has its tempests—the flow'ret is dead;
The pleasures o' life, like its beauties are vain—
O, the days that are dearest will ne'er come again.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

The dew is on the bloomin' broom,
  The moonbeam's on the brae;
The leaf is on the scented birk,
  The apple, and the slae.
The blushin' rose hangs down her head
  Abune the crystal stream,
And sees below her shadow glow
  Like mermaid bath'd in faem.

The echo o' the blackbird's sang
  Still floats upon the ear;
The tints that graced the gloamin' sky
  Are yet reflected there.
The yew tree throws a darker shade
  Upon the cottage wa';
The summer breeze sighs through the tree
  In unison wi' a'.

The little gowan steeks her e'e,
And nature's a' at rest;
But I maun walk the woods alane,
Wi' sorrow in my breast,
And think on mony a broken vow,
And plighted promise fair,
The empty theme of 'life's young dream,'
Now melted a' in air.

WINSOME MARY.

The hunter lo'es the greenwood gay,
The broomy bank, the bloomin' heather;
The fisher lad delights to stray
By winding Esk and Prosen Water.
But weel I lo'e to steal awa'
When blinkin' starnies licht the carry,
Through simmer dews or winter snaw,
To meet, to woo, my winsome Mary!

Her comely face is fair and sweet,
Her meltin' e'en are bright and bonny;
In ilka grace she shines complete—
The pride o' some—the love o' mony!
And when to music's merry sound
She trips as light as ony fairy,
In vain ye'll search the warld round
For ane to match my winsome Mary!

O! what is a' the pride o' art,
The power o' wealth and warld's treasure!
The simple faith o' ae fond heart
Is mair nir a' its boasted pleasure.
I wadna gie ae happy hour
O' tender love for titles airy,
Nor leave my cot for lordly bower,
Unless wi' thee, my winsome Mary!

A. R. COUSIN.

SOME have the idea that poetry is a very abstract method of teaching religious truths. We consider no other mode of thinking or writing is calculated to be more efficacious—for this reason: it is more easily retained in the memory. The singing, even the careful and measured reading of some of our hymns strengthens and fortifies the mind. If poetry, then, be the outpourings of the heart and soul, how all-powerful must these breathings be when imbued with the benign and gracious spirit of the Christian. The subject of the present sketch—the gifted author of "The Sands of Time are Sinking"—unites to sound understanding and real poetic genius a correct taste and pious heart.

Mrs Cousin is the daughter of D. Ross Cundell, M.D., F.R.C.S., Edinburgh, Assistant Surgeon in Her Majesty's 33rd Foot — the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. On the conclusion of peace, after Waterloo, at which Dr Cundell was present, he retired from the army, and settled in private practice in Leith, where he died in early life, leaving a widow, Anne Parker, of a Yorkshire family, and an only child, Anne Ross Cundell, the subject of this sketch. Her early days were spent in Leith, and then in Edinburgh, till her marriage to the Rev. Wm. Cousin, originally of the Free Church, Dunse, but at that time minister of the English Presbyterian Church, Chelsea, from which he was translated to the Free Church, Irvine, and thence, in 1859, to Melrose. By these successive removals her experience was widened, and her circle of friends extended.

While still in early life, Mrs Cousin contributed various poems to Mrs D. T. K. Drummond's "Peace

for the Dying Christian," and to Mr Greville's "Poetic Prism." During her residence at Irvine, she was a frequent contributor to the Free Church "Children's Record" and the "The Christian Treasury," in which her best-known poem, "The Last Words of Rutherford" ("The Sands of Time are Sinking"), first appeared, and which, in 1876, was published by Messrs Nisbet & Co., London, in a volume entitled "Immanuel's Land, and other Pieces." Since then Mrs Cousin has been a frequent contributor to "The Catholic Presbyterian," "The Christian Church," "Service for the King," and other periodicals and magazines. Her productions are to be found in most hymnals of all sections of the Protestant Church in Scotland and England. Several of these have become very popular, and have been instrumental in giving light and peace amid surrounding darkness and unrest.

Mrs Cousin's habits of composition are abundantly simple, most of her poems having been composed in the nursery among her children, or amidst the quiet and pleasant duties of the house-mother and minister's wife. We give two or three pieces from the volume published by Messrs Nisbet & Co. These give ample evidence that her thoughts revolve in an atmosphere of piety, and that her heart ever beats warmly to its sacred intonations. It is impossible to read any of Mrs Cousin's poems, and not receive delight and benefit. She evidently knows well how to render tributary to all her poetic reveries the transcendent principles of revealed truth and pure religion, to whose service the Muse may most fittingly be devoted.

CHRIST WITHIN THE VEIL.

Art can depict for us the Holy Child
With a sweet majesty of brow and eyes—
A King on "Mary's" knee—with aureole mild
Of kindling gold, as when the sun doth rise.

And Art the features marred and dim can trace,
  Seen 'neath the eclipse of Calvary's noontide wan,
Blend love and sorrow in the darkening face,
  And breathe with thrilling power "Behold the Man."

Art, too, can picture a dead Christ at rest,
  Discrowned and pale in his majestic sleep;
A son of earth on the great mother's breast,
  While o'er the nail-torn limbs sad women weep.

And Art can body forth the Crucified,
  In risen might still lingering round His grave,
Showing to wistful saints His hands and side,
  Soothing the suppliant to His feet that clave.

But reverence here arrests the noblest flight,
  The purest dream, the subtlest touch of Art;
'Tis faith alone, with pencil of sweet light,
  May trace the Unseen—and only on the heart.

BEFORE THE DAWN.

O thou that baskest in the ray
  So pure, so warm, so clear,
Of the thrice blessed Christian day
  That shines around us here;

Let thankful thought a moment be
  From thine own bliss withdrawn,
To weep for those who longed to see—
  But died before the dawn.

The scattered gleams at Nature's feast,
  On wisdom's scroll, they nursed;
They turned their faces to the east,
  And longed for day to burst.

They saw, by their uncertain light,
  The dazzling darkness yawn;
They pondered awe-struck in the night,
  But died before the dawn.

Yet, was there ne'er a hovering cloud
  Where mountain peaks aspire,
While the dark earth lay in her shroud,
  Tinged by an unseen fire?

And did there ne'er a quivering lark,
  Piercing its airy way,
Catch on its breast a ruby spark
  From the unrisen day?

Hush, be content, have faith in God;
The Sun that shines to save
Once set upon the cross in blood,
And rose—but from the grave.

So deep Divine compassion glows;
Thence are our yearnings drawn;
Or we had never wept for those
Who died before the dawn.

DAY BY DAY.

The haunting memory of an olden song
That once was sweet,
When into silence hath subsided long
Each breath and beat,

Can make no present music in my heart
This dumb, drear day;
It cannot charm with subtle, soothing art,
This gloom away.

The sunshine of an azure day of yore,
Once warm and bright,
That flamed and faded on the western shore,
Then sank in night,

Can bring no summer glory back to-day
To these sad eyes;—
Can chase no heavy-hanging clouds away
From these dull skies.

Not even the song my God Himself hath given
In some past night,
No ancient shinings of His face from heaven—
Love's lost delight—

May soothe or cheer from out the distance dim—
The silence dead;
Music and light must freshly breathe from Him—
Be freshly shed.

Sound through my soul with Thine eternal voice,
Divinest One!
While I in Thine unsetting smile rejoice,
My Song! my Sun!

THE DOUBLE SEARCH.

There are two gone out on the starless wild—
Gone out on the desert night;
Earth's sad and weary and homeless child,
And heaven's fair Lord of Light.

And one is seeking forlorn and blind,
Can give to his loss no name;
But the other knows well what He stoops to find—
Knows well what he comes to claim.

Though the hills are dark, though the torrents roll,
By each must his path be trod;
Both seek, for the Saviour has lost a soul,
And the soul has lost its God.

That piteous cry and that tender call
Come each from a yearning heart;
Through storm and stillness they rise and fall,
And they seem not far apart.

I can hear the sound of their nearing feet
By a sure attraction drawn:
Those night-long seekers shall timely meet,
As the darkness dies in the dawn.

THE CROSS.

I glory in Thy Cross, my LORD,
Thy cross of shrouded awe!
Thou barest here the load abhorred,
But none Thy travail saw.
God's darkness on Thy death came down—
Thy Sonship's drear eclipse;
Yet on Thy brow was sorrow's crown,
And victory on thy lips.
The terrors of that strange, sad day
Still strike athwart the years;
In mystery not rolled away
The storm-veiled Cross appears.

I glory in Thy Cross, my LORD,
Thy conquering Cross of power!
It draws with a resistless cord
In Love's own sovereign hour.
Uplifted o'er a world of hate,
Beneath a heaven of doom,
Outcast, forlorn, and desolate,
Wrapt in a robe of gloom;
Even thus Thou drawest all to Thee,
Bound captive as Thou art!
Thy Cross, O Christ, shall ever be
The magnet of the heart.

I glory in Thy Cross, my LORD,
The blood-stained Cross of peace;
Here Thou has wrestled, thou hast warred,
And here my strugglings cease.

Here powers and princedoms were o'er thrown,
And rebels reconciled;
Here on His suffering Holy One
The Judge and Father smiled.
Around may rage a wrathful flood,
And wild the waves may toss,
But here for aye the Dove shall brood,—
Peace nestleth at the Cross.

I glory in Thy Cross, my LORD,
The Cross that sanctifies;
Here, Eden's freshness is restored,
Its youth about us lies.
The fountain opened floweth free,
Ne'er to be sealed again;
Yet, ere the stream gushed forth from Thee,
It rent Thy heart in twain.
How sacred is this robe of mine;
How precious in Thy sight;
How fair before the Throne 'twill shine,
Beneath the Cross washed white.

I glory in Thy Cross, my LORD,
Upreared in God's decree,
Foretold in sure prophetic word,
Sharp-hewn by man for Thee.
The shadow of the Cross was cast
From all eternity;
Its form traced dimly on the past
This death that Thou shouldst die.
And sunshine from the Cross shall fill
The eternal future bright;
The Lamb shall be its glory still,
The Crucified its light.

O Christ! Thou couldst not hence come down;
Thyself thou couldst not save;
Bound more by Love unto thine own,
Than by the nails they drave.
Here still the lost shall look to Thee,
And meet Thy yearning eyes;
While to each faint 'Remember me,'
Thou openest Paradise.
To Thy marred feet shall mourners come,
Gaze on Thy woe divine,
Till hearts are stilled and lips are dumb,
Before this Cross of Thine.

Here, as I weep and worship, LORD,
My soul in wonder cries,
O cursèd sin!—O keen-eged sword!—
O costly sacrifice!

I view with awe the holy blood,
Almighty to atone,
And muse how all who here have stood
Were ransomed one by one.
They cast their varied burdens down,
And joined the radiant throng;
Now, while they wear the shining crown,
The Cross is all their song.

RACHEL BATES MERRYLEES.

MRS MERRYLEES, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Stewart Bates, D.D., was born at Kelso, where her father was then minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. In 1838, while Rachel was an infant, he removed to Glasgow to become pastor of the West Campbell Street Church; and, zealous in every good work, continued to minister to an attached congregation till November 1856, when he was called to his rest. He was well known throughout the west of Scotland as local Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance. Of the family, his widow and his daughter, Mrs Merrylees, now alone survive.

Possessing excellent natural abilities, originality, and decided genius, Mrs Merrylees, highly educated and accomplished, has manifested her powers, both in successful literary effort, and, of old, in the perfect rendering of classical music on the pianoforte, her execution evincing refined taste and a rare degree of musical proficiency.

In 1864 she was married to Mr James Merrylees, whose many beautiful and successful musical compositions, with their unmistakable gift of melody, and truly original harmonic arrangements—whether these

be considered scientifically, or judged of by their effectiveness—certainly stand very high. As an efficient trainer and leader of a choir, Mr Merrylees has few equals.

A graduate, and gold-medalist in musical composition, at the urgent request of the leader of the Jubilee Singers, he composed the Anthem or Sacred Cantata, which was performed at the opening of the Jubilee Hall in Fisk University, U.S.A. This fine Anthem has, since then, been repeatedly rendered in this country to delighted audiences by the Jubilee Singers. Mr Merrylees arranged the harmonies for the songs in *The Thistle*, edited by Colin Brown, Esq., Euing Lecturer on Music in Anderson's College. *The Thistle* is the only publication extant which gives the true *modal* harmony of our Scottish songs.

A thoroughly congenial and happy marriage has led to the joint production of many beautiful hymns and songs—Mrs Merrylees writing the words, and her husband composing the music. A considerable number of these have appeared in *The Dayspring*, (Messrs J. & R. Parlane: Paisley, or Houlston's: London), and in various other publications.

Mrs Merrylees contributes to the periodical literature of the day, her poems having appeared in *Good Words*, *The Christian Monthly Magazine*, *The British Messenger*, &c. The poet's corner, too, of *The Ardrossan and Saltcoat's Herald*, an Ayrshire weekly newspaper which contains much original literary matter, is frequently enriched by verses from her pen; and the New York *Christian at Work* had "The Liberty Bell," both words and music, specially written and composed by Mr and Mrs Merrylees for its *Centennial Number*.

On account of Mrs Merrylees' delicate health, about eight years ago, a Glasgow residence was exchanged for Milngavie. The change proved bene-

ficial, and has been favourable to the cultivation of the Muse.

Mrs Merrylees has written many hymns, a few songs, and numerous poems, which we hope, ere long, to see collected together in volume form. An eminent English poet of the present day says of Mrs Merrylees:—"She has great mastery over rhymes, and writes in a fine swinging measure, like the rising and surging waves." Of her hymns, we would here merely name "Harvest Home," "Light, O Lord," "The Golden Lamps," "The Golden Floor," and "The Waters are Divided." Of her songs, we particularly like "Daily I Dream o' Yonder Fiel'," an admirable Scottish song brimful of character, and worthy to rank with the best of its kind. "I sent my Love away to Sea" and the "Song of Sadness" both tell of tragedies in lone hearts. The "Cattle Herd's Song," written for the Gaelic air *Guillean Nam Bo*, in "The Thistle," is quaint but natural. And of her poems, which combine strength with a charming delicacy of touch, we consider "Beautiful in Fading" a perfect gem, both in regard to heart and art. "Night Flowering Patience," "Twilight Angels," "Borne Away," and "My Nest" are each of them powerfully and picturesquely wrought out, and full of strong consolation. "The Daisy House" is a pretty dainty conceit, rendered in sprightly verse that flows along with a pleasing musical ripple. "The Fisherman's Wife," "The Brown Butterflies," "In the Seaward Vales," and a number of her coast poems written about the fisher folks, their perilous calling, their hopes and fears, have a dash of Kingsley's freshness, a fine human sympathy about them, and brace one like a sea-breeze. The beautiful symbolic poem, "O Rosy Hills," after touching on the toilsome climbings, the clouds, the glooms, and the glories of life, fittingly culminates and closes by exclaiming—

"If earth is made so lovely,
Oh who shall paint the heavenly hills in Love's divine sunrise?"

The extracts which follow will speak for themselves, and justify our cordial commendation.

BEAUTIFUL IN FADING.

Written under a few delicate brown leaflets, preserved in an album.

Leaflets of the lingering year,
Touched with autumn shading,
Lie with other memories here,
Beautiful in fading.
Did the sunbeams of the past,
Where your happy lot was cast,
Kiss your lives away at last?
Beautiful in fading.

Thus in pages of the heart,
Dim with twilight shading,
Memories group themselves apart,
Beautiful in fading
Shining days of silvery flow,
Hours of heaven on earth below,
Caught away through sunset glow.
Beautiful in fading.

There low beams of autumn suns,
Tinged with mournful shading,
Shone upon belovéd ones,
Beautiful in fading.
When the dark and wintry day
Came with icy-sceptred ray,
Love had kissed their lives away,
Beautiful in fading.

Still their memories are ours,
Touched with tender shading,
Sweetest of love-scented flowers,
Beautiful in fading.
Till the heavenly spring of springs,
Give us back our precious things,
Radiant with the light love brings,
Beautiful in fading.

SWEET BIRD, FLY LOW.

One day when a summer storm
Had shadowed the landscape o'er,
From its swoop so dark, an affrighted lark
Flew in at the greenhouse door.

There, safe among smiling flowers,
He waited a calmer sky ;
But ah ! wing-proof was the crystal roof
Through which he had thought to fly.
"Alas !" said he, "no rest for me
Until these bars be riven !"
Said I, "Not so ; sweet bird, fly low
To find the way to heaven."

On him, tho' the sun shone forth,
A terror of darkness fell,
And it seemed to rush o'er the crimson flush
Of the flowers he had loved so well.
Quick fluttered the heaving heart,
In the hush of the noontide heat ;
And like sounding rain on the mocking pane,
How swiftly the small wings beat.
"O cruel sky, I faint, I die,
O let these bars be riven."
"Sweet bird, not so ; fly low, fly low,
And find the way to heaven."

How sudden a silence fell ;
I saw the sweet bird no more ;
But he sank down then, to revive again,
And creep thro' the open door.
And many a human heart,
In wonder of wild regret—
In its passionate pain, as it strives in vain—
Beats on in its blindness yet.
With quivering cry, "I faint, I die,
O let these bars be riven."
"Dear heart, not so ; fly low, fly low,
To find the way to heaven."

O joy ! I have found the way,
But neither by strength nor art ;
For I sank undone at the feet of One—
The lowly and meek of heart.
Now freedom and bliss are mine ;
In vain had I toiled and striven ;
For as wisdom planned, it was Love's own hand
That lifted me into heaven.
O hearts that cry, "I faint, I die,
These bars they must be riven."
Love says, "Not so ; fly low, fly low,
And I will give you heaven."

MY NEST.

O, where shall I build my nest?
This earth is so sorrow-rife,
  O, I cannot stay,
  I must fly away
To build in the Tree of Life!
I built in the cave of dreams,
Where spirits were wont to hide;
  But the nest was borne
  By a wave of scorn
Far out on the whirling tide.

I flew to the house of mirth,
To build in its sunny eaves;
  But a rainy day
  Washed the nest away,
And filled it with faded leaves.
My nest in the house of pride,
Wherein I had put my trust,
  When the rafters fell,
  In the tempest swell,
Was lost in a heap of dust.

I built me a lowly nest,
'Twas hid in the field of toil;
  But the foot of fate,
  Or the hand of hate,
Hath crushed it beneath the soil.
I chose in the field of care
The heart of a golden sheaf;
  But the harvest wain,
  With its load of grain,
Hath left me in homeless grief.

I built in the hedge of strife,
Whose thickets the bramble weaves;
  But my joys were few,
  For the thorns came through
My lining of scented leaves.
. . . . . .
O bird that can find no rest,
Poor wanderer, fly with me;
  For a Brother born,
  Who hath felt the thorn,
Hath built a sweet nest for thee!

'Tis not in the cave of dreams,
'Tis not in the eaves of mirth;
  Nor where darkness lies,
  Nor where sorrow sighs
Among the low fields of earth;
'Tis built in the Tree of Life;

For ever thy toil may cease ;
It is all love lined,
From His breast so kind,
With down of eternal peace !

O ROSY HILLS.

O rosy hills I know you ! did not I travel o'er you,
And painfully explore you, with sad reproachful eyes ?
I've trod your dreary spaces, your steep and toilsome places,
I wonder that I know you now, enwrapt in fair sunrise.

I strove to pass beyond you, but still ye rose before me,
Your shadows darkening o'er me from dim and cloudy skies ;
With many a painful stumble, ye taught me to be humble,
But still ye kept me climbing on to meet the fair sunrise.

And now that I have crossed you, I look on you in wonder,
What valley, wrapt in thunder, within your bosom lies ?
Yet long ago I knew it, in darkness I came through it,
The same that seems so rosy now, entranced in fair sunrise.

But ye were always friendly, though long ye did enthral me,
Though oft ye did appal me, and cost me many sighs,
With lofty brows still hoping, ye stood while I was groping ;
And now my brow is rosy too, lit up with fair sunrise.

A few more toilsome climbings, and clouds of thundrous thickness,
A little more heart-sickness, beneath Love's pitying eyes ;
Then sunny hands will cover the past with light all over—
I know I shall see it all in golden-fair sunrise.

If earth is made so lovely, by tips of sunny fingers,
If every cloud that lingers must light a grand surprise,
Till every piled-up storey calls glory unto glory,
Oh who shall paint the heavenly hills in Love's divine sunrise

THE DAISY HOUSE.

What home is as full of sweet flowers as a daisy ?
They live on a cushion, yet not one is lazy ;
They keep themselves cozy in cold, wintry weather
By fondly and lovingly crowding together ;
They keep themselves bright by loving the light,
And drinking the sunshine from morning to night.

In rain-time this beautiful mansion, flower-studded,
Is closely shut up that it may not be flooded ;
Outside the green foresters wait at their station,
And here are the maids in white fringed with carnation ;
They stand out of doors in the weather for weeks,
And the worst it can do is to redden their cheeks.

These maidens are keepers of drawing-rooms golden,
Where ladies and gentlemen sit with hands folden;
  Content in the darkness to comfort each other,
  And care for the tiny and weak, lest they smother;
Then call for the maids in carnation and white
To open the windows and let in the light.

The maids are astir, for the morning is risen,
The house is no longer shut up like a prison,
  The sunbeams are visitors, first among many,
  In these yellow drawing-rooms welcome as any;
And tiny full cups of refreshment are there,
For tiny winged wanderers, dwellers in air.

That sweet hospitality lasts all the summer,
Tho' scorned by the pampered and overgrown hummer;
  New mansions are built when the old ones, wind-battered,
  Are lying untenanted, shrivelled, and shattered:
And the inmates are famous for loving the light,
And drinking the sunshine from morning to night.

SONG.

(Tune—"Quaker's Wife.")

Daily I dream o' yonder fiel',
  An' think o' the wark beside it;
Bonnie's the stream to turn the wheel,
  Wi' my bonnie lad to guide it.
I speed wi' his name the wark at hame,
  An' sing o' him owre my kirning;
An' cheery am I wi' my wark a' bye,
  At my bonnie lad's returning.

Busy is he to win us gear,
  An' tenty am I to guide it;
Aye is he free wi' hamely cheer,
  But drink!—he can ne'er abide it.
His wife winna yoke wi' bletherin' folk,
  A-quarrellin' aye, or murning;
The house is redd, the table is spread,
  For my bonnie lad's returning.

Grand is the lot o' some we ken—
  A mansion, wi' trees beside it;
Bonnier the cot in oor wee glen
  When hunders o' roses hide it.
Its blyther than a', when covered wi' snaw,
  When brightly the fire is burning;
The warl seems to thowe in love's cheery lowe
  At my bonnie lad's returning.

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE AND THE BROWN BUTTERFLIES.

O see the brown butterflies tack in the wind,
  And speak many flowers ere they settle on one;
Soon feasted, they hover, so lovingly twinned,
  And fly away, dancing, like motes in the sun;
But the butterfly boats, ever dewy with spray,
  Are dancing like motes in the sunny-blue bay,
And my wandering thoughts, like the gale in its glee,
  Fly to join the brown butterflies tacking at sea.

In white, blue, or gold, how the butterflies float,
  Like wandering flowers over every sweet knoll,
As busy as our bonnie butterfly-boat,
  Intent on her share of a silvery shoal.
    For the garlands are gay,
      And the guests are all bid
    By the sweet scents that say
      Where the honey lies hid;
But oh! what are all the rose perfumes to me?
To the breeze the brown butterflies tack in at sea.

Could all the flower-bells make a tenderer chime
  Than the wind and the wave make in fisher folks ears?
Some breeze blow me hither this holiday time,
  But I must tack away to my home and my dears.
    Oh! the out-going sail,
      May it never be torn;
    Oh! the home-coming "hail,"
      With its answer at morn!
For my heart's where a fisherman's wife's heart should be—
'Tis where the brown butterflies hover at sea.

JANE BORTHWICK,

ONE of the two sisters who adopt the signature "H. L. L." ("Hymns from the Land of Luther"), has written a number of poems of exquisite tenderness and grace. We would have been much pleased to furnish details of the career of this lady, as we have done in the case of Mrs Cousin and Mrs *Merrylees*—*the* subject of the next sketch—but

Miss Borthwick and her sister still wish to retain signature they have adopted. Miss Borthwick author (in part), as already stated, of "Hymns fr the Land of Luther," "The Story of Four Centuri "Missionary Evenings at Home," &c. The follow pieces are given from Miss Borthwick's own volu "Thoughtful Hours," published by Messrs Nelso Sons in 1867, who, we understand, are about to br out a complete edition of the various series of hymns and other pieces.

Most of Miss Borthwick's productions have imperishable stamp of true poetry. They poss marked strength and graceful simplicity—a wa trustfulness, a hearty, cheerful faith in God's go ness, and the wisdom of His hidden purposes. the difficult riddles of this life she teaches us, beautiful, tender language, to find a healing balm faith and resignation.

THE LAST SNOW ON BEN MORE.

Still it lingers, lingers yonder—in that long ravine's dark sh
With its depths by ancient earthquake and rent precipices m
Which no eye of living creature, save the eagle's, has survey

Still the snow-wreath lingers yonder,—while we breathe
summer air,
Seeking shelter in the birch-wood from the noontide's burn
glare,
All around us life and sunshine, singing birds and blossoms

All is sunshine in the valley, summer reigns in earth and sk
Yet a strange attraction draws me to those mountain cliffs
high,
Looking up at their memento of the winter storms gone by.

And I think of midnight tempests, blinding drift and sullen r
Leaving wrecks of desolation far and wide by sea and shore ;
Leaving yonder icy footprint on the forehead of Ben More !

And I think of storms yet wilder, which through human he
have passed,—
With their wrecks of early promise, broken vows and hc
o'ercast,
Leaving desolated traces, in all future life to last.

Who knows not some secret sorrow, some long silent fount of tears,
Hid in Memory's desert places, and when all else calm appears,
Springing up with sudden freshness, through the mists of parted years?

And the higher, nobler natures, longest, deepest, will retain
Traces left by early conflict, by youth's bitter grief and pain.
Gone the snows from lesser mountains—on Ben More they still remain?

But I feel that all around me in the valley seems more fair,
All the brighter is the sunshine, and more soft the summer air,
When I look up to the mountain, and the storm memento there.

And the peace must be the sweetest given by Jesus to his own,
When it reigns within a bosom which has weary conflicts known,
Looking back to days of darkness, and to idols overthrown!

Shall it be so still hereafter, in His presence when we stand,
Fear and sorrow far behind us, one united, ransomed band,
Yet recalling each the journey through the stormy pilgrim land?

Leave the past—and trust the future to our Father's heart of love;—
Forward, onward, more his mercy and his faithfulness to prove!
Ebenezer! Ebenezer! labour here and rest above!

SLEEP.

The father sleeps,—hush, children, wake him not;
That slumber deep is well and dearly bought.—
Now the long day of heat and toil is past,
The welcome shades of evening fall at last,
Rest weary one; enjoy that calm repose
Which rarely on his couch a monarch knows;
Sleep, undisturbed by dreams of guilt or fear,
With all thy loving and beloved ones near,
Sleep, and awake revived, refreshed, anew
The path of loving labour to pursue;
Thus days and years of honoured life to spend,
Till the last summons meet thee at the end,
Calling to better worlds thy soul away
Softly as slumber falls at close of day.

The exile sleeps,—hush, stranger, wake him not;
Let home and friends be for a time forgot.
Ah, not forgotten; all so long in vain
Desired, remembered, is his own again.
Yon dark banana grove he sees no more,
He hears not now yon wild hyæna's roar,
Through the long vista of departed years,
For *other sights* he sees, and sounds he hears:

A blue lake trembles in the evening gleam,
Down a deep glen rushes a mountain stream,—
Half hid among the birches near the hill,
On his fair home the sunset lingers still,
And where those sands the wave and shore divide,
A gentle maiden wanders by his side.
Gaze on, fond dreamer, all must vanish soon,
Beneath the blaze of India's sultry noon—
All, save sad memories, must ere then be gone;
Enjoy the present bliss—dream on, dream on.

The sufferer sleeps,—breathe softly, wake him not;
The rest has come, so long and vainly sought.
The hours of fevered restlessness are past,
The weary eyelids gently close at last,
Gone is the look of agony and care,
Almost a smile those faded features wear;
Oh, surely God is good, and sleep's soft dew
May the worn frame and wasted strength renew.
Sleep, dearest, sleep, while Love long known and tried
Watches with sleepless patience at thy side;
Watches, to hail the first glad look or word,
Which tells that hope has dawned, that prayer is heard,
That all those troubled days of pain and fear
Shall soon but as a midnight dream appear,
And joy, like morning sunbeams, yet shall come,
And all be bright in thy now darkened home.

The mourner sleeps,—tread lightly, wake him not;
Let sorrow's pang be for a time forgot.
In the bright spirit-land he wanders now,
With heart unburdened, and unclouded brow.
The dear departed he beholds once more,
Loving and lovely as in days of yore;
Voices long silent all his pulses thrill,
Eyes of deep love meet his like sunshine still;
From those fair forms all trace of slow decay,
The shadow of the grave, has passed away,—
Again united in communion sweet,
Spirit with spirit, heart with heart, they meet.
Oh, blissful vision, must he wake again,
To find it all illusion, false and vain?
Dream on, sad heart; but not of meetings here—
Earth's passing joys, which smile and disappear—
Dream of the brighter home, the better land,
Where soon our weary feet in peace shall stand;
Where the Forerunner is before us gone,
And all his own shall follow;—*thus* dream on.

The Christian sleeps—in Jesus—blessed thought;
Hush, mourners, though ye could, wake him not.
Would ye recall him from the home of bliss,
The "better country"—to a land like this?

To weep as we are weeping—all our pain,
Temptations, conflicts, to endure again?
No, brother; slumber now and take thy rest,
In the low sleeping-place which Christ has blessed,
Till the great Easter morning light the skies,
And all his people like Himself shall rise,
Bright in his radiance, with his beauty fair,
Ever his glory and his bliss to share.
Oh, precious hope, already from afar,
Through sorrow's night we see the Morning Star;
And, guided by its beams, we calmly lay
Our sleeping ones to rest, to wait "that day."

THE LAST SUNSET.

Close not the casement, love,
Nay, raise the curtain.—I would look once more
On the bright stream and autumn-tinted grove,
Our own blue lake and its dark mountain shore;

All we so long have known,—
And loved with that deep passion of the heart,
Which cannot be a thing of earth alone,
Which must of our immortal life be part.

Yes, I would gaze again,
At the old sunset hour, on earth and sky,
Though doubting not its image will remain,
One of the memories which can never die.

How brightly lingers still
That golden glory in the radiant west!
How its reflection glows, on wood and hill,
The rushing river, and the lake's calm breast!

I go to scenes more fair,
More glorious—yet to these affection clings;
First tokens here of what awaits us there,
Time's passing types of everlasting things.

I thank thee, O my God,
My Father! for the goodness which has given
So much to beautify our brief abode,
Our pilgrim path as thy redeemed to heaven.

And now thy voice I hear;—
Thou callest, I obey,—well pleased I come,
Leaving the outer courts, so fair, so dear,
For higher joys within my Father's home!

LULLABY.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Fond eyes are watching round thy cradle bed,
Fond prayers ascend for blessings on thy head;
Fountains of love and hope, unknown before,
Waked by that tiny hand, are flowing o'er;
Joys long obscured by clouds of grief and pain,
At the same gentle touch appear again;
Sad, drooping hearts, have felt thy cheering power,
Angel of comfort, from thine earliest hour!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Haste not to open those sweet violet eyes
On all the wonders of our clouded skies,—
The weariness of eve, the toil of noon,
Knowledge of good and ill must come too soon,
All mortal joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Wait 'midst the shadows of the future years;
But now enjoy thy portion calm and blest,—
Love deep and tender—soft and dreamless rest!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
We will not look before; we know that He,
Our risen Lord, was once a child like thee,
And now in heaven, as while He sojourned here,
Still to his heart the "little ones" are dear.
Oh, God of love and pity hear our prayer,—
Take our frail treasure to Thy tender care!
We trust her in the shadow of Thy wings,
The last, the fairest of our precious things!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

GEORGE DOBIE,

A NATIVE of the good old town of Lanark, fruitful of sons of the Scottish Muse, was bo in 1824. For several years he served an apprentic ship to the handloom weaving; but afterwards, doubt influenced by the lovely and romantic scene of the Upper Ward, with which his nature had ev

a close and ready sympathy, he turned his attention to decorative art. In 1840 he removed to Edinburgh, where, after "setting a stout heart to a stey brae," he has succeeded in establishing a large and prosperous business. He had not been many years in the Scottish capital when, in the intervals of time, snatched amidst the cares of conducting a large business, he produced many beautiful effusions, written, for the most part, in his native Doric, several of which merited the commendation of Her Majesty and the late Lord Palmerston.

Mr Dobie's lyrics are spirited and thoroughly realistic. He possesses a fine vein of humour, combined with tender sensibility, and, as is always the case where humour is a true heritage, an amount of pathos that seldom fails to touch the heart. Whether describing some quiet rural scene, or picture of rugged grandeur, he is equally at home; and as a proof that he is capable of sustaining many varieties of verse, we give specimens of the touching tenderness and grace with which he treats the homely pathos of lowly life. Mr Dobie, during last year (1882), consented, "not without some misgivings," to publish a selection of his poems in book form, and we are glad to be able to add that they have met with the hearty welcome their merits deserve.

A WEE RIFT O' BLUE IN THE SKY.

In the dull cauld days of the season,
When the sun is oft veiled frae our sight,
We wish lang, and wish wi' guid reason,
To welcome his life-giving light.
While thus the dark clouds round us hover,
And all appears gloom to the eye,
'Tis cheerin' at morn to discover,
A wee rift o' blue in the sky.

Sweet hope springs wi' joy in the morning,
And the peaks of life's mountains looks bright;
But oft doth the beams thus adorning
Foretell of the shadows of night.

When vessels are toss'd on the ocean,
And threaten'd destruction is nigh,
All eyes become strained with emotion,
To watch a blue rift in the sky.

This life is a waste lang and dreary,
Though at times an oasis we find,
And may cease for a time to feel weary,
When we meet with a friend true and kind.
Thus through sunshine and shadow we move,
To-day tears may spring to the eye;
But to-morrow, by looking above,
We may see a blue rift in the sky.

THE WOODS OF HOPETOUN.

Sweet sunny braes, the powers confess
Here Nature dons her fairest dress,
And wears for aye a smiling face,
Amang the woods of Hopetoun.

Here rosy morn lifts up her e'e,
And spreads bricht rays athwart the sea,
Dispellin' mist, that ye may see
The bonny woods of Hopetoun.

And when the nicht begins to fa',
The sun seems laith to gang awa,
And paints wi' gowden tints an' a
The bonny woods of Hopetoun.

Here leafy trees on ilka hicht,
To screen the wee flowers frae the licht,
And birds sing sweet frae morn till nicht
Amang the woods of Hopetoun.

Nae chilling storms doth fiercely blaw;
The win' just comes to waft awa
The scented blossoms aye that fa'
Saft frae the woods of Hopetoun.

Wild, roaming creatures here grow tame;
The feathered sangsters dae the same;
And bees wi' sweets gang laden hame
Frae 'mang the woods of Hopetoun.

Sweet fragrance here in showers descend,
And herbs wi' dew-deck'd pearls bend,
While earth with heaven seems to blend
Amang the woods of Hopetoun.

Sweet Hopetoun I will ever bless;
My cause for joy ye weel may guess;

For Jamie asked me to be his
When 'mang the woods of Hopetoun.

Gang, lovers, to yon lanely howe,
Where a' love's kindred treasures grow;
'Tis whispered aye that Cupid's bow
Grew in the woods of Hopetoun.

WHA TO LIKE BEST.

I've twa bonnie wee dearies, just models o' queens,
Brisk as twa lammies, wi' na thocht opprest;
They look fresh and sweet as the blossom on beans,
But I canna weel tell which ane I like best.

Sweet Tottie, the eldest, she's just like a peach,
Sae braw and red cheekit, aye out in the sun;
Like maist o' Eve's daughters, gie gleg in the speech,
And spends a' her time between mischief and fun.

She has bonnie blue een, and saft silken hair,
And looks like a humming-bird new frae the nest;
Wi' Lottie, her tittie, it's hard to declare
Which o' the dearies to like aye the best.

Wee Lottie, she's just like the bud of a rose
When steepit o'er nicht wi' the saft fa'in' dew;
Her een's a wee roguish, and black, too, as sloes;
She's mony admirers; her peers are but few.

'Tween Tottie and Lottie my heart nicht and day
Gangs thump like a mill-wheel, and never at rest;
The haill o' my thocht is to ken o' the twae
Which pet is the dearest, and wha to like best.

They're baith aye sae blythesome, there's naething on earth
Can e'er be compared to my twa bonny doos;
Your heart-strings wad dirl to list to their mirth;
We've music enough aye while they're in the hoose.

Noo, Grandfaither's love is divided in twain,
My heart's wild emotions I thocht were at rest;
But I'm o'er head and ears in the fever again,
No kennin' which ane o' the twa to like best.

A PLEA FOR HOSPITAL FLOWER MISSIONS.

'Tis the essence of joy in summer to spare
A few of its pleasant and golden hours;
To wander in June when the gardens are fair,
And cull in the sunshine the beautiful flow'rs.

Go gather such gems! 'tis a fountain of bliss;
Bind and arrange them with all due regard;
Then take your sweet offerings and give them a place
In some squalid sick room or hospital ward.

Ah! see yon pale child; watch its delicate hand
Spreading the rose leaves and smiling at play:
Its silken hair seeming by angels' wings fann'd,
While waiting to waft its sweet spirit away.

See yon wasted maiden, so pale but so pure,
Striving her best to make pleasant the hours;
Her sickness with meekness she seems to endure,
While watching and tending the beautiful flow'rs.

See yon aged man, as he smiles through his tears,
What visions can now through his mem'ry float;
There is one little floweret his lonely heart cheers,
'Tis that bonny blue gem called Forget-me-not.

What can he discern, through the vision of time,
As he looks on this flower? what can he trace?
Ah! is it some loved one who died in her prime:
Forgot, till Forget-me-not bridges the space?

Then bring forth in summer the rose, its fair queen,
And bring the wild thyme, so modest in bloom;
Bring also the fern, which is graceful and green,
All hath sweets they can lend to deck the sick room.

Ye rich who receive, as a blessing from God,
Fruits of the earth which the seasons procure;
'Twill lighten your journey in life's weary road,
The bounty of nature to share with the poor.

Then ye who in season have flowers to bestow,
Let them to the sick and the poor be given,
Thus blessings unnumbered upon you will flow,
And prayer will waft up your praise into heaven.

THE WEE RAGGIT LASSIE.

O Father abune, by Thy wisdom and licht,
Look doon on a helpless wee lassie the nicht!
I'm chitterin' wi' cauld, and hae naething to eat,
My claes are worn dune, and nae shoon on my feet.

My father's no workin', the weather's sae caul',
Stepmother's unfit to attend to her stall;
To tell ye the truth, she has gane on the spree,
And naebody seems to be mindfu' o' me.

I wad kindle a fire to warm my cauld feet,
And fry some ham parins wi' taties to eat;
But should steppy come hame, she'll mak my lugs ring,
And cuff me and ca' me a forritsome thing.

Some nichts I'm sae vexed that I'll no sleep a wink,
To think that we're a' haudin' doon sae wi' drink;
If I was a Queen, I wad mak it a law
That nane wad get leave to mak whisky ava'.

When I see ither lassies sae braw and sae clean,
And me aye sae tawdry, brings tears to my een;
I wonder if God kens that I am sae poor,
And hae sae much sorrow on earth to endure.

When I see the blue sky, and the stars a' at nicht,
I ken I've a Father far up out o' sicht,
And may be He means that this life should hae jars,
That I may be happy some day 'mong the stars.

If steppy keeps drinkin', and father won't mend,
I carena how soon this life comes to an end;
I hae sae few joys, and the dark side I dree,
I'd rather that God wad noo help me to dee.

BONNY GLENCOTHA.

Bonnie Glencotha! sweet cosie wee glen,
Secluded away frae the dwelling o' men,
Thou hast joys o' thine ain; contentment and peace
Here, wi' ither beauties o' nature, increase.

The rills, too, are clearer, and briskly they run—
The stream through the glen dances merrily on,
Whiles croonin' a sang as it loups ower the stanes,
Then lispin' a hymn as it glides through the plains.

There, sweetly the lark sings, while safe it may rest,
For nae urchin comes to disturb its wee nest,
And here ither songsters in harmony meet:
'Tis this makes the braes o' Glencotha sae sweet.

The mountains are bonnie, wi' flocks roamin' free,
Are covered wi' sweets for the bird and the bee,
The grass like a carpet, sae saft and sae green—
Glencotha, though lonely, is lovely, I ween.

Glencotha's e'en bonny enshrouded in snaw,
Then, naebody comes to disturb it ava;
My wifie and I hae a but and a ben,
And love cheers us aye in this cosie bit glen.

ANDREW SCOTT.

THE subject of this sketch has a life-story which, if not romantic, is at least unusually interesting, as giving us a glimpse of old times, and as showing how mind will assert itself and rise above the difficulty of its surroundings. Mr Scott has been a frequent contributor to the press, but has not been careful to preserve his work.

Andrew Scott was born in 1821, at Elliot Bridge, parish of Arbirlot, near Arbroath. Through the poverty of his parents, and there being no School Boards in those days, he got very little time at school. He had a grand-aunt, over seventy years of age, who kept school in Dishlandtown, Arbroath, where those scholars who were able paid one halfpenny per week, and thither he was sent as soon as he could go. Of this educational establishment he gives the following as an everyday picture:—"In the centre of the room the old lady was seated busy at her pirn wheel, a little boy at one side trying the alphabet—muckle A, little a, b, c, d, and so on in the same fashion; on the other side a big girl of ten years bawling in a powerful contralto voice the chief end. 'Eh? What?' Man's chief end is—is—is—is— An interrupting voice from the corner plaintively enquiring—'Is this a doon loop in my catshank?' and the old woman is seen feeling in the locker of her wheel for her leather whang. A *bab* of noise, &c."

When eight years old Mr Scott's life struggle began as a herd laddie close by the parish manse of Arbirlot, and though books were then rare to him he had made such good use of his eyes and ears and brains that he was noted as a prodigy. The late Rev. Dr Thomas Guthrie, of Edinburgh, was then

the occupant of the manse, and took great interest in the lad, giving him books and every encouragement to learn. Mr Mason, too, teacher, Lochlee, who had come to be beside his friend Guthrie, and who had been teaching in Arbirlot, got him in hand for a quarter, and found him such an apt scholar that, in a short time, he went through Gray's arithmetic, besides making equally good progress in the other branches taught. And as showing his determination to conquer difficulties, he used to read, as a recreation, such portions as the first four chapters of first Chronicles, and the first twenty-seven verses of the tenth chapter of Nehemiah. Strange reading for a child! but then the child was strange, and wise beyond his years.

When he was nine or ten years old, the fourteen families which then formed the hamlet of Inverpeffer, where his grandfather resided, used to get the *Montrose Review*, price 7d, weekly. It was two days old ere it arrived, and as each halfpenny subscriber had it one day the news was sixteen days old when it reached the last. When stirring events arose, however, his services were called in, as being by far the best reader in the neighbourhood, while the villagers gathered to listen and marvel, not only at the events taking place, but also at their wonderful reader, who wondered in his turn, understanding little of what it all meant.

In 1834 Mr Scott's father removed to Carnoustie, and he was called home to learn handloom weaving. In the following year he first saw the works of Burns, when a new light dawned upon him, Dr Hornbook being immediately committed to memory. The study of Walker's Dictionary was at same time commenced, it being read through and through, and to such good purpose that in after years many an unlucky wight in the Literary Society learned by experience that Andrew Scott had become a living lexicon himself.

In 1840 Mr Scott made the acquaintance of Mr James Robbie (now Professor in the Theological Hall of the Scottish Congregational Union, Edinburgh), and to his influence we have often heard him attribute the starting into activity his love of music and poetry and the great mental stimulus of his life. Almost immediately he felt impelled to musical forms of thought; and under the able tuition of J. Proctor, Esq., M.A., of Barry, he commenced the study of French, logic, mathematics, and grammar, in which subjects, along with music, botany, and horticulture, he has been long a well-known proficient. With the decline of the handloom weaving trade he became a village "merchant." He has for over thirty years taken a deep and active interest in all matters of intellectual improvement, being perhaps "the main stay" of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society, and many a one has he assisted in forming correct views of men and things, and furnishing and fortifying the mind for the business of life. And yet, he is so humble that few who look upon his somewhat ungainly figure would, unless knowing, suspect him to be the kingly man he is. With qualifications fitting him for a very different position, he is "content to fill a little place;" and on the principle that "he who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city," we cannot but admire him as one of nature's heroes.

THE SLEEP OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.

A parody, composed on reading a statement by Rev. Dr Guthrie that he had seen 600 persons sleeping at one time in the church at Thurso.

Half a nod, half a nod,
Half a nod downward,
All thro' the House of God
Nod the six hundred.
Down went the heavy head
(So the great Guthrie said),
Soundly thro' all the kirk
Slept the six hundred.

Sleep on ye dull brigade—
Lift not a single head ;
Sleep till your number's ta'en,
Lest it be blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to heave a sigh,
Theirs but to sleep and lie ;
Deaf to the words of life,
Lay the six hundred.

Counting to right of him,
Counting to left of him,
Counting in front of him,
(Had *he* but thundered) ;
Vainly the preacher roared,
Snugly they slept and snored ;
Into the crowded pew,
Heads on the Bible board,
Dozed the six hundred.

Flashed all their lovely hair,
Flashed all their ribbons rare,
Fanning the sleepers there,
Lullaby, lullaby—
Need it be wondered ?
Then the precentor rose,
Right through the line he goes ;
Sleeper and slumberer,
Roused by old Bangor's notes,
Looked up dumfoundered
All that awoke ; but not,
Not the six hundred.

Singing to right of them,
Singing to left of them,
Singing behind them,
Hoarse voices thundered.
Stormed in their calm repose,
Some beaux and belles arose ;
They that had got their dose
Lifted their jaws again,
Blushing from ear to nose,
All that awoke of them
Drowsy six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
Oh ! the loud snores they made,
(How Guthrie wondered).
Honour the sleeping head,
Honour the dull Brigade,
Snoring six hundred.

CHARADE.

On the word Cowardice—Co-war-dice.

When holes are made in decent people's hearts
By Cupid, with his plaguy, bothering darts,
My best advice to maiden and to man
Is "Get into my *first* as soon's you can."
Accursed *second!* how shall pen detail
The fierce unglutted appetite? The wail
That follows in thy wake is loud and deep
Enough to make angelic spirits weep.
Deluded vot'ry of my last! beware,
Their varying faces oft have proved a snare;
Bright buds of promise, shrivelled, blasted, tell
The havoc they have wrought, alas! too well.
All men of honour do my *whole* detest,
Especially they who love my second best;
Yet I maintain it is (now friends don't grin)
"An excellent preserver of the skin."

TEMPERANCE SONG.

Nae mair we'll drain the fatal cup,
Nae mair the deadly poison sip—
We've gi'en king Alcohol the slip,
An' rallied round Teetotal.

Bonnie lads and lasses a'
Shun the bottle, shun the bottle;
Frae the gill stoup keep awa',
And rally round Teetotal.

Nae mair Intemperance's foul embrace
Shall blast the maiden's rosy face,
Nor rob her o' her youthful grace—
Come rally round Teetotal.
Bonnie lads, &c.

Nae mair vile drink shall kindle strife
Between the husband and the wife—
They lead a happy cheerful life,
Wha rally round Teetotal.
Bonnie lads, &c.

Nae mair we'll thole the landlord's jeer,
Or publican's contemptuous sneer;
Huzza, my lads! a hearty cheer,
And rally round Teetotal.
Bonnie lads, &c.

JAMES C. HENDERSON.

IN this brief memoir of one whose youth held out promise of honourable achievements in the world of Art, when experience had matured his powers, there are no exciting incidents to record. His early death came when, well equipped for the struggle and eager to try his strength and endurance, he stood on the very border of the battlefield of life. The time given to him had been spent mostly in preparation. From the good use he had made of his opportunities, from the refined character of his intellectual attainments and sympathies, and from the earnestness that distinguished all his efforts after excellence, we are, however, justified in assuming that, had years been granted to him, he would have done honest and memorable work. He passed through no wild stormy youth: his life was well ordered from the first. Without a tinge of either cant or aceticism, he seems to have placed before himself an ideal standard, by which, young as he was, he conscientiously tried to regulate his daily work. His whole nature was artistic and bright, not with the fitful flashes of passion, but with the serene light that accompanies lofty thoughts and a pure and tender heart. An interesting sketch of the short career of this artist and poet appeared in *Good Words* for December, 1882. For the details of this sketch, we are indebted to a well-written memoir by "R. W." in a handsome volume of his poems, printed for private circulation.

James C. Henderson, eldest son of Mr Joseph Henderson, artist, was born in Glasgow in 1858. He early showed his strong predilection for Art, and in this taste he was encouraged by his father. *From his father,* and in his father's studio, James

received the best part of the instruction that was most valuable to him in after years. He spent two years in study at the Glasgow Haldane Academy, and took several prizes, including a third grade prize given by South Kensington for a chalk drawing of the Venus of Milo. He was then for nearly three years at the school of the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh. There, in 1880, he gained the second prize for drawing from the life, and, in 1881, the first prize for the best painting from the life. The award of this prize was not made till after James Henderson's death. The following extract from the report for 1881 of the Royal Scottish Academy will be read with deep interest:—"The Council feel called upon to make some special reference in their report to the untimely loss of this student, whose high character and attainments gave promise of a career of more than ordinary distinction. Having received a good general education, Mr Henderson, three years ago, entered the Life School, and in his second year carried off the second prize for drawing from the life, having from the first been a hard and steady worker. During the whole of the past session he continued to work with equal assiduity, returning at its close to his father's house in Glasgow apparently in robust health. But on the following day he was taken ill, and within a fortnight died. A few weeks thereafter the highest prize in the school was awarded to his studies. Nothwithstanding Mr Henderson's arduous labours as a student, he was a regular contributor to several periodicals, having written much both in prose and verse. He was manly, yet refined in character, and greatly endeared himself to the visitors and students." At the meeting on 7th December, 1881, at which the prizes were presented to the successful students of the year, Sir Daniel Macnee, President of the Academy, spoke of "great loss the student-list had sustained in the

death of young Henderson, and the excellence of both his work and character.

James Henderson did not send much to exhibitions. Acting on sound advice, he was quietly cultivating and developing his powers before challenging public criticism. But in all he sent the judicious eye could see much to admire, and still more on which to found high anticipations of what the young painter might yet do. "Poverty's Flower Garden," shown at the Glasgow Institute Exhibition in 1879, was a beautiful study. So also was "At the Well," in the Scottish Academy Exhibition of 1881.

After the close of the session in Edinburgh, in the summer of 1881, he returned to Glasgow, full of plans for the future, all tending to his acquiring greater proficiency in his beloved art. He thought of spending some time in a French *atelier*. It was not to be! The last drawing he was engaged on was a charcoal head of a child, one of his sisters. It remains unfinished. He came home not very well. His slight illness developed into rheumatic fever. After a week of fluctuating hopes and fears, the fever seized upon his brain, and, almost before his friends could realise the extremity of his danger, he had passed away. He died on 12th July, 1881, a week after completing his twenty-third year.

We may safely say, in regard to James Henderson's skill as an artist, that, looking to his last picture, "The Broken Jug," exhibited in the Glasgow Institute, 1882, no better work has of late years been produced in Scotland by a man so young. His drawing was both firm and free: he had a true feeling for sweet harmonious colour, and was thoroughly in love with his profession. The future seemed to stretch before him bright with promise; but all too soon for his fame the night came "in which no man can work."

He *was naturally* studious, and his well-cultured

mind loved books in such a fashion as could not have failed to tell favourably upon his own special labours in after years. His whole nature was in sympathy with all that is spiritual and beautiful. He could use his pen as well as his pencil. His poems—many of which have appeared in various prints—show his likings, and the direction in which his thoughts were being moulded. He looked with clear honest eyes on this beautiful green earth, and discerned all the possibilities of happiness it holds out to those who know rightly how to use it. His young eager heart was in unison with whatever is lovely and of good report. It is most likely that he would have been better known as a painter than as a poet, for verse was only his amusement; but his poems are rich in fancy and fine feeling, and display considerable mastery over rhyme and rhythm. As we read them we must remember always that they are the work of a young poet, as yet unpractised in his art; and if we catch in his lines now and again the echo of an older singer, we know that it is by such echoes that all young poets have pitched the keynote of their own first "wood notes wild."

All who knew him have abiding with them the memory of a pure heart stirred with noble ambitions, and of a life unostentatiously consecrated by devotion to duty, and spent on work on which his affections were most firmly set. And which of us, even although our years should be prolonged to the period when their strength becomes labour and sorrow, can hope to live to better purpose?

GARLANDS.

Weave them by the meadow,
  Garlands fresh and fair;
Starry buds and blossoms,
  Pinks and pansies rare,
Buttercups and lilies,
  Roses red and white,—

In sweet garlands weave them,
Flowers of Summer light.

Weave them in the sunshine,
Garlands of sweet thoughts;
Flowers of love and pleasure
Bound in fragrant knots,
Roses fair of pleasure,
Lily-bells of mirth,—
In sweet garlands weave them,
Flowers of tender birth.

THE MOTHER.

A mother sat by a cradle fair,
And gazed on the face that lay smiling there,
That lay smiling there so peacefully,
Like the pale white moon on the summer sea,
And a prayer went up from her lips to heaven,
That God might bless what His love had given.

A mother sat by a cottage door,
And bright was the smile her sweet face wore,
As she gazed on her boy, that round her knee
Sported with laughter and shouts of glee,
Ah, little she thought in that happy hour
That the winter frost might nip her flower.

The frost has come and the flower is dead,
And the mother's joy is forever fled,
And her earthly hopes that were late so bright,
Are lost in the gloom of a darksome night;
Yet meekly she kneels by his place of rest,
"It is God's will; He knoweth best."

ON A DEAD CHILD.

Dead!—Draw the curtains—let me see his face
Once more ere darkness and the grave enfold
Its beauty. Ah! no change save in the hue
Of the sweet lips, so strangely pale and cold,
And those scarce closëd eyes, whose glance I knew
So well in happier days.
How dead and still they are—so dead and still
I scarcely can believe they are the same
That oft with joy would hail me when I came;
And when I went, with childish tears would fill.

The sweet half smile is there; the tender look
That in least joyous moods his features wore,
And all the beauty of the fair young cheek—

None the less fair, although the bloom no more
Paints life thereon. This calm, smooth brow doth speak,
Not of the pangs that shook
His tender frame when of death's poisoned bowl
He drank, but of a glory—seen by him
When the limbs stiffened and the eyes grew dim,
Through Heaven's gate open to receive his soul.

So young to die! Alas! too young you think,
Poor mother, sitting broken-hearted there,
Unconscious of all else, beside the dead;
And thou, strong father calm in thy despair,
That with close-clenchëd hand and bowëd head,
The bitter cup dost drink.
Too young to die! God surely knoweth best;
His ways are right, though hard to understand.
On whomsoe'er He lays His chastening hand,
'Tis done that in the end they may be blest.

Yet, weep, poor stricken hearts, though not for him;
Weep for yourselves thus left to pine away
With many a backward look to happier hours,—
The sunless evening of your life's bleak day,—
Mourning your lost one as the year its flowers
When Autumn's light grows dim,
And Winter darkens o'er earth's barren scene;
Yes, weep, for all the sorrow and the pain
Are yours alone, the hopes all hoped in vain,
And the long yearnings for what might have been.

THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.

There shall be no night there—O happy clime!
No night of sorrow, where the dews that fall
Are bitter tears, no night of sin or crime,
No night of death, the darkest night of all;
No night, no darkness, one clear, changeless noon.
And shall we taste its joys? O blessed fate,
What toil, what labour here, would be too great,
To earn such great reward—such glorious boon?
But, ah, how frail is man! He cannot see
Beyond the present, and he needs must bear
Life's toil and torture, and its sad despair,
Without the hope of that bright land to be,
That glorious clime beyond Time's misty sea,
Where all is joy, for there is no night there.

SONNET.

Is it enough to toil our daily toil,
To do the work our need entails, no more,
And, like a cottager before his door

At eve, when that is done, our minds assoil
From thoughts that bring not ease, while the fleet hours
Pass by us unimprovëd? Can it be,
When God shall judge our works that He shall see
No flaw therein, no thorn among the flowers?
Is it enough? O man, be wise in time,
And know that little labour will avail
But little on that day. He is most blest
Whom death from work shall call with his last chime.
Then up, toil bravely onward till life fail:
Have ye not all eternity to rest?

SONNET.

Ere the rare promise of his youthful days
Had ripened into fullness, ere the light
Of his young genius had unfolded quite
Its sun-clear radiance to men's darkened gaze—
As a fair flower that fadeth when the blaze
Of mid-May's sun is mellowing at its height—
So wearily he faded day and night,
Heartbroken by the dull world's cold dispraise.
Though here his life was clouded by despair,
He now hath reached the happiest of all goals,
Where dwell the pure and good, a temple fair
And holy. Now no dark cloud ever rolls
To dim the brightness that surrounds him there
Amid that glorious session of great souls.

YOUNG HOPES AND OLD.

Saith the young man—"Life is sweet,
  Autumn woods are tinged with gold;
Slowly fades the Summer heat,
  Slowly comes the winter cold.
Yet we will not cry 'Alas!
  Summer days have passed away!'
For dark Winter soon will pass—
  Pass—and Spring once more hold sway."

Saith the old man—"Life is drear,
  Autumn woods are moaning low;
Speaking of the closing year,
  Speaking of the frost and snow.
Death has shrunk the Summer grass,
  Death has made the woodlands grey,
Life is death; but soon I pass—
  Pass from death to life away."

THOMAS MILLER.

TO endeavour to supplant the utterly contemptible stuff which forms the staple of Music Hall songs by pieces of genuine humour, which not only cause a laugh, but at the same time "point a moral," is an aim worthy of all praise. The poet now under notice has written numerous poems and songs possessing a fine fresh spirit, and a racy appreciation of the humorous—pawky and clever without being meaningless or vulgar.

Thomas Miller was born at Dunse in 1831. His father was in the employment of the Maitland family, and his mother was maid to the lady of General Maitland. When Mr Miller was quite a child his parents removed to Glasgow. His school education was completed in his ninth year, and his first occupation was herding cows in a park off Paisley Road—wages, 10s for six months. Two-and-sixpence was spent out of his first wages in the purchase of a pair of second-hand boots. His next employment was that of a "tearer" in a calico print work, at 2s per week. We next find him a message boy in a tailor and clothier's establishment. The tailors were all Chartists, and the lad, when not otherwise engaged, had to read aloud the Irish Chartist organ—*The Northern Star*, edited by the great agitator, Fergus O'Connor. Boy as he was, he was the only loyal subject on the premises. One of the men possessed an old edition of Shakespeare, and to this he gave the lad access—a pleasing relief to one of his poetic temperament from the Chartist journal and "The Life of Robert Emmet." His intellectual life began to waken up, and a love for the drama took possession of him. But his craving for stage representations had to be satisfied with the scope afforded by the

legitimate drama as represented by "Messrs Mumford & Dupain." The Theatre Royal would have cost sixpence, the "shows" at the foot of the Saltmarket were only a penny, and like many others in the world he had to suit himself to circumstances. On four occasions he was able to visit the Saturday Evening Concerts, and had the pleasure of hearing Sam Cowell sing his "Billy Barlow," little dreaming that the day would come when his own version of "Billy" would be universally sung at home and abroad.

His father's health having given way, the family removed to Edinburgh. His father did not long survive the change; his mother died within the next six months, the little family circle was broken up, and at the age of thirteen our poet began to face and fight the world. After many "ups and downs," he is at present employed as a collector in the Scottish metropolis. In his case the words,

"We learn in suffering what we sing in song,"

are true in many circumstances of his life, and his Muse has afforded him relief in the midst of anxieties and sorrows.

It was only recently that Mr Miller appended even his initials to any of his effusions. For many years the songs were popular, although the author was unknown. Indeed, "The Guid Auld Days," now so well known, as sung by Mr Lumsden, the eminent Scottish vocalist, was at first dubbed by the Edinburgh press as "an exceptionally clever performance, written by a humorous and genial old scholar of our University." His productions are sung in every theatre, music hall, and concert room throughout Scotland, and in many parts of both England and Ireland. Pillans sung them in Australia, and Lumsden rendered them with the greatest success all over Canada.

Mr Miller is a genuine humorist, and can with the greatest facility write "with the times," every event of national importance or social interest being caught and rendered in fine musical verse. He has the good sense to know that it is one thing to hear a song sung in a concert room, and quite another for the words of the song to be able to stand the test of literary criticism. He is evidently aware that hundreds of our "popular" music hall songs are really doggerel, and that were it not for the pleasing tunes they have the good fortune to be set to, they could not possibly be tolerated. Mr Miller has therefore ever been eminently successful, in all his compositions, in raising the tone and standard of such productions.

The writings of the now well-known initials, "T. M.," in the *Scotsman*, *Ladies' Own Journal*, and other newspapers, have afforded many a good healthy laugh. His briskly written sketches, consist of well described individuals and groupings of character His poems and songs possess a keen sense of the ludicrous, with a rich and ready humour that is sometimes not without its pathetic side. When gathered together, as we understand they are about to be, he will need no apology for issuing the volume.

MY HEART AYE WARMS TO THE TARTAN.

O Scotland! country of my birth,
My heart clings close to thee,
As clings the tendril of the vine,
And ivy to the tree.
The glorious East, the boundless West,
The sunny South's rich charms
Are poor to him who Scotland loves—
Whose heart the tartan warms!

My heart aye warms to the tartan,
And wheresoe'er I roam,
The tartan kilt and plaid I'll love
As dearly as my home.

Dear Scotland! how thy memories crowd
Within my fervent soul;
Thy fame shall make thy sons feel proud,
While years and ages roll;
Unconquered in the grand old days
By proud Imperial Rome,—
And still we've tartan'd warriors left
To guard our mountain home.
My heart aye warms to the tartan, &c.

Our lion-hearted Wallace fought
For home and freedom's sway,
And Scotch claymore and battle-axe
Won many a glorious day.
And to the Bruce—great warrior-king!—
Our hearts shall ever turn,—
For long as Scotland lives we'll sing
The praise of Bannockburn!
Oh! my heart aye warms to the tartan, &c.

On many a hard-fought battle-field
Our tartan'd braves, have bled—
Like heroes, died before they'd yield,
But never yet have fled.
On Alma's heights "the thin red line"
Made e'en the bravest stare;
And Lucknow's March has taught the world
What Highlanders will dare.
My heart aye warms to the tartan, &c.

Long may the rose of England twine
With Erin's shamrock green;
And long may Scotland's thistle wave,
And lion flag be seen.
God grant our land the joys of peace;
But should the war-blast roar,
The tartan kilt will to the front,
And conquer as of yore.
My heart aye warms to the tartan, &c.

ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.

A fairy child! with eyes of lustrous blue,
Soft in their glances, yet so deep and thrilling,
His very soul seems rising into view;
And while you gazed, you felt its power instilling
Soft, soothing influence in your own like dew,
And with the gentleness of Heaven filling
Your weary spirit with that peaceful rest
Which loves to linger in sweet childhood's breast.

Oh blessed childhood! what a wondrous power
Thy very helplessness of being wields,
E'en giant strength will at thy cradle cower;
And wisdom wonder at the love it yields!
Weak as thou art, and tender as a flower,
Thy very tenderness thy young life shields.
Sweet child, thou art a very Heaven to me,
For Heaven we know is made of such as thee.

And what a mystery is a little child!
What powers and possibilities and parts
May all be slumbering 'neath these glances mild,
Which yet may waken to enrich the arts;
And through thy ken may yet be reconciled
Some cruel doubts, whose present influence thwarts
Our spirit's peace, and makes us sometimes own
We're steering blindly o'er a sea unknown.

Rich are the realms that all around thee lie
When once thy mind their mysteries can explore,
Rare are the treasures that will charm thine eye,
And lead thee spellbound to their wondrous store.
Grand are the thoughts that reach the deep and high,
Spreading for thee their intellectual lore—
Empires of wealth, by heavenly power designed,
To meet the longings of the searching mind.

We are, at best, but children all through life,
Forever learning to be truly wise—
How weak at times 'gainst passion's deadly strife!
How trifles fret us, and how sins surprise!
How hard the struggle when the powers are rife!
What subtle discord 'neath the surface lies!
Wayward our will, and helpless in life's gale,
When clouds o'erwhelm, and doubts and storms assail.

Perchance thy spirit may be strong and wild—
Restless and weary on life's dusty road;
Sick of the empty joys that once beguiled,
And seemed to ease the poor heart's weary load.
May all the tenderness that graced the child
Return, and charm thee to the loved abode—
The dear old place—thy childhood's peaceful home,
Where blessings wait thee 'neath its hallowed dome.

Weaned from the world and all its passing show,
Filled with the tender joy that thrills the breast,
When the chafed spirit, purged and bending low,
Woos back the peace that conquers all unrest—
That gracious love that makes the heart o'erflow,
And soothes the sorrows of the worst and best!
Oh! blessed influence, gentle and benign,
May all its wealth of healing power be thine!

And, when the shadows of Life's evening fall,
And gathering mists frail Nature's powers obscure,
May Hope's bright star illume the dreary pall,
And Faith stand firmer on its rock secure.
And when the signal's given to recall
The spirit home to him who washed it pure,
May life's last sigh be peaceful and serene,
And angels waft thee to the world unseen!

CUSHENDALL.

Ould Ireland is a charming place as all the world knows;
'Twas there the art of eloquence and legislation rose;
But the greatest town in Erin's Isle, and the one that tops them all,
Is down in the county Antrim, and its name is Cushendall!
(Chorus)—Hibernia! my country,
Shure your loike was niver seen,
Then here's to dear ould Ireland boys,
And her shamrock leaves so green.

This dear sweet spot in Ireland is the home of love and peace,
The "Praties" cost you little, and the taxes ne'er increase—
It's the Paradise of innocence, there's scarcely e'er a brawl,
And there's only been one murder yet in the town of Cushendall.

Oh! the world never saw such pigs as Paddy can produce,
They're fit for the Queen of England, or the Sultan of Turkey's use;
An' its thrue that a Patagonian king once crossed from Aspinwall,
Just to purchase prime prize "Porkers" from the town of Cushendall.

When the Babylonian Emperor had conquered all the East,
Nebuchadnezzar, he wanted five million pigs to make a Royal feast;
So he held a so lemn con-fer-ence in Babylon's biggest hall,
An' he sent his order for *them* pigs, to the town of Cushendall.

An' when Cyrus king of Persia went forth to foight the Greeks,
He fed his men on Irish pork for five and forty weeks,
But his soldiers grew so moighty strong, their javelins turned too small,
So he sent for big shillelahs to the town of Cushendall!

Folks talk about their moighty Thames, an' Mississippi river—
The Danube, an' the Amazon, and the Spanish Guadalquiver,
But if yez want to see the strame, bedad! that bates thim all,
Jist come and view the Shannon from the shores of Cushendall.

Our Irish aristocracy were a brave and glorious race;
The whole world couldn't match them in the battle or the chase,

An' every ancient Irish king who reigned in Tara's Hall—
Why, all the crew, from Brian Boru, were born in Cushendall.

St Patrick was the blessed saint that lived in Ireland's Isle;
Oh, he made the reptiles all repent, and all the ladies smile,
An' he built a big Cathedral wid a steeple ten miles tall,
Five hundred thousand years ago in the town of Cushendall.

An' five hundred thousand years ago, when Ireland first made drink,
St Patrick he was the gentleman wid the powerful brain to think—
"Bad whiskey," says he, "is the greatest curse that ever could befall,"
So he started the first Good Templar Lodge in the town of Cushendall.

Our darling Dan O'Connell, shure he was a moighty man—
The glorious Duke of Wellington was nothing to ould Dan;
An' the reason why his eloquence could Saxon foes appal,
Was simply, that Dan's mother's aunt belonged to Cushendall.

Our warm-hearted Irish boys are Her Majesty's deloight,
Altho' the blackguards now and then enjoy the faction foight,
But shure its jist their nature, an' they're thrue to nature's call—
Shure there niver were such warriors as the boys of Cushendall.

And as for Irish maidens: why the world ye might explore,
An' ye'd niver foind their equals if ye'd search from shore to shore—
But the purtiest, lovliest colleens, wid their feet an' waists so small,
Are the daughters of the dear ould dames who dwell in Cushendall.

Oh, Begorra, it's Hibernian girls can bate the world for love,
Shure they've got the gentle nature of ould Noah's faithful dove;
They're tender, sweet, and beautiful—and frolicsome withal,
O, they Home Rule every loving-heart, the girls of Cushendall.

Then here's a health to the dear ould Isle and her shamrock leaves so green,
An' here's long life an' happiness to our dear an' gracious Queen—
An' here's to the most illustrious town on this great terrestrial ball—
That's down in the county Antrim, and its name is Cushendall.

An' success to every Irishman who loves his country's cause,
An' let us all contented be, and all respect the laws;
An' should misfortune ever come, to cause Great Britain's fall,
We'll give our Queen a royal home in dear ould Cushendall.

THE GUID AULD DAYS; OR, WHEN I WAS A LASSIE.

It's a wonderful world, this world of ours,
With its wonderful wealth and its wonderful powers;
And sic wonderful changes are aye taking place,
That our auld-fashioned notions can scarce show their face.
Since I was a lassie 'maist a' things are changed,
And in some things, I think that the 'times' are deranged;
But in spite of improvements and all 'innovation,'
With the auld-fashioned 'past' I still keep up relation.
Oh! how I wish, tho' I ken it's in vain,
For the auld-fashioned days of a lassie again.

When I was a lassie, a spade was a spade,—
'Agricultural implement' never was said,
And we a' spoke oor mind in a straightforward way,
A fashion that's much out of date in oor day.
In some things oor language is getting unique,
Wi' a jabbering o' Latin, and Gaelic, and Greek;
And a great deal of 'talking' on 'Science' and 'Law'
Seems a string o' big words wi' nae meaning ava.
Often I wish, tho' I ken it's in vain,
To be back to the days o' a lassie again.

Losh! 'science' seems turning the nation's brain saft,
And on some points the 'savans' seem really gaun daft;
We're a' in a muddle wi' 'mind' and 'cremation,'
And that mystery o' 'matter'—spontaneous creation!
There's the 'Darwin,' the 'Tyndal,' and 'Huxley gang,
Wha can trace oor descent frae the orang-outang;
There's the lassies themsel's wanting doctors' diplomas,
And the 'missing link' found in the 'hairy Kostromas.'
Ance I was young, sae I shouldna complain,
But I wish I could just be a lassie again.

When I was a lassie, then 'travelling' was grand,
With jovial 'Jehu' and smart 'four-in-hand';
Your modern methods will never approach
The auld-fashioned ride i' the merry mail coach!
And the joy, when we stopped at the snug village inn
For oor wee drap o' brandy, or pourin' o' gin,
Or oor nice country breakfast, or dinner, or tea;
Oh! the glorious auld-fashioned 'slow times' for me!
My heart's with the 'past' tho' my wishes are vain,
I long for the days o' a lassie again.

Nae doot there were drawbacks—the journey took lang,
But the times werena fever'd, and trade no owre thrang,
And then 'twas sae grand, when a body had time,
To enjoy the clear landscape and scen'ry sublime.
Nae doot there were dangers and deevils to face,
For the *highwayman's* pistol would slacken oor pace;

But tho' 'mail bags' were robbed every now and again,
Dod! that wasna sae bad as bein' smashed in a train!
Oh! how I wish, tho' I ken it's in vain,
For the auld-fashioned days o' a lassie again.

When I was a lassie, the courtin' was nice,
But noo it's as cauld and as chilly as ice;
And before ye can taste matrimonial honey,
Your motives for marriage are measured by money!
When I was a lassie, a frank hearty 'yes,'
And a parent's consent sealed a true lover's bliss;
And with 'Hope' at the prow, and 'Faith' at the tiller,
We married for love, and we worked for the siller.
Ance I was young, sae I manna complain,
But I sigh just to be a bit lassie again.

When I was a lassie, the lads liked a wife
Wha had learned to mak' loving the 'science of life';
And oor modern maidens micht try to dispense
With some o' the glitter for mair common sense,
But the darlings are kindly and guid all the same—
It's no them—it's thae 'go-a-head' times, that I blame;
But though often to fashion their heads they deliver,
Thank goodness! their 'hearts' are as loving as ever.
Often I wish, tho' I shouldna complain,
For the auld-fashioned days o' a lassie again.

When I was a lassie, we a' took a pride
In the duties of home and a happy fireside;
And if, now and again, we had strong-minded freaks,
Still a woman wi' modesty *then* wore the breeks.
But noo, guidness save us! even women must 'preach'
(Mind I dinna object to the lassies wha 'teach');
But waes me! for the 'times,' that have noo come to pass,—
There were nae 'preaching' hizzies when I was a lass!
Oh! how I wish, tho' I ken it's in vain,
For the auld-fashioned days o' a lassie again.

When I was a lassie, you'd gey far to seek
For a real clever 'artiste' and 'author comique,'
But noo they're in shoals, and their trade in its prime,
With the 'nigger breakdown,' and a doggerel rhyme.
It's an awful infliction, the rubbishly 'lays'
Of the 'great' this and that, in these musical days;
In the auld-fashioned times, when my grannie was young,
We had humour and wit in the sangs that they sung.
My heart's wi' the past, tho' my wishes are vain,
Still I sigh for the days o' a lassie again.

May the gods send us wisdom our manners to mend,
And may humbug and warfare soon come to an end;
May 'strikes' and contentions and 'taxes' decrease,
And our land have the blessings of plenty and peace.

Let us all be contented, and live economic,
Receiving with caution the 'theory atomic;'
And in future, let's hope there will be less occasion
To grumble at 'science' and civilisation.
The times are sae changed, I feel a'maist alane,
And I wish I was just a bit lassie again.

HUME NISBET,

AN artist, and a voluminous writer on art and other subjects, as well as a poet of considerable fancy, was born at Stirling in 1849. His father was a house painter, and a man of some literary powers, so that Nisbet's training as an artist was constant from infancy. His experience also became varied — his early home being the resort of French, German, and Italian artists, who were able to give him instruction and advice. When fifteen years old, he went to Australia. He afterwards stayed for two years with a clergyman in Queensland, but finding the idle life passing too pleasantly, he went south; and then began his wanderings. In Melbourne, he "went behind the scenes," to learn the "gags," &c., also scene-painting, thinking it might be useful. His employments were of a miscellaneous order. From acting to whitewashing, sign-writing, gold-digging, sailoring, picture-painting, writing rhymes, and when he had colours and brushes he painted pictures. He was frequently in very straitened circumstances, and passed through many exciting adventures while drifting from one colony to another, and learning all he could, except the art of making money. In New Zealand he took a fancy to copy Turner, and shipped to London, where he studied for some time in the National Gallery, and then returned to his native country. Mr Nisbet has been for some years a teacher in the School of Arts and the Watt Institution, *Edinburgh*.

Mr Nisbet has written several dramatic pieces showing much thought, feeling, and power. He is also author of "Life and Nature Studies," consisting of practical, theoretical, and descriptive papers, and calculated to be of great value to art students; "The Practical in Painting;" and some years ago he published a very interesting volume entitled "Egypt, and other Poems."

Owing to his erratic movements, and subsequent very busy life, Mr Nisbet has lost sight of many of his excellent productions in prose and verse. A few of these printed "flotsams" we were, however, enabled to recover, and find them excellent poetical pictures of Nature, full of pure and intense feeling. His command of language and imagery enables him to find poetry in every object around him—in every leaf, bud, and flower, as well as in the soft cadence of the brook, or the loud tone of the thunder. In his professional work he unites calm beauty with attractive grace; and having carefully studied history, and become conversant with the noble deeds of chivalry, and read with close attention the works of our best poets, so as to foster a feeling of sentiment and romance, he has admirably embodied these features in his own poetry.

MAGGIE: AN ELEGY.

Oh, merry month! when yellow bloom
  Grows rich on the green hill side,
What right have I to think of the tomb,
When the cherries are ripe, and the roses bloom,
  And Nature is flushed with pride.

Oh, merry month! but you bring again,
  On your wings of white and green,
An hour of woe, and a wail of pain,
When that heart was stilled, and that spirit ta'en,
  The tenderest ever seen.

Oh, merry month! 'twas a merry heart
  You bore on your wings so light;
The vulture of death, when he took his part,
Ne'er swooped on a life of such little art
  As the life he took that night.

Guileless and giddy as truth should be,
Without a care, or an aim;
Alone in this world-wise century,
Her mind as pure as her acts were free,
And vile the mind that could blame.

When had she ever a selfish thought,
Or held back sympathy's tear?
The old and the young alike her sought;
She took as her own the cares they brought,
And felt not one narrow fear.

Oh, merry month! could we only keep
Thy youthful spirit as long!
For years o'er her head flew on like sleep—
Her anger shallow, her love so deep,
Her heart free of hate or wrong.

This is the bush that she loved to tend,
The berrries are hard and small;
This is a keep-sake from some dead friend
Whose fate she has wept, Is this the end
Of Maggie, the end of all?

Think it not, mother, she loved the best,
Who watched her struggles for life;
Think it not, father, whose faithful breast
Heaves bitter sighs for the two at rest—
That maid and that fair young wife.

The blossom is thick on the hawthorn green,
The pink and the creamy white;
They cling so close scarce a leaf is seen;
The sisters lie with long miles between,
But their souls are joined to-night.

Oh, merry month! when the young birds fly,
And the country looks so fair
With rippling stream, and with checkered sky,
Teach us to look to that home on high,
And wait till we gather there.

SPRING ON THE TWEED, MELROSE.

Spring comes, the happy maiden, with a footstep lithe and free;
While tear-drops fringe her eyelids, she laughs her thoughtless glee,
And binds the snowdrops in her hair, her dimpled arms both filled
With gifts of life she flings around, now winter's breath is *stilled*.

She calls the Sun her Father, who hath been away so long,
But now comes back to gladden her young heart with mirth and song;
Like a maiden going to the school, she trips the rutts scarce dry
Along the road that late reflected back the frowning sky.

She touches with her budding wand the trees, and forth they sprout,
While laughter lights her clear blue eyes to see them springing out;
And then she lays her rosy lips against the blossoms white,
Tipping each edge with carmine e'er she passes out of sight.

The morning mists hang in the vale, a gauzy curtain spread
O'er spire and roof, the distant stream winds like a silver thread
Between its wooded banks and meeds, safe guarded, to the sea,
Through viaduct with lofty arch, and past old Abbeys grey.

Wild legends haunt each hallowed spot, the elf and mystic sprite,
And fairy rings in grassy deans and trystes 'neath hawthorn white,
And darksome deeds in crumbling peels, where now the leveret lies,
Where groans and pennance rent the cells, the wind through crannies sighs.

The beam streams down between the boughs and checkers shadows grey
Across the lanes, and broom-clad sides, where daisies peep and play
With starry-eyed forget-me-nots, and primrose clusters fair,
Beside the golden buttercups and nests where sky-larks pair.

Spring comes, the gleesome maiden, with a ready smile and tear,
And in her train young Cupid with his bow-string to his ear,
And in her blue eyes wonder at the magic of her wand—
So she passes over hill and dale, and blesses all the land.

LOVE.

Love lives through darkness—not alone whilst fair
And sunny weather cheers her tranquil path;
She thrives the strongest, clings the closest, where
The wildest tempest bellows out its wràth.

Love waits not calmly in her shady bower
Safely herself, leaving her mate to roam
Lonely through deserts that he might secure,
After long wrestling with the world, a home.

Love shares the labour as she does the rest,
And lightens with her presence every mile;
Helping to carry, with contented breast,
Each cross they meet of sorrow, want, or toil.

These are the signs of Love; where they are not,
Fly from the thought that must perforce decay;
For who so rich can count a cloudless lot,
Or promise sunshine past the present day?

SUNSET—A STUDY IN GEMS AND GOLD.

There are pearls amongst the rubies,
There are opals clasped in gold;
There is countless wealth beyond there,
Crusted on each mountain fold.
There are armies clothed in purple,
With their scaly coats of mail,
And their steeds, jet, dapple, chestnut,
And their faces fierce and pale.
On each crest a cairngorum
Flashes back its varied fire,
As they rush along the mountains,
Charging some, while some retire.
There are monsters waiting under,
From the deep abyss they pour;
There are angels watching sadly,
White and gauzy floating o'er.
Dazzling bright the jewels sparkle,
Rich the crimson rubies glow;
But the pearls are sown out thickly,
And the opals fairer grow.
Clots of living gore are flecking
All the amber of the plain,
And the horses are careering
Riderless, with flying rein.
And the sun hath grown a crater,
Flaming from its lava base;
But the pearls are still sown thickly,
And the opals keep their place.

When the eye grows hot reviewing
All the fierceness of that fray,
When the emeralds and rubies
Fail to hold us to their play.
When the soul grows sick of counting
Up those massy bars of gold,
Then it seeks for the dull opals
And the pearly lustre cold.
Gold and rubies, rankest pleasures,
Holding for a little space;
Emeralds and cairngorums,
Silver scales of serpent grace.

Black repentance lying under,
Like those monsters in the sky;
And a host of resolutions,
Like the gauzy angels high.
Where the gentle home affections,
Like the pearls and opals melt;
Always there, though seeming swallow'd—
Hardly seen but ever felt.
Coming out each instant stronger,
As the flames lick round them less,
Till they fill the sky and spirit
With their lonely preciousness.

THE TANGLED SKEIN.

I have caught a thread from a tangled skein,
Let me wind it as far as 'twill go;
I would gather it up with the knots between—
Wind it tenderly, wind it slow.

Two eyes the shade of two eyes long dim,
Two lips like a pair I have kiss'd;
The same calm hour, and that same sweet hymn,
Waft my soul to choirs of the bless'd.

It is good to pick up old scenes like these,
Though the thread may break off too soon;
It is good to remember the cooling breeze,
In the world's hot, parching noon.

It is good to be young when we can, if we can—
See the days when our leaves were green;
Come back to our virgin faith in man,
And wind out the tangled skein.

CHARITY.

We do not ask the reason
Why the beggar is so poor;
It may be force, or treason,
Or not courage to endure.

We would not by desiring
All this knowledge spoil our gift,
'Tis sufficient the requiring
That we stretch our hands to lift.

And though he hoard or waste it,
We are blessed if we have given;
Our reflection had disgraced it,
And the profit from it driven.

JOHN INGLIS.

IN reviewing the works of one of our poets recently, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon said that no country or district had produced so many poets as the border land of Scotland. From time immemorial this has been the case, as the extensive ballad collections of Bishop Percy and Sir Walter Scott so clearly show. The reason of this must be sought for in the features of the country more than in any original and latent peculiarity in the people themselves, farther than that their minds and feelings have become affected by the features and condition of the district in which they dwell. Its large tracts of pastoral land; its lonely solitudes; its steep green hills; its long-drawn valleys; its rushing, unpolluted streams; its lovely lakes, clear as crystal, sleeping in the moonlight, or tumbling in wild commotion beneath the touch of the spirit of the storm; its dreary and far-stretching wilds; its weird traditions; its ancient feuds; its hoary ruins; and its battlefields have, each and all, tended to make the people, in a great measure, and from generation to generation, a race of poets.

John Inglis, the subject of our present sketch, is a native of this poetic region, having been born at a place called Hearthstone, a shepherd's shieling, in the wild mountainous parish of Tweedsmuir, in 1813—his ancestors, on both sides, having been shepherds for generations. While our poet was a mere child, his parents removed to the still more lonely district of Meggetdale, and to a place called Glengaber, one of the most romantic, though lonely scenes to be met with in the south of Scotland, lying at the western end of St Mary's Loch. Then they went farther down to Dryhope, the old grey tower

of which has often been the theme of touching border song. This place is in the immediate neighbourhood of Altrive Lake, the last residence of James Hogg, the immortal Shepherd of Ettrick. A little to the north of it is Mount Benger, a farm which Hogg once occupied; and at a school then kept there our poet received a part of his education. As he grew up he, like his fathers, took to following the occupation of a shepherd, which he did on the Lyne and Cairn Waters, and also on the Pentland hills, where, in the seventeenth century, the blood of the brave Covenanters was so wantonly and largely shed that it tinged the water-brooks of that rugged and lonely wilderness. Latterly Mr Inglis went into Edinburgh and engaged in mercantile pursuits, at which he has prospered; and the twilight shades of the evening of life are falling serenely around him in his city home. His heart, however, is among the rural solitudes where his youthful days were spent.

Early in life Mr Inglis felt the poetic impulse swelling in his breast, but it was not till 1866 that he published a volume of his poems and songs, which was largely subscribed for, and which was also well received by the public and press. Being an author's book, however, and not pushed into notice by any enterprising publisher, it never enjoyed a fame equal to its merits. For this same reason, many a poet of true genius and real power has, with his works, passed into oblivion, who ought to have had an honoured niche in the Temple of Fame; and never was a truer stanza penned than that with which James Beattie begins his pure and noble poem of "The Minstrel:"—

> "Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
> The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
> Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
> Has felt the influence of malignant star,
> *And* waged with fortune an eternal war!
> *Checked* by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,

And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown."

Mr Inglis' poems display both fancy and imagination, and his faculty and power of description are of no mean degree, although, from want of pruning, and more careful correction, there are occasional minor blemishes to be met with in his compositions.

THE SHEPHERD LAD.

Some like the Kirk, an' some the State,
Some like to sail the sea;
I like the grey auld Scottish plaid,
The shepherd lad for me.
Chorus—The merry blythesome shepherd lad,
The shepherd lad for me;
I like the grey auld Scottish plaid,
The shepherd lad for me.

He climbs sae nimbly at the dawn
The mountains wild and free,
Ere Phœbus sips the shining dew
Frae the gowan's openin' e'e.

Sae weel he tells his tender tale
Aneath the trystin' tree,
Wi' knowledge, as though nature's sel'
Had naething mair to gie.

He reads the buik o' Nature wide,
Frae flower to wavin' tree,
An' higher buiks he learns beside,
Which serve him for a key.

His music is the winds an' streams,
An' wild birds as they flee;
The soarin' lark at break of morn
No blyther is than he.

His cot is in the bracken glen,
Where leaps sae merrily
The mountain brook frae linn to linn,
Wi' ceaseless melody.

In bracing rural toil his days
He spends like busy bee;
His peacefu' couch the streams around
Sing endless lullaby.

When tyrants swept oor heathy hills
An' vales, frae sea to sea,
Wha like oor shepherds then stood up
For truth an' liberty?

I like his ways, I like his trade,
An' his friends mine shall be;
I like his hame, I like himsel'—
The shepherd lad for me.

GLENGABER BURN.

Glengaber Burn! Glengaber Burn!
I still remember thee;
Thy features rude though others spurn,
Thine are the charms for me!

By thee sweet childhood's years were spent,
With dear ones, who us loved
In tenderness and truth, as all
Those after years have proved.

There Nature's charms divine the lost—
The beauties left behind
From wreck of Eden—there they first
Possessed my youthful mind.

From mossy fens, with rugged glens,
The waters tumbling brown
O'er rock and linn, with awful din,
In might and pride come down.

By features such did Nature first
The scene to me impart,
Of beauty's power, that thence should reign
For ever in my heart.

Each treat of grandeur—hill and dale,
And stream, yet all are there;
But they, whose love those scenes illum'd—
Where are they now? Ah where!

Those in whose smiles we grew, as in
An atmosphere of love—
Gone, where they shall the fruits of all
Their faith and labour prove

If spirits unseen haunt those wilds,
By glen and mountain streams,
And walk at midnight on the wolds
Beneath the moon's wan beams;

Then, sure within these lonely wilds
Celestial beings dwelt;
As we oftimes in peril's hour
Their helping power have felt.

Unknowing earth, save that which form'd
The boundary of our sight;
And save by Heaven's benignant eye,
Unseen by day and night.

With voice of brook and song of bird
Hush'd in our peaceful beds;
The stars in glory sparkling o'er
Our all unconscious heads!

With God, with Nature, and with Love
We pass'd those sweet, glad days;
While bird and beast made concert with
Our hymns of artless praise.

Flow on lov'd stream, thy wonted song
Still sounding through the vale;
Would that my lay could, like thine own,
Against Old Time prevail.

FRANK HENRIETTA

WAS born in Glasgow in 1837. His father was a handloom weaver, and worked in the "ben end" of the humble dwelling. The "head of the house" dying when Frank was five years of age, the mother was left alone with a family of four—all that Death had spared out of eleven—to face the battle of life. The consequence was that our poet had none of the advantages enjoyed by those born and brought up under more favourable circumstances. He was at a tender age sent to the "ca'in' o' pirns," by the assistance of an elder brother, he was taught to read, and, while yet under ten, he became a member of a circulating library. His next occupation was that of a barber's boy, at the wage of one

shilling weekly; and after completing his apprenticeship, he set out on the tramp. He followed the tonsorial art for several years in England, and then enlisted in the East India Local Forces. Arriving in India shortly after the "Mutiny," he took part in the campaign against the Hill Tribes on the North-Western Frontier. Returning to England in 1869, he again took to his original calling, and at present resides in Airdrie.

Mr Henrietta is author of a series of stories, entitled "Short Tales by an Old Soldier," and he has contributed numerous sketches and poems to the newspapers. It was not till 1873 that he tried verse-writing, and in 1879 he issued an interesting volume, "Poems and Lyrics," which received a kindly welcome. Several of his pleasing songs have been set to music and published in Swan's "Academy Vocalist." Some of his productions are very thoughtful and touching. His sketches are homely and well thought out, and his descriptive pieces are graphic and true to nature; while his songs give evidence of a genuine love of the beautiful, and are uttered with grace and sweetness.

IT'S NOT ENOUGH.

It's not enough that we should own the Being of a God,
Or that we see His presence in each flower that decks the sod;
Or that His mighty hand we trace on earth, on sea, in air,
And know His greatness and His power is present everywhere.

It's not enough to know that we are creatures of His will,
And that His love a solace is for all of earthly ill;
Whate'er the troubles of this life, whate'er our hardships be,
To know with Him we'll dwell in bless for all eternity.

No! we must feel Him in our hearts, must hold Him in our grasp,
As we would hold a casket rare that's bound with golden clasp;
Must feel Him in each pulse of life, each minute and each hour—
By day, by night, in storm or calm, must feel His holy power.

Yes! feel that of our very soul the Master forms a part,
And, therefore, every evil deed is as a poison'd dart,
To pierce with sorrow and with pain that spirit most divine,
Whose home within our breast should be a pure and spotless shrine.

I DEARLY LO'E.

I dearly lo'e the langsome days
O' simmer's gowden time;
I dearly lo'e the heath'ry braes,
When flowers are in their prime,
An' birdies sing their blythest sang
On ilka wavin' tree,
Wha's sweet wild notes the woods amang,
Ring out sae bauld an' free.

I dearly lo'e the summer nicht,
Sae balmy an' serene,
When Luna sheds her silver licht
O'er ilka sylvan scene,
An' crystal dewdraps saftly fa'
Like pearls oot ower the lea—
The flowers, the birds, the dewdraps a',
Bring happiness to me.

I dearly lo'e each rugged steep
O' Scotia's mountain hame;
Her lanesome glens whaur heroes sleep,
Wha's deeds made Scotland's fame.
A land o' patriots staunch an' brave,
Wha focht in days of yore,
That freedom's flag micht proudly wave
O'er Scotia's sea-girt shore.

BONNIE JEAN.

When yon bricht sun dips i' the west,
An' 'freshing dews begin to fa',
When weary toilers seek their rest,
An' gloamin' wraps baith cot an' ha',
I'll hie me to yon hawthorn glade,
Where I may wander a' unseen,
By mossy bank an' flow'ry shade,
Wi' my fond love, my bonnie Jean.

Let ithers spen' their leisure hours
Where gaudy pleasures hauds her sway,
But I wad stray 'mang budding flowers,
When Phœbus marks the close of day;

Or hand in hand wi' her I lo'e,
Doon by the wildwood's leafy screen,
'Neath Luna's beams o' siller hue,
Would roam at will, wi' my dear Jean.

For gowd or lan' I ha'e nae claim,
Nor servants ready at my ca',
A faithful heart, an honest name,
Is a' I ha'e to gie awa'.
But I would toil wi' cheerfu' heart
Frae early morn to dewy e'en,
If she would frae her minnie part,
An' be my ain, my bonnie Jean.

An' ever bless my happy lot,
As life's rough road we journey o'er,
Contented wi' a theekit cot,
Tho' sma' may be oor hamely store.
Wi' her bricht smiles to cheer my life,
An' oor wee beild sae neat an' clean,
I'd snap my thoom at worldly strife,
An' live for nocht but bonnie Jean.

A WISH.

Oh! if I but possessed the power—
That power, the poet's prize—
I'd sing not of my lady's bower,
Nor praise her hair and eyes;
But mine the pleasing task should be,
In gushing song to tell
The beauty of each flower and tree,
Each mountain, strath, and dell.

Not that I love fair women less
Than others of my kind,
Nor that I doubt true happiness
In woman's love to find;
But I love the bonnie blooming flowers,
Of every form and hue,
That in rich profusion deck the bowers,
And sip the falling dew.

And the mountains' dim and rugged crest,
High towering to the skies,
Whereon the eagle builds her nest,
Or free and fearless flies;
And the woods made musical with song
Of birds in plumage bright,
Whose notes the echoing groves prolong,
As breaks the morning's light.

Yes, other bards might sing in praise
Of fashion's gaudy throng,
Or, in gilded halls, their voices raise
In soft and measured song.
But I would cull my simple lays
From Nature's varied store,
And happy, happy spend my days,
Nor ask for blessings more.

DUNCAN M'CORKINDALE.

THE subject of this sketch was born at Campbeltown, Argyllshire, in 1809. His father was a merchant, magistrate, and one of the leading men of that town, and gave his son the benefit of a good education. Two of our poet's schoolmates, in after years, attained to positions of eminence. One of these was the notable and highly popular divine, Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., of the Barony, Glasgow, editor of *Good Words*, &c; the other was John Cameron, author of "The Triumphs of Religion, and other Poems," a work which is said to have been admired by the poet Wordsworth. Mr Cameron, under the designation of "Curly" figures in Dr Macleod's charming story of the "Old Lieutenant and his Son."

Young M'Corkindale was trained to mercantile pursuits in Glasgow, and thence removed to London, where he resided for several years. During this period he occupied his spare time in literary composition, for which he had shown an aptitude and inclination from his earliest years. He became a contributor to various Magazines, and in 1831 published a volume of verses entitled "Sketches of Genius and other Poems." Leaving London, he returned to Glasgow, and for many years was actively occupied

in business, and was so successful that he was able to retire with a competency in 1857. In the years 1837 and 1838 he travelled on the Continent, making an extensive tour through France, Germany, Switzerland, and Northern Italy.

Mr M'Corkindale was a well-known figure for many years in the streets of Glasgow. With his tall and elegant form, attired in a scrupulously neat and tasteful style, he attracted the attention of the passers-by as a man of no ordinary stamp. He spent a good deal of his time in his study amongst his books, of which he had a large and varied collection, and he was a keen hunter after antiquarian relics and curiosities. As a man he was of a sociable and hearty disposition, a kindly friend, and a benefactor to the needy, especially of the Guild of Literature. He was on intimate terms with the late Andrew Park, author of "Silent Love," "Hurrah for the Highlands," &c., and had many other literary associates in Glasgow and the West of Scotland. After a long and honourable life, Mr M'Corkindale died at Glasgow on 31st July, 1878, leaving a widow who still survives him.

In 1863, our poet published a small volume of "Poems of Early and Later Years," which was followed in 1869 by a larger work entitled "A Raid in the Highlands (in three Cantos) and Lays of the Affections." These works were very favourably received. They display considerable poetic power and versatility, pathos and humour alternating throughout. His "Raid in the Highlands" gives evidence of keen perception of the beauties of nature, mingled with love of adventure, good fellowship, and buoyancy of spirits. His muse is not so much of the sublime, contemplative order, as of the genial discursive sort, although here and there it strays into the more pathetic moods, while a healthy religious sentiment pervades the whole.

THE SNOW-STORM.

[Suggested by the affecting incident of a Highland girl who was overtaken by a terrific snow storm, in which she lost her way, and after wandering about for many hours, was overcome by cold and exhaustion, and perished within a few yards of her own door-step.

Ah! long for the loved one shall friends weep and sorrow,
For ne'er shall they see her sweet features again,—
Her light-springing footsteps no happy to-morrow
Shall hear in the cottage, or see on the plain.

Far, far had she wandered, the day fast declining,
The snow-covered moorland a desert round lay,—
Till Hope's feeble light, which was long dimly shining,
Expired on her gloomy tempestuous way.

In the depth of the snow-storm, benighted and weary,
Benumbing sensations all over her stole;
She sat down to rest on the moorland so dreary,
When soft, gentle slumbers crept into her soul.

The silver cord loosens, she's dreamily talking,
The golden bowl's breaking, yet sweetly she smiled,—
In vision beholding ONE who once came walking
On waves of the tempest, and stilled them tho' wild.

Tho' soon for the maiden shall fond hearts be bleeding,
No longer her young bosom agony wrings;
Direct from the Mercy-seat angels are speeding,
And round the fair sleeper now spreading their wings.

Ah! long for the loved one shall friends weep and sorrow,
For ne'er shall they see her sweet features again,—
Her light-springing footsteps no happy to-morrow
Shall hear in the cottage, or see on the plain.

CLITUMNUS BY MOONLIGHT.

"Surely thy stream was unprofaned by slaughters,
A mirror and a bath, for beauty's youngest daughters."
BYRON.

Here is the Eden of the globe,
The stars shine bright on high,
And pale Diana's silver robe
Is mantling o'er the sky.
The heart, that ne'er to beauty gave
Its homage, did it here abide,
Would drink of love's delicious wave,
Clitumnus, by thy side!

O ! what can words avail to paint
This wave-encircled bower ;
For sorrow never comes to taint
Th' Elysium of the hour.
The earth, the sky, the scented air,
All sparkle so in living bliss ;
No beauty—breathing pencil e'er
Pourtrayed a scene like this !

Clitumnus, too, rolls past so clear,
'Neath Cynthia's softening ray,
That he who loves will linger here,
And dream the hours away.
Those banks of green he now may trace,
Or down the glassy current go :
Hush'd is the night, as if to grace
The music of its flow !

JESSIE.

A little prattling voice so glad
That household echoes woke each day,—
Bewitched,—a jubilee we had
'Midst the endearments of her play,—
But all is now so low and sad
E'er since our darling went away.

Say not in vain that sorrow flows,
Its drops sure healing balm impart ;
Here would I kneel as twilight throws
Its shades this sacred spot athwart,—
And let no outward thing oppose
The flood that gushes from my heart.

On the green knowe, with love more strong
Than death, I'd plant affection's wreath,—
No more our gaities among
Tho' lovlier ne'er skipped o'er the heath,—
Ye winds here sing your sweetest song,
My little Jessie sleeps beneath.

SONG—THE LASS O' ERCHLESS GLEN.

O weel befa' the maid so neat,
In shieling, bucht, or pen,
And weel befa' the lassie sweet
That wons in yonder glen.

Nae hills or meads were brighter seen,
Where passed we joyous hours,
Oft screened amang the bushes green
Of Erchless' bonnie bowers.

None England's maids, they say, surpass,
So lovely to the ken;
But lovelier far the blythesome lass
That wons in yonder glen.

Sae trig an' fair, like beauteous bride,
She doth my heart bewitch;
While scented hawthorns, spreading wide,
The breezes soft enrich.

When to her wed, how wealthy proud,
On earth the happiest then;
More dear to me than miser's gowd,
This queen o' Erchless glen.

R. H. CALDER.

THE Rev. Robert Hogg Calder, M.A., a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, is a native of the parish of Durris, Kincardineshire, where he was born in the year 1850. His father was tenant of a small farm situated on the north side of the lower Grampians, in the valley of the Dee. He received the elements of his education at the Glen of Dhuaels school, in the upper end of the parish. In his early years he was familiar with the writings of Burns, Hogg, Tannahill, and other Scottish poets, and cultivated a taste for rural scenes and Scottish poetry which outlived a subsequent long course of classical study. He also read snatches of Blind Harry's "Wallace," and was an enthusiastic admirer of that hero. Later on, he was fascinated with the romantic story of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and took a keen interest in everything connected with the Highlands and Highlanders. He was about twelve years of age when his father died, and he shortly afterwards left Durris. For six or seven years, with an occasional winter at school, he was engaged in manual

labour. During these years he read a great deal in his leisure times, but wrote nothing. Having saved some money for the purpose, he, in 1869, began a course of classical study at the Grammar School, Old Aberdeen. While here, having found utterance, he poured forth at brief intervals a number of short poems, chiefly humorous, and in the Scottish dialect. On gaining by competition a bursary of £15 a-year he entered the University of Aberdeen in 1872. Mr Calder contributed a few pieces in verse to various students' magazines, and wrote for the newspapers and magazines several excellent papers, tales, and sketches. He gained a certificate in Philosophy, and took his M.A. degree in 1876. The following year he was awarded a first prize of £30 for an essay on "Systems of Land Tenure;" and also wrote a number of short articles bearing on that subject. In 1877 he entered on the study of Divinity in the University of Aberdeen. During the whole of his divinity course he wrote no poetry, and his reading, in spare hours, was chiefly in philosophy. In the intervals between sessions Mr Calder was occupied in teaching in various parts of Scotland and England. Having finished the usual course of divinity he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Aberdeen, in May, 1880.

We have a very high opinion of Mr Calder as a poet. For many years he has contributed sweet songs and thoughtful poems to the newspapers and various magazines, but hitherto, like a shy bird singing from a thicket, only under the *nom-de-plume* of "Rab," "Callant," "Robin," &c., while latterly he has given only his initials to a number of beautiful productions in "Life and Work." Musical thoughts seem to flow from him like the carol from the blackbird. In his poems he tells a homely, humble story of grief or joy with admirable feeling, and can paint an odd character with a stroke or two of the brush,

frequently finishing with a neatly and tersely expressed moral, powerfully casting over the whole the glorious illumination of the Gospel, thus making his hero a beacon or a warning. His pictures of rural life, heathery knowes, and broomy burnsides, cothouses and ingle-cheeks are true to nature. They are like the touches of tender hands and the music of soft tones. Indeed we venture to predict that the truth, the graphic simplicity, and the pleasing humour of Mr Calder's poetry will command very wide admiration, and several of his songs, welling with the cheerful purity of the wayside spring, made the more inviting by the sweet fragrance of the flowers growing around it, will be almost as imperishable as the language in which they are written. His early struggles and thirst for knowledge, and his ultimate success conveys a lesson in courage, perseverance, thrift, manliness, and piety more powerful than the most eloquent of sermons.

THE WALLIE.

O doon beside the lea-rig,
  There ran a bonnie burn,
Wi' mony a loup owre stane heads,
  An' mony a windin' turn ;
An' up upo' the brae face,
  Within a grassy ring,
There was a wee bit wallie,
  Frae a deep clear spring.

An' lang as e'er the burn
  Keepit up a steady flow,
We gaedna near the wallie,
  It drappit aye sae slow ;
But when the sun in summer
  Was bleezin i' the sky,
O sweet was then the wallie
  When the burn ran dry.

The wallie never failed us,
  E'en at our sairest need,
But when the heat assailed us,
  We ran to it wi' speed ;

An' as we sloked our drouthy craigs,
Ilk ane was fain to cry—
"Its braw to hae a wallie
When the burn rins dry.

When fortune frowns upon us,
An' witherin' blasts are rife,
An' grief amaist has dried up
The fountains o' our life,
We aften find some little thing
We ance gaed lichtly by,
That cheers us like a wallie
When the burn rins dry.

O mony folk are freenly
As lang's we naething lack,
But when we need a hand's turn
They quickly show their back;
Yet the trusty freen' that stands by us,
When a' the fause anes fly,
Is just like'a caller wallie
When the burn rins dry.

But ilka thing beneath the sun
Comes to an end at last,
An' life, wi' a' its ups an' douns,
Will soon be gane an' past;
An' to hae a hope beyond this life,
A treasure up on high,
Is the best kind o' a wallie
When the burn rins dry.

THE ANXIOUS MITHER.

Save us a'! sic a day! hoo the rain's poorin' doon,
And the lift lowerin' black as a morclaith aboon;
The wind frae the norlan' is blawin' sae crouse,
That I'm fleyed it will rive a' the thack aff my hoose;
The birds ha'e ta'en shelter in busses and trees,
Frae the cauld rain that's drivin' o'er moorlands and leas;
But my Maggie, puir lassie—the thocht gi'es me pain—
Is herdin' the furth in the wind an' the rain.

Puir thing! she's been weakly an' frail a' her days,
An' is happet but spare in her duddies o' claes;
Her plaidie by noo maun be draggled wi' weet,
An' the draps trintlin' ower her bare leggies an' feet;
She'll ha'e nae divot hoosie or couthie dykeside
To creep in an' help her the cauld blast to bide;
Frae greetin', I'm sure, I can hardly refrain,
To think she's the furth in sic wind an' sic rain.

She gaed hame i' the springtime to herd at Greenlee,
Unco blythe to be winnin' her ain penny fee;
I was wae an' doonhairted to lat her awa'
Amo' frem't folk sae early, sae young an' sae sma';
They are gude folk she's wi', baith the auld an' the young,
An' wad injure nae creatur' wi' hand or wi' tongue;
But they canna feel for her as she war their ain,
When herdin' the furth in the wind an' the rain.

Wae is me for the hardships and perils, each day
That beset puir folk's bairns their hale earthly way;
They're in peril by day, they're in peril by nicht,
They're in peril oot by frae's, an' likewise in sicht,
They're in peril in fair days as weel as in foul,
An' when thinkin' o' joy aften dree mickle dool;
But they're aye in gude hand—sae I maunna complain—
It's God guides the force o' the wind an' the rain.

SPEAK O' A MAN AS YE FIND HIM.

The ills o' the warld ye may sadly lament,
An' heartily wish ye could end them;
Weel, listen a wee an' I'll gie ye a hint
O' how ye may lessen an' mend them.
To sour-tongued evil-speakin' yer lug never lend,
That ill-natured chiel' never mind him;
Aye on yer ain e'en an' yer judgment depend,
An' speak o' a man as ye find him.

O why should a man get bespatter'd wi' glaur,
Wha is cleaner than mony that splash him;
Or a stoiterin' chiel' hae his failins made waur,
By the tongues o' the bodies that clash him?
Its the way o' the warld when they get a man doon,
'Neath the mill-stane o' slander to grind him;
Frae a practice sae hairtless keep ye aye aboon,
An' speak o' him as ye find him.

There are folk wha wad judge o' a man by the ways
An' the deeds o' his forbears afore him;
But why fit a man into ither folks claes,
Or the dust o' his fathers fling o'er him?
Let ilk herrin' get leave to hang by its ain tail,
Ilk man in his ain plaid to wind him;
Let his forbears alane an' look weel to himsel',
An' speak o' a man e'en as ye find him.

Some delight to rake up ilka antic an' faut
That a man may hae dune ere ye kent him;
But its no ilka saint that's sae gude as he's ca't,
Nor ilk sinner sae black as they paint him.

Nae maitter ; gin noo ye hae cause to believe
He has left a' sic follies behind him ;
Gie the man a fair chance his gude name to retrieve,
An' speak o' him just as ye find him.

When a chiel' comes aboot speakin' ill o' yer freen',
An' warnin' ye nae to gang near him ;
That he's sour, an' deceitfu', an' selfish, an' mean,
I rede ye tak' tent how ye hear him.
Nae doot he may say what he *thinks* to be true,
But envy an' hatred may blind him ;
Wad ye siclike spectacles deign to look through?
Na ! speak o' the man as ye find him.

Decent folk winna gang onygate vera far—
Winna look verra lang roun' aboot them,
Till they see mony ane wearin' sin's deadly scar,
An' sae wicked that nane could misdoot them.
You may think yon puir coof something better micht dree,
But consider the fetters that bind him ;
Kindly speak to himsel', gin ye can, set him free,
An' leave him mair blest than ye find him.

THE TOOTIN' HORN.

Oor Jamie was never sae blythe, I ween,
Sin' the day that he was born,
As when, in the auld hoose laft ae nicht,
He cam' on a tootin'-horn.
His e'en glanced bricht, and his hairt lap licht,
An' he shoutit in boyish glee,
"O, gin I but live till anither day,
The warld shall hear o' me ! "

Sae the waukrife cock had barely time
To herald the risin' morn,
When Jamie ran up to the tap o' the knowe,
An' blew on his tootin'-horn.
The lingerin' nicht made aff at the soun',
As fast as it could rin ;
An' the sun glower'd up frae his ocean bed
To see what made the din.

The moon, that hang ower the dun hill-tap,
Sank doon wi' perfect fear ;
An' the mornin'-star grew pale an' shook,
As gin its end were near ;
The gray cluds scoured alang the lift,
The mist speel'd up the brae,
An' the western win' stole quickly past,
As though 'twere death to stay.

Frae his bed on the heather the muir-cock bang'd,
An' craw'd wi' micht an' main ;
Up through the clover the maukin sprang'd,
While its lang lugs rang again ;
An' that's nae the half—but 'twill maybe show
Folk shouldna sma' things scorn,
For ye see what grand events took place
At the blast o' a tootin'-horn.

MY HIGHLAND LASSIE.

Where mountains steep an' craggy
Rear high their hoary cresta,
And forests dark and shaggy
Are waving on their breasts ;
Far up yon glen sae grassy,
In bosom o' the wild,
My bonnie Highland lassie
Blooms—Nature's fairest child.

She's gracefu' as the bracken,
And blythesome as a fawn ;
Her artless notes awaken
The echoes at the dawn ;
She's neither sour nor saucy,
Nor bears a lofty mind ;
My bonnie Highland lassie
Is gentle, meek, an' kind.

And in her tartan plaidie,
And silken-snooded hair,
What stately high-born lady
Can ance wi' her compare ?
Ye city dames sae gausie
May busk yoursel's fu' braw—
My bonnie Highland lassie
Is fairer than ye a'.

When gloamin's shades are stealing
Alang the dusky heath,
I'll seek the lonely shieling
That hauds my a' beneath ;
Beside yon streamlet glassy
That wimples through the grove,
I'll woo my Highland lassie
Wi' fondest purest love.

WHEN THE SPRING COMES IN.

Oh, the winter's ill to thole
Wi' its weary frost an' snaw,

When we crulge around the coal
  As the snelly breezes blaw;
But when owre the snawless hills
  Comes the balmy westlan' win',
Ah, we sune forget past ills—
  When the spring comes in.

Noo the lammies bleat an' play
  Owre the green an' grassy haugh,
An' in wayward gambols stray
  Doon the burn beside the saugh;
An' the minnon in the pool
  Plys his wavy soople fin
Through the burnie, clear an' cool—
  When the spring comes in.

An' the peewit wisks his wings
  Owre the stoorie, dry, red land,
Whare the sawer stalks an' flings
  Gowden seed grains frae his hand;
An' upon the whinny-knowe
  Bairnies mak' a merry din,
Sporting roond the bleezin' lowe—
  When the spring comes in.

There's a spirit in the wuds
  Waukenin' a'thing up frae sleep,
An' sweet flowers an' tender buds
  Frae their beds are seen to peep;
Bands o' snawdraps, pure an' white,
  Modest primroses begin
Aince again to cheer oor sight—
  When the spring comes in.

See, the mavis tak's his stand
  On the larick's tapmost bough,
Whence he pours his notes sae grand
  Over woodland, hicht, an' howe;
While the laverock owre the lea,
  An' the yorlan frae the whin,
Gar the welkin ring wi' glee—
  When the spring comes in.

Ah! it's hard to keep the heart
  Frae the fangs o' dool an' care,
An' wi' a' yer skill an' art
  Ye may aften fin' them there;
But when a' aroond are glad,
  It wad surely be a sin,
Gin man alane was sad—
  When the spring comes in.

ANTHONY CUNNINGHAM M'BRYDE.

WE have only to look around us to perceive that—whether or not the conditions of the modern world are favourable to artistic excellence—all the main forces of civilization are tending towards artistic activity, and we are thus not surprised to find in our researches several poet-artists. The first end of art is to delight man through his imagination, strengthening him in the conflicts of life with pure and lofty thoughts. In producing what delights the eye, the artist works naturally, spontaneously, almost unconsciously; and is it not the same with the poet in regard to the ear? The subjects of the present and following sketch are artists as well as poets. Their productions have a combination of the refined and the beautiful, the tender and the romantic. As poetical and prose writers, to use an artistic expression, their conceptions are striking and original, their drawing is accurate and truthful, and their colouring pleasing and tasteful.

Anthony Cunningham M'Bryde, grand-nephew of Allan Cunningham—the "honest Allan" of poetic fame—was born at Monkton, Ayrshire, in 1838. Monkton is a parish in the district of *Kyle*, and includes the ancient and abrogated parish of Prestwick. The village has a certain extent of lands attached to it in common with Prestwick, and is divided in lots among freemen—the original gift of King Robert the Bruce for military services rendered by the natives to that monarch when he contended with England for the throne. Monkton is a picturesque village, distant about five miles from Ayr, and commands extensive views of the surrounding country, sea-coast, Ailsa Craig, and Arran Island. *Burnweil, or Craigiehill*, is in the immediate vicinity.

A monument to Wallace indicates the spot where the great hero stood and witnessed the burning of the Barns at Ayr containing the murderers of his uncle and oppressors of his country.

The auld clay biggin', of peasant construction, in which our author was born, is a feature of the landscape worthy of artistic regard, with its "crow-stepped" gables, irregular and weather-coloured dry-stone walls, innocent of lime as a march-dyke; its diminutive "bole" windows, low-browed doorways, and undulating thatched roof of luxuriant moss and lichen overgrowths; clasped securely against wintry storms with ancient disused harrows: These and other picturesquenesses, within and without, combined with the historical associations of the locality, constitute an appropriate birthplace for a poet-artist. Monkton parish kirk is very ancient, and is particularly alluded to in Blind Harry's "Wallace":—

> "Sir Ranald set a day befor yis ayr,
> At Monktone Kyrk his freyands with hym yar,
> Wallace fra yaim to ye Kirk he zeid
> Pater Noster, Ave, he said and Creed;
> Syne to ye grece he lenyt hym sobyrly.
> Apon a sleip he slaid full sodanly," &c.
>
> —*Buke Sewynd.*

It is worthy of note that Anthony was baptised by Dr Thomas Burns (minister of Monkton Kirk), who was a nephew of Robert Burns, the illustrious Scottish bard. Dr Burns was a son of Gilbert, brother of the poet. He "came out" at the Disruption, and went to New Zealand as a missionary of the Free Church. At an age when many children commence their educational career, we find M'Bryde at work herding kye. Subsequently he removed to Glasgow with his parents in 1848, and went immediately afterwards to work in a pottery. An early love of the beautiful in Nature and Art developed into art

as a profession, and literature as a recreation. He was employed in a muslin warehouse as a tracer of designs, where he had for a companion Alexander Smith, the well-known author of "A Life Drama." In 1854 he was induced to accept a situation in the Ordnance Survey Office as a plan draughtsman, and in 1856 he was apprenticed as a lithographic artist in the printing office of Messrs Gilmour & Dean. On the expiry of his apprenticeship he went to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he remained for five years. Returning to Scotland in 1867, he entered the service of Messrs Thomas Nelson & Sons, where he has remained ever since as an illustrator of books, &c., and is much esteemed for his artistic skill and other personal qualities.

M'Bryde is descended from good old Scottish families by both parents. His father's family were farmers and heritors in the parish of Kirkinner, Galloway, for many generations; while his mother is a Cunningham of Dalswinton, Dumfriesshire—a family honourably distinguished in literature. She is a neice of Allan and Thomas Mouncey Cunningham, and when a young girl resided in the family of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, for some years, where she had the proud satisfaction of being personally known and appreciated by Sir Walter Scott, and many celebrated contemporaries of Hogg, who visited Altrive.

Mr M'Bryde has contributed poems, essays, and sketches for many years to the American, English, and Scottish press. His prose writings are characterised by felicity of diction and nervous vigour; while his poetic effusions furnish abundant evidence that he inherits, in no stinted measure, the many lyrical qualities of his illustrious relative—qualities that well entitle him to an honourable place in the list of Scottish bards.

GILLIE DHU DHIA.

(The Black Messenger of God.)

I' th' wa' gang o' gloamin', at my yett yestreen,
The Gillie Dhu lichted and tirled fu' lang;
And brawly I ettled his message did mean,
Sae I snodded my saul wi' the gillie to gang.
But the Gillie o' God gar'd my heart throb sair,
Whan he sheuk his heid and gied me to ken,
That it wasna for me that he had come there;
My time wasna come, and I e'en said Amen.

Oh! I coost a glint to his wings o' gloom,
As the gillie gaed oot frae my hallan door;
O! I coost a glint to the cradle toom,
And my heart was joy-toom'd for evermore!
My bonnie wee Oe was the ae only link
That held my heart here frae my hame on heich;
And the eerie mirk cam' wi' the oot-gaun blink,
That I couldna see yont frae the Here to abeich.

The warld was toom'd o' the lives o' my kin,
And I grat and prayed meikle in strang despair;
But His lug wasna deaf, nor his tentie e'e blin',
And thus was I answered my wearisome prayer—
"Auld carlin o' auchty winters and three,
Quat your wud yaumrin', hae patience and faith,
Byde ye my time, and dicht your blurr'd e'e,
Whan you're ripe I'll send for ye my Gillie Dhu—Death!"

Oh! it's dowie to byde wi' the fremmit ahint,
Whan oor lo'ed anes afore await us at hame;
And the warld is cauld, and the pleasures in't
Are werch and fushionless, gawkit and tame.
For my saul langs fu' sair to flee awa' frae 't,
Like the lav'rock in joy to the far shinin' stars;
Oh! come Gillie Dhu, thy tryst I await,
To free me from life's prison, locks, bolts, and bars!

THE LEAL WIFE'S SANG.

Leeze me on my ain man, my kind, couthie ain man,
I wadna gie my ain man for onie ane I see;
Sae rich in manly worth, he's peerless on the earth,
There's lairdships in his looks to haud ane's heart in fee.
When lav'rocks wake the morn wi' sangs to heavenward borne
On incense drapping wings, he's up and awa'
To earn his sair-won fee, for his wife and bairnies wee,
And keep them snugly bien and mensfu' triggit braw.

When gloaming brings the stars and the gowd and crimson bars
To glorify the lift, when toil-spent day is dune,—

Then my gudeman comes hame to his bairns and faithfu' dame,
Wi' smiles and kisses blissfu', like joys o' heaven abune.
When Sabbath bells ring sweet, wi' willing hearts and feet
We gang wi' him to worship in the auncient kirk and grey;
And spend the haly time wi' feelings made sublime
By the intercourse wi' heaven upon God's haly day.

Oh! rich in love and truth, and the loveliness o' youth,
Though puir be my gudeman, and puirer yet may be;
Still in our puir hame dwells the peace that far excels
The splendours o' a palace, or a' that wealth can gie.
Leeze me on my ain man, my leal and lo'esome ain man,
Wha's like my ain man? owre a' he bears the gree;
He's manly, gude, and bonnie, and ne'er excelled by onie,
Thank heaven for my ain man, he's a' the warld to me!

SONG—THE WOOER'S TRYST.

The gloaming glories o' the lift hae dwined awa' to grey,
And clachan lichts begin to blink ayont the mirkning brae,
I' the abbey's mullioned winnock glowers the braid, red rising mune,
To tell the sang-tired birdies their daily darg is dune.
The curfew bell is telling, sae pawkiely and slee,
To monie a listening lad and lass by muirland, holm, and lea,
O' trysts to bide at gloaming hour by burnie, bower, and glen,
To breathe the auld, auld story that wooers only ken.

My minnie's glow'ring owre me, and I canna win awa'
To meet my ain dear lover doon in Craigentinny shaw;
Oh! weel I ken he's waiting there, sae loyally and true,
To fauld me in his manly airms and pree my willing mou'.
My tittie flytes me sairly, and jeers me ear and late;
My daddie's plans alarm me wi' bodings o' my fate;
The donnert laird o' Restalrig, he winna let me be—
They've sauld and coft me ben the house, and ne'er speired leave o' me.

I daurna gang to market, and I daurna gang to kirk;
Nor wauk the fauld at buchting time i' the lanely hillside lirk;
For sure as shadow follows the sunshine ower the swaird,
Sae surely I'll be followed by the auld tormentin' laird;
He weel micht be my gutcher, wi' his locks o' drift white snaw,
His clocherin hoast, and wheaslin voice, and body fal't in twa;
Wi' rheumy e'e and palsied mou he simpers words o' love,
And hopes wi' a' his gowd and gear my faithfu' heart to move.

But Restalrig, nor Inverleith, wi' a' their acres wide,
Nor muckle ha' aboon the loch in brave baronial pride,
Wi' scutcheons, crests, and monograms, displayed wi' art like care,
Sall tempt me frae my plichtit tróth or Jamie ever mair.

Foul fa' the weary siller, oh, that gies sae muckle dule,
And wae betide the lacking o't, to gar us bow and snool;
Deil tak the wud ambition, maks parents' hearts like airn—
To niffer for its puir toom joys the life o' their ain bairn!

For what care I for wealth, or rank, or vauntit noble bluid?
Leal hearts are wealth, and nobleness is only being guid,
The lord is but a beggar loon if destitute o' these,
And gaberlunzie is a lord possessing guid, God gies!
But I'll be true to Jamie yet, though puir the lad may be;
Though lichtlied by my kith and kin, he's a' the warld to me.
Sae let them flyte and ban till doom, I'll doon the whinny shaw,
And bide my tryst wi' him I lo'e, whatever may befa'!

LENNOX MANOR.

On the border-land of the country and town,
Where the civic and rural commix fraternal
Where primeval mountains grandly look down
On the vain human now, and the ocean eternal;
In a lane foundationed in ancient graves,
And silently creeping around royal towers,
Stands Lennox Manor, a wreck of Time's waves,
Stranded with ghosts on this Present of ours.

Armorial blazonry moulder and rust—
Over the doorways and fireplaces wide;
Feather-wreathed death-heads, mantled with dust,
Cancel their meaning and old Lennox pride.
Sad is its story to those who can hear,
Of love-death and power-death, lordly and regal;
The success of success, and martyrdom's tear,
The right of the might, and the wrong of the legal.

The crafty intrigue of the Church or the Court,
The Churchman's hate and the placeman's greed;
The mad ambition and fierce brutal sport,
The damnable war evolved from a creed.
The pride of inheritance—titles and blood,
The family feud, and the family bond;
The falsehood heraldic—old as the flood—
Graved or writ, parchmented or stoned.

The old, old passion and tale ever new,
The love church-blessed, and the love disloyal;
The murderous night death, due or undue,
The after revenge of the mob on the royal.
Armies returning or going to war—
Seeking or bringing the laurel all gory;
Days when the Stuarts' auspicious star
Shed on their dynasty tenderest glory.

The forces at work from within and without,
Effecting changes, slowly but surely;
Remodelling forms of language and thought,
Earth-right and birth-right, once fixed securely.
This is thy knowledge, old house of the Lennox,
Oh! for the wisdom such knowledge must give;
To bid the soul rise from its ashes like Phœnix,
Scatheless of sin-wreck, immortal to live!

JAMES JAMIESON,

ONE of our sweet poets of the Scottish Borders, so long famous for song-writers, was born at Hawick in 1840. In his boyhood he served an apprenticeship to a druggist. Instead of following out this career, however, his fine artistic tastes led him in another direction, for at the age of twenty he went to Edinburgh and served a farther apprenticeship as a lithographic artist—a profession which he still continues to follow with marked taste and ability. From his earliest years, Mr Jamieson has paid court to the Muses, and many choice lyrics—humorous, pathetic, and descriptive—have been the product of his pen. In several respects, the same estimate we have given of Mr M'Bryde as a poet applies to Mr Jamieson. He has written many songs full of nerve and pith—real thoughts in real poetry. His poems show the minute and careful observer of Nature, the effective painter, whose descriptive powers are far from that generalizing kind which tells everything about a scene except what is special to it.

THE LAIRD'S COURTSHIP.

Hae ye heard o' the Laird o' the Winnelstrae Brae,
How he wantit a wife, an' a-courting wad gae?

'Now wha will it be?' quo the Laird to himsel,
But the mair that he pondered, the less could he tell.

'Oh, will it be Bella, or will it be Bess;
Rich Luckie Macrandie, or bonnie young Jess?'
Sae he settled at last that the best way ava
To gie ilk ane a chance, was to speir at them a'.

But, firstly, the wily auld Laird, to mak sure
That himsel, no his siller, the lass wad allure,
Made it kent that a failure had left him richt bare—
He wasna just puir, but was wealthy nae mair.

To Mysie, his servant, deep-blushing, he says:
'The morn ye maun lay oot my best Sunday claes.
I've been thinkin,' quo' he, 'ere my best days are past,
That it's really quite time I was married at last.'

Oh, high was his head as the Laird rade awa',
Wi' a swallow-tailed coat an' a necktie sae braw;
He'd sleekit an' kaimed the haill mornin, I trow,
To cover the bald bit a-top o' his pow.

He cantered awa' on his pony, fu' gay,
He sang to himsel as he rade doon the brae;
But Mysie, puir lass, was but waefu, I ween,
Wi' the tail o' her apron she dichtit her een.

'Hech me! I hae served him sae faithfu an' leal,
An' borne a' his humours baith ailing an' weal,
An' now, when he's weddit, he'll need me nae mair;
I maun gang to the puirhoose for aucht that he'll care.'

Now hoo the Laird sped on his courting that day
Was tell't as a secret to twa-three, an' sae
The story soon gaed roond the haill kintra-side
How the Laird had got on when he soght for a bride.

Some had thanked him, but thocht he was really ower auld,
An' some were engaged, if the truth micht be tauld;
An' Luckie Macrandie, she flate and she swore,
An' she chased her auld wooer richt oot at the door.

Sair hingin his heid cam the Laird ridin' back,
But a sudden thocht strack him; to Mysie he spak—
'I'm auld an' I'm puir, lass, and hae na come speed;
A gude servant ye've been; be my gudewife instead.'

She says, 'Thank ye, dear Maister, I wunna say na;
I ken that ye're siller's ta'en wings an' awa';
But maybe ye'll find ye'll be better wi' me
Than some pridefu young hizzie, baith senseless and slee.'

Sae the marriage was settled, an' followed aff-hand ;
There were pipers an' fiddlers, an' ilka thing grand ;
An' there ne'er was a happier couple, folk say,
Than the Laird and the Leddy o' Winnelstrae Brae.

THE GLOAMIN'.

The e'enin' stern has risen ayont auld Ruberslaw,
An' I've trystit wi' my lassie to meet her i' the shaw,
Where the burnie rushes broon ower the rocky water-fa',
An' weets the birken-boughs wi' its foamin' ;
Oh, sweetly sing the birdies as they hap from tree to tree,
Whan the glory o' the dawnin' fills their little hearts wi' glee ;
But the music o' my Lizzie's voice is pleasanter to me
As she ca's hame the kye i' the gloamin'.

I lo'e to see the harebell wi' its dancin' cups o' blue,
An' bonnie is the primrose whan its drookit wi' the dew ;
But o' a' the woodland blossoms the pansie maist I lo'e
That the bee stops to pree in his roamin' ;
Whan I see it lyin' nestled in its quiet neuk o' green,
It minds me o' my Lizzie, sae modest is her mien—
She's as bonnie as she's innocent—an' oh ! my lassie's een
Are as blue as ony pansie's i' the gloamin'.

LINES TO AN OLD CAB HORSE,

FORMERLY A HUNTER.

How oft a day thy patient feet
Maun measure out the stanie street,
Frae summer, whan the scorchin' heat
Crines a'thing up,
Till winter, whan the cruel sleet
Cuts like a whup.

Yer bouk is unco sair faun in,
The banes stick through yer tautit skin ;
Yet still in heat, or weet, or win',
Yer pluck's aye gude,
The courage o' yer hunter kin
Rins i' the bluid !

Syne comes thy short time o' repose,
The weel-earned mooth-pock on yer nose,
Ye stand, and hae a wee bit dose
Ungalled by pain,
Till sudden to yer wontit woes
Ye're waked again.

Whan winter brings his gruesome train
Ye panchle on, an' ne'er complain,
Yer driver, drookit wi' the rain,
An' whyles half-fou,

Turns canker't, an' his temper gane
Wreaks't a' on you!

Puir beast! how different is thy plicht
Sin' since ye boundit, yauld an' licht,
Ahint slee Reynard in his flicht
Ower hill an' heath,
The while ye bore some leddie bricht
In at the death.

Yet hard an' thrawart as thy lot,
It maks my heart sair thinkin' o't,
Ilk ane maun thole the weird he's got
E'en till it ends,
Syne wha can tell some happier spot
May mak' amends.

BY THE RIVER JED.

The autumn, with its breath of flame,
Had scorched the beeches' outer leaves;
A soft wind o'er the Dunion came,
Rustling the tassels of the sheaves.

I wandered by the banks of Jed,
And watched the amber water's flow;
The apple-boughs above my head
Were reddened by the sunset glow.

King David's ruined Abbey towered
With stately arches fair to see—
Its massy, time-worn bulk embowered
'Mid fold on fold of greenery.

The quaint old Border city lay
Half-hid among its garden trees;
The din of labour, far away,
Came softened on the evening breeze.

Down where the river rushed and gleamed,
A band of youths, in sportive strife,
Bathed in a shadowed pool—they seemed
Pink-marble statues come to life.

The trees, the sky, the water's flow,
To me—in city long confined—
Brought memories of long ago,
Like some sweet music to my mind:

As if a melody were played
By angel hands—unseen to me,
And yet some subtle discord made
A wailing 'mid the harmony.

I searched to find the dear-loved cot
Where once I dwelt in days of old;
I found, but recognised it not—
Its door was gone, its hearth was cold;

Thistles and nettles filled the space
That once enshrined a happy home;
Four mouldering walls enclosed the place,
Its roof was now the sky's blue dome.

Of those who once were happy here
Two dwell beyond the south sea's wave,
And *one*—the one to me most dear—
Was early carried to her grave.

O tyrant Time, how cruelly
Ye deal with all that we hold dear!
Onward ye move, and bear with ye
The treasures of each glowing year.

Ah well! what boots it to complain?
"Here we have no abiding place"—
Still with our joy is mingled pain,
The heritage of Adam's race.

ARCHIBALD MUNRO,

A POET of much versatility and power, an able and much esteemed teacher, and widely known as one of our best authorities on matters concerning the life and works of Burns, is a native of Kintyre, Argyllshire. He was born there about the year 1825. The uncertainty of the date arises from the destruction by fire of the Parish Registers of Births, &c. His first steps in education were taken in a small country school about ten miles from Campbeltown; but when he was six years of age his parents removed to Campbeltown, where he received the advantage of a good course of training in the Grammar School, and other seminaries. At an early age he had charge of a country school, after which he

was offered, and accepted, the assistantship in the Grammar School. After eighteen months' employment in that capacity, during which he took part in teaching English, Latin, Greek, French, Mathematics, &c., he proceeded to the University of Glasgow.

In 1846 Mr Munro was appointed to one of the higher masterships in the Normal College, Moray House, Edinburgh. During his connection with that Institution he attended classes in the University, and in 1850 became a Master of Arts. Professor Dunbar, of the Greek Chair, awarded him the highest prize in the most advanced class. Though offered advantageous situations as a teacher in several places at home and abroad, he preferred opening a private school in Edinburgh for the board and education of young gentlemen. This training school is now widely known as Clare Hall Academy, and as Mr Munro distinguished himself in his classical examinations, and has long proved himself an accomplished and thorough master of the art of teaching, his school, as tested by examination, has always been found in a very high state of efficiency, the results indicating accurate scholarship alike on the part of teacher and pupils. Valuable scholarships have frequently been gained by students who commenced and prosecuted their classical education in Mr Munro's seminary, and the course of training has often been proved to qualify for entrance into the University, and for passing the Civil Service Examinations. The pupil is directed to the most effective method of securing and retaining the information required, and is frequently and closely examined in reference to the results of his labours. In this manner a habit of methodical application of the mind to the subject proposed, and a healthy spirit of self-reliance are invariably fostered and confirmed.

Mr Munro has long been a regular contributor to *newspapers and* literary journals. Both in his prose

and verse we find frequent gems of thought and grains of philosophy, as well as sparkling humour and occasional flashes of keen sarcastic wit. Many of his poems are too lengthy for our present purpose, and it would be difficult by a mere extract to illustrate the beauties mentioned above without injuring the context. The following, however, from the "Anniversary Poem" (1882), written for the Edinburgh Burns Club, of which Mr Munro is the "bard," affords, even by itself, a glimpse of the author's thought and taste :—

Each tuneful bird that bends a spray
And pours through heav'n its joyous lay ;
Each timorous tenant of the clay
And labour'd nest ;
Each star that shoots its twinkling ray
O'er distance vast ;

Each wimpling burn or swollen flood
That laves a bank or scoops a wood ;
Each bush or tree in flow'r or bud
That courts regard,
To Scotland's sons, true, sage, and good,
Recalls the Bard.

What time the daisy of the field
Has all its virgin hues reveal'd ;
Whene'er the ground—its russet bield—
It, rearing, spurns ;
See *there* a monument unveil'd
To Robert Burns.

It should be stated that Mr Munro has written with much power on many discussed points on the subject of Burns, his "forbears," and his contemporaries ; and we know that he has a very ample knowledge of much of the poet's history that has not yet been printed. His study is, in this respect, quite a Burns museum, crowded with relics of the national bard. As an antiquarian, Mr Munro's historical research has been deep and accurate as his scholarship *is practical* and ripe. His poetry shows a true

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insight into human nature, patient observation, careful record, and considerable ability in inventing phrases, with real felicity in the application of epithet. His poems never fail to delight the cultivated taste, and they excite in the heart of every true Scotchman enthusiastic sentiments of true patriotism. We understand Mr Munro intends shortly to publish a volume of poetry on legends connected with Argyllshire.

A singular interest is attached to the subject of the first poem we give. Lieutenant Irving was one of Franklin's officers in his ill-fated expedition to the Arctic Seas in 1846. His remains, which were but a few pounds weight, were found buried in snow in 1881, brought to Edinburgh, and interred with becoming ceremony.

LIEUTENANT IRVING.

Why sounds the pibroch that sad wail I hear?
Or why so grave each countenance you meet?
Why do ev'n strangers drop the tender tear,
Why rush the crowds along the busy street?

No common grief to-day Edina moves,
No recent sorrow shades her saddened brow;
To-day in sighs her constant heart she proves,
While o'er his grave her children lonely bow.

Nurs'd 'mid the comforts of a genial home,
And sure of service on his native seas,
A noble impulse bade him further roam,
Confronting danger, famine, and disease.

A comrade braver Franklin could not choose
Than Irving, scion of a Scottish stock,
To dare encounter with the Polar floes,
The fitful current and the icy rock.

For mankind's good as well's for Britain's fame,
The siren voice of ease he proudly spurn'd,
And, fired with rapture at the Patriot's flame,
He faced the fate now long and deeply mourn'd

'Mid Arctic horrors oft his bosom sighed
O'er scenes of boyhood, youth, and college days;

Yet who can think aught so his spirit tried,
As th' fears his absence in his friends might raise.

When thick-ribb'd barriers hemm'd the fleet around,
And ghastly famine mock'd her shivering crew
They wish'd– mayhap the wish no echo found—
Their dust might rest where life's first breath they drew.

A Pow'r propitious, Irving, heard thy prayer,
And mov'd brave men to track thy turfless tomb;
Britannia gathered with a parent's care
Thy sparse remains and bore them safely home.

This day a nation warms with loving tears
The remnants rescued from the icy mound;
Yet none the less their memory she reveres
Who fell with thee, but no such rescue found.

Thus Britain's love inspires her loyal sons
To deeds of valour, suffering, or of death;
With jealous care she seeks and guards their bones,
And lisps their name in every passing breath.

Edina, fence the treasure you possess
From vandal's plundering touch or foot profane;
No grave like this can pensive hearts impress—
No tablet can our gaze so long detain.

A NAMELESS TREASURE.

Beside the Cross, Midlothian's noted "Heart,"
Where goods distrained are placed in view for mart,
There stood a table, groaning with a pile
Of faded books, of varied tongue and style.

Here might be seen, in rude disorder hurl'd,
The learnèd tome that once entranced the world;
And hard beside reposed the minstrel's lay,
That charm'd the past, and charms no less to-day;
The sceptic's whims, deck'd out with siren wile,
To drug the reckless and his hopes beguile;
The modest tract, the earnest author's type,
Rebutting doctrines, showy, crude, unripe,
By turns the curious students' notice drew,
And quoted age to show their themes were true.
On each and all the owners' names were traced,
With showy mottoes, marks, or titles graced;
Ev'n where the subject-theme received the brand
Of virtue's scowl throughout each Christian land,
The proud possessor, scorning gadding fame,
Upon the frontispiece inscribed their name.

Beneath this mass, just now transferred to-day,
A massive volume long unnoticed lay;

The gilded edges, once compress'd and bright,
Now crimp'd and tarnish'd, scarce reflect the light;
A priz'd possession doubtless once it was,
Though symbol now of fickle fortune's laws.
The sacred Book (for such it chanced to be)
Now waits a "bode" to change its destiny.

A leaf where met its records, New and Old,
In different hands, both graceful, free, and bold,
Display two names, in mystic union joined,
With place and date in order due combin'd.

The names were John . . and Mary . . —names most dear
In every age, abroad as well as here,
The Christian name alone remain'd intact—
The riven leaf the double surname lack'd.

Yet time there was when this same tattered page
Would beaming eyes and loving hearts engage.
The happy bride who, mov'd with modest glee,
Invited friends her marriage gifts to see,
With keenest pleasure would the scroll unfold
That show'd her faith and eke her marriage told;
Though time or work her partner might remove,
The silent leaflet would attest his love;
His solemn promise constant to remain
Such holy sanction nowhere else could gain.
With glowing zest the loving partners view'd
The lines that oft their early joys renew'd.

Why did they part, then, with the cherish'd book,
Or tear their surnames from their hallow'd nook?
Ah! who can tell what influence shed its blight
On former scenes of promise and delight?

In life's stern struggle did the husband fail
And lose the field where frauds alone prevail;
Did thriftless ventures scourge his lust for gain,
And swell the crowd of dire misfortune's train?
Did wife or husband (dare we ask, if both?)
Forswear the Bible and its tenets loathe?
Did baleful fancies nobler views supplant
That nerve the patriot and refine the saint?
Or had its precepts failed to shape their way,
Till first they cease'd to read, then scorn'd to pray?
From step to step descending in their course,
Did crime awake and then defy remorse?
Reduced at last to hopeless want and shame,
Did former splendour bid them hide their name?

Though for the cause that wrought the rueful change
Sage speculation long may vainly range;

Yet, if a relic can affect the heart,
'Tis th' Family Bible at an Auction Mart!

A WARBLER'S PRAISE.

(A bird perched on the steeple of a newly-opened church began to sing while the congregation was chanting the opening hymn.)

Little warbler on the steeple,
Joyous in the noontide rays,
Wake your strain and join the people
In the swell of choral praise.

Meet it is, sweet bird of heaven,
O'er their voice thy notes should rise;
To them but narrow walls are given—
Thine the vault of endless skies.

'Neath thy perch, in solemn duty,
Worshippers observe this day;
In ancient forms of simple beauty
Here they meet to sing and pray.

Now a newly-opened temple
Fit inauguration seals;
Here may precept and example
Urge the truth each bosom feels.

Ere the Sabbath was created,
Ere mankind the earth possess'd,
Ere on hallow'd rites they waited,
Praise a warbler's joy express'd.

Early songster of creation,
Warn listless sons of men,
When professing adoration,
Silent lips Heaven's praise restrain.

Set against the sceptic's reason
Sinless, artless creatures' choice:
Spontaneous, jubilant in its season,
Heavenward rises Nature's voice.

While the page of inspiration
Perfect modes of praise prescribe,
Models for our imitation
Meet us in the winged tribe.

MY BOOK-SHELF.

My precious Book-shelf! small but choice,
My never-failing friend;

My Mentor when the week begins,
My solace till its end.

No miser ever gathered gear
To heap his needless store
With half the zeal I treasure mine
To buy one volume more.

The plack I tender'd in exchange
I've neither grudged nor miss'd;
Each added tome I count a friend—
The dearest on my list.

Yet groaning shelves of endless range
From me scant homage call:
He who possesses many friends
Has seldom one at all.

My printed chums, though few, are rare;
I've conn'd them o'er and o'er,
And think if more were on my shelf
I'd study less—not more.

The mellow fruit of earnest thought
In every age and clime
Lies treasured here in modest guise,
In prose, blank verse, or rhyme.

What time my wakened fancy seeks
Communion with a sage,
A ready welcome he bestows,
And spreads his patient page.

Here one describes in graphic lines
The springs of nation's wealth;
Another, vers'd in Nature's laws,
Unfolds his guide to health.

The mystic pow'rs that rule and bind
The planets in their course,
A third resolves to simple parts,
And proves their various force.

What rare discoveries reward
Research in ocean's bed;
What floating guards surround the pole,
And fence its sovereign head.

Great were my loss to shun the themes
That graver truth impart,
Or, while my mind its diet craves,
Neglect and starve the heart.

No ceremony do I need,
No introduction crave,
And when I get the views I want
I close my book—and leave.

They join me in my pensive walks
At morn or balmy e'en;
Companions welcome on the hill,
And grateful in the glen.

From lack of time or want of wit,
If themes obscure remain,
Unfold the page at leisure time,
And scan its signs again.

At magnates' "calls" our letter'd friends
No student e'er discard;
To peer or peasant, priest or pope,
They mete the same regard.

'Tis true, at times, they show their backs,
And sullen seem to stand;
But blandly they'll requite your wish
To offer them your hand.

You gain their converse when you will,
And make it short or long;
Your wayward mood they don't resent,
Nor hint you do them wrong.

How diff'rent from our human friends,
Who seldom faults condone;
Who friendships blast from fickle whims—
Our follies—or their own.

And when in sleep we close our eyes—
The sleep that's long and deep;
Their fruit is luscious as of yore,
For other hands to reap.

DONALD M'COLL M'AUSLANE.

DONALD M. M'AUSLANE was a younger brother of William T. M'Auslane, a sketch of whom will be found in the second series of "Modern

Scottish Poets." He was born in Glasgow in 1836, and died in 1881, in his forty-fifth year. He commenced his literary career on the *Hamilton Advertiser*, after leaving which he was successively engaged on newspapers in Edinburgh and Glasgow as a reporter and sub-editor. He excelled as a writer of humorous sketches of Scottish life and character, contributed to papers with which he was connected. A number of these were re-published in 1871, in a volume entitled "Clydesdale Readings." He wrote chiefly under the names of "Tam Jenkins" and "Saunders Snip," and was likewise author of "Roger Rattray," a Scotch story in autobiographical form, which, previous to his death, was appearing in a Glasgow weekly paper as the production of "Geordie Short." In this tale he introduces a number of meritorious songs, one of which, given below, is a very successful parody of Longfellow's poem of "Excelsior." Mr M'Auslane's verses are simple, sweet, and tender. His poetical descriptions of places and scenery are graphic, for he possessed fine descriptive powers, and he gave to a character sketch that turn of thought which adds so much to its literary grace and suggestiveness. Among his most pleasing poetical pieces was "Memories of the Vale of Leven," one of the closing verses of which is the following:—

"Noo some of us are aged grown,
And gray and warld-worn,
But O we never can forget
The spot where we were born!
And sunny scenes and memories sweet
Come rushing through the min',
As we think on bonnie Leven's Vale,
And 'days of Auld Langsyne.'"

OLD POTS TO MEND.

AIR—"Excelsior."

The shades of night were falling down,
As through a large commercial town

There passed a man with age half-bent,
Who ever shouted as he went
"Old pots to mend!"

His face was marked with grief and care,
His clothes were tattered, torn, and bare,
All bruised and shoeless were his feet,
Yet still he thundered down the street
"Old pots to mend!"

On, on, though wearied sore, he sped,
In search of cash to purchase bread;
In lane, and street, and court, and square
A cry rang through the startled air
"Old pots to mend!"

A maiden, from a window high,
Beheld the poor man passing by;
She cried, in accents shrill and clear—
"Begone, we want no tinkers here!"
"Old pots to mend!"

The old man paused, and for a while
Gazed on the maid with ghastly smile;
Then, sadly turning round about,
He staggered forward, shouting out
"Old pots to mend!"

Finding his cry of no avail,
The tinker's strength began to fail;
"No home," he cried, "no fire, no bread,
Alas, I wish that I were dead,
Old pots to mend!"

At length, all wet, and weary grown,
Friendless, deserted, and alone;
Exhausted, in a close he stopped,
And, fainting, muttered, as he dropped,
"Old pots to mend!"

At streak of morn the following day,
A watchman chanced to pass that way,
And saw, all cold and lifeless lie,
The form of him who used to cry
"Old pots to mend!"

THE LAND WHAUR THE WALLACE WAS BORN.

O ken ye the land whaur the mountains rise hie,
An' the heather an' bold thistle wave;
Whaur the wild flowers that blossom on moorland and lea
Spring up frae the bed o' the brave;

Whaur the lads are sae buirdly, sae fearless, and free,
An' the lassies as blythe as the morn,
Wi' love laughin' sweet in ilk bonnie blue e'e?—
'Tis the land whaur the Wallace was born!

Tho' keen blaws the blast o'er the snaw theekit braes,
When winter bites bitter and snell,
Yet gladsome's the glint o' the lang simmer days
On green-wavin' woodland and dell.
O' Scotia! thy hills and thy valleys hae charms,
Most loved when we feel most forlorn;
Endeared by a name that the cauldest heart warms—
The land whaur the Wallace was born!

O', far hae thy sons in their wanderings trod,
Far, far hae they blazoned thy name,
An', dauntless an' daring, hae climb'd up the road
To honour, an' fortune, an' fame:
But ne'er frae their bosoms, whaure'er they go forth,
Can their love frae auld Scotia be torn,
For their souls, like the needle, aye cling to the north—
The land whaur the Wallace was born!

O green be the sod on the dust o' oor sires,
Aye verdant the laurels they've won;
May their names like a spell that to glory inspires,
Descend frae the sire to the son.
Lang, lang may auld Scotia's valour and worth
The wreath o' the nation adorn;
O', lang may she shine as a star o' the earth—
The land whaur the Wallace was born!

THE LASS WI' THE BLUE ROGUISH E'EN.

AIR—"The Deil tak them wha care."

I ance was a bachelor, canty, and free,
Unshackled by beauty or belle;
Ilk love-sick Adonis I counted a fule
Wha couldna tak' care o' himsel';
But last Sabbath morn I was smit in the kirk
Wi' the charms o' a gracefu' queen,
Wha conquered my heart wi' a couple o' blinks
Frae her bonnie blue roguish een.

Her jaunty wee bonnet was tastefully trimmed
Wi' ribbons and gum-flowers fu' braw,
An' her fair yellow hair was parted aboon
A brent broo as white as the snaw;
Her cheeks wi' the roses o' June could hae vied,
Her lips wi' ripe cheeries, I ween;
But what maist affected my heart were the blinks
O' her bonnie blue roguish een.

I heard no ae word that the minister spak,
  Although he's a preacher o' power ;
And whether his text was in Joel or John,
  I'm ignorant up to this hour.
Completely bewildered, dumfoundered, entranced,
  Bewitched I maun surely hae been ;
But wha could resist the enticing, blythe blinks
  O' sic bonnie blue roguish een.

The service concluded, the kirk 'gan to skale,
  I rose like a man in a dream,
An' followed the dear lassie hame to her hoose,
  Which stands by the side o' yon stream ;
An' slyly, in passing her window sae neat,
  I gied a bit glint owre the screen,
An' ance mair was blessed wi' a merry, blythe blink
  Frae her bonnie blue roguish een.

To smother the flame in my bosom I strove,
  But findin' my efforts a' vain,
I ca'd on the lassie, explained my sad case,
  An' asked her to banish my pain.
A kind, lovin' heart peerless Katie has got,
  As ere lang will plainly be seen,
When forth to the altar I lead the sweet lass
  Wi' the bonnie blue roguish een.

JOHN M'INTOSH.

THE inspiring nymphs of Parnassus have never been partial in the bestowal of their poetic gifts; for if old Homer was not a beggar he was of obscure and lowly birth as well as of position throughout the whole course of his after life. Hesiod was born in a miserable village in Bœotia; and when a man, fed the flocks of another near Mount Helicon. Pindar was a flute player; Euripides was the son of a petty trader and a green-grocer, while Terence was a slave. To come to more modern times: Allan Ramsay was a barber; Burns was a ploughman, and "turned a gauger for want;" while James

Hogg was a shepherd, but the most marvellous one surely that ever fed a flock or listened to the lambs bleating among the mountains; while in our own day we have poets among men of every trade and occupation, from the mechanic who constructs the gigantic engine, to the tailor who plies the needle. On the other hand we have had, and still have, poets among our "Princes and Lords," our learned professors and our philosophers. Such being the case then, the tuneful sisters, or nymphs of the Pierian plains, cannot be accused in the least degree of partiality in dealing out the gifts of song.

John M'Intosh, the subject of our present sketch, was born in Grantown, in the valley of the Spey, in 1848. His father was also a tailor, and on his removal to Aberdeen, where John attended school for a very short period, our poet, at the age of twelve, was set down on the board to stitch all day long by the side of his father. Differing with his stepmother, however, John was sent to serve with another master; but owing to an attack of erysipelas in his hand, he was laid aside from work, and his master paying him nothing when idle, he endured great hardships for a time, as he refused to apologise and return home. When but a mere lad he began to sigh for other scenes, and went off on tramp, working by turn in Montrose, Dundee, and Greenock, whence, armed with trade card in his pocket, he made for the border town of Lockerbie, where he plied the needle for a week, then crossed the border, and was for five years in England, where, like a certain suspicious gentleman of old, he kept "going to and fro in the land, and walking up and down in it." Even then he wrote poetry, and several of the early effusions of his muse appeared in the English newspapers. Tired of this roving life, he, in the spring of 1872, tramped back to Scotland. Footsore and exhausted he passed through the two Cumnocks—

Old and New—on his way to the west, and at Catrine, five miles further on, he was completely knocked up for a week with fatigue and swollen feet, after which he passed on to Ayr, where he took a solemn vow to tramp no more. To help him to perform his vow, he took another—the marriage vow—for in all his wanderings he had kept himself respectable both in behaviour and appearance. Since then, Mr M'Intosh has worked in Glasgow, and he is now settled in Kilmarnock. He has not yet published a volume, but he has frequently written in the columns of the *Glasgow Weekly Mail*, where his poems have been much admired, as well as in the *Kilmarnock Standard*. He has gained prizes for several ballads, and at Christmas last he carried off the first prize, offered by *The People's Journal*, for the best poem, and that, too, against over 160 competitors.

Mr M'Intosh has both the lyrical and the narrative gift, and he has a surprising command of poetic language, and aptness of illustration, for one whose education has been but limited. Although love—the theme of which almost every poet sings, and especially the prompter of the rural poets' muse—furnishes the inspiration of a considerable number of his verses, the charms of country life, and the pleasure of the fireside have afforded him favourable topics. He decisively grapples with whatever is false, and crushes error and deceit with no sparing hand. At times we find an absence of the polish and terseness on which more fastidious writers would pride themselves; but we more frequently find that the effort to convey the sense and meaning within a few happy phrases has been very successful. Mr M'Intosh is successful in what is most difficult—in the ballad measure. His ballads are truly beautiful, and are a welcome addition to a department in which Scotch poetry is already rich. Several of them are thoroughly imbued with much of the quaint and touching

pathos of the olden time. He possesses the happy talent of being able to unite the ancient English style with the sweet beauties of our language. Should he publish in book form he will require no apology, and will both surprise and gain the approbation of every honest and able critic.

OOR AIN LAND.

Oor ain land, oor ain land,
  Though ither lands may be
Far fairer than oor ain land
  An' brichter to the e'e;
Though snell an' shrill o'er vale and hill
  The win's o' Scotia blaw,
Though foreign booers are glad wi' flooers
  While oors are clad wi' snaw,
An' though ilk breeze frae Eastern hills
  Bears fragrance to the main—
Oor ain land, oor ain land,
  There's nae land like oor ain!

Oor ain land, oor ain land,
  There's something in that soond
That links us to oor ain land
  An' flings a halo roond
Her whinny knowes, her grassie howes,
  Her hills an' castles grey,
An' sheds its beams o'er a' her streams,
  An' gilds ilk bank an' brae,
Till a' oor being throbs and thrills
  To this mysterious strain—
Oor ain land, oor ain land,
  There's nae land like oor ain!

Oor ain land, oor ain land,
  The Scot exiled frae thee,
Still proudly claims oor ain land,
  Nae ither hame has he.
Before him rise, 'neath distant skies,
  In spite o' wish or will,
Hills, streams, and trees; the very bees
  He hears them hummin' still,
Till memory sabs, 'neath blindin' shooers
  O het heart-floodin' rain—
Oor ain land, oor ain land,
  There's nae land like oor ain!

Oor ain land, oor ain land,
  Still foremost let her be,

An' peerless be oor ain land,
  An' fearless as she's free;
An' oh, may each of Scottish speech,
  Remember still that we
Are fruits an' seeds o' deathless deeds,
  Bygane or yet to be.
Sae let this boundless boast be oors,
  Again an' yet again—
Oor ain land, oor ain land,
  There's nae land like oor ain!

FAIR HELEN'S WEIRD — A WESTMORLAND BALLAD.

Fair Helen she crap frae her faither's ha',
  To tryst wi' young Robin o' Kirby Thore,
You wadna hae seen a mair winsome twa
  Had you socht the hale o' the kintra o'er.

Her form was fautless, her hauns were wee,
  Her cheeks like red roses bloomin' in snaw,
An' a gudely gallant I ween was he
  As ever did bow in the greenwood draw.

But scarce had they met at the trystin' tree,
  An' scarce had he straikit her bonnie broon hair,
When her faither cam' ridin' frae Calgaith Pee'
  Wi' a dizzen o' mountit men an' mair,

Cryin'—"Deil nor ye sink 'neath my hearty ban,
  For daurin to tryst wi' my thochtless bairn,
Kenna ye weel that her heart an' haun'
  I hae vowed to oor Ladie o' Lindisfarne?"

She twined her airms her true love roon',
  An' sabbit an' sheuk like a frichtit doo,
Till her faither cried, "Deil's i' the lass an' loon,
  By 'r Ladie, this wark he sall dearly rue!"

Then she took the dirk frae her true love's side,
  An' she placed its point to her bosom bare,
Cryin' "Faither, this blade i' my heart I'll hide,
  An' ye daur to lay hauns on his lichtest hair."

Ae lang, fond look on his Helen he threw,
  Ae malison prayed on her faither's men,
Ae kiss he took frae her sweet wee moo',
  Syne sped like a whirlwind doon the glen.

Sax years an' a day had feckly gane
  Since Helen did first in the convent kneel,
An' socht frae heaven wi' weary mane
  A balm for the wound that nocht micht heal.

When, just as the sun was sinkin' low,
A vessel was seen to reach the shore
Wi' a Palmer grey at the carven bow,
An' a dizzen or sae at the creakin' oar.

"A boon, a boon, Ladie Abbess, I crave!
Open your yetts, I pray, to me,
For I hae knelt at oor Maker's grave
An' drank o' the water o' Galilee.

An' a heavenly message to thee I bring;
For, attestit wi' mony a wondrous sign,
I gat frae a seraph this rosarie string,
To place on the good Saint Cuthbert's shrine.

The beads they are made o' the gowd sae dear
The Kings frae the East to oor Ladie bare,
An' the cross is a pairt o' the airn spear
That pierced the side o' oor Maker sair."

The ponderous yetts swung slowly roon',
While the Sisters knelt in holy awe;
But Helen she sank in a deidly swoon
When the face o' that Palmer grey she saw.

He was into their midst wi' a hasty stride,
An' grippit her ticht in his airms bedene:
He had cuisten his Palmer's cloak aside,
An' he stood in his garb o' Lincoln green.

As he carried her oot thro' the airn yett—
They seemed as if bund by an eerie spell;
She was into his boat an' the sails were set
Ere they thocht aboot soondin' the convent bell.

They lichtit their beacons on tower an' law,
They scoured wi' their vessels the saut, saut sea;
But Helen an' Robin were far awa',
For treth had triumphed, an' love was free!

A RETROSPECT.

Come lean on me, my leal auld man,
Come lean on me, my laddie,
For I lo'e you the nóo as weel, auld man,
As the day that I left my daddie—
When I was a lassie blythe and young,
Wi' gowden hair an' glancin' een,
An' you was a lad whase witchin' tongue,
Made a' the warl' look blythe and bein.

An' I mind the time an' a,' auld man,
When oor only wean was born,
An' the day she was ta'en awa', auld man,
An' left us baith to mourn.
That day we had rowth o' gowd an' gear,
An' ilka thing in plenty,
While noo we've nocht but eild fu' drear,
An' neither meat nor dainty.

But tho' times hae changed sin' then, auld man,
Lat gowd an' dainties flee,
For I've aye been a' your ain, auld man,
An' you've aye been a' to me.
Sae lat us try an' no complain,
Though poorith grip us sair,
For sune we'll meet oor bonnie wean,
Whare grief comes nevermair.

"OH MITHER LAT ME RISE THE NICHT."

AIR—"Tak' back the ring, dear Jamie."

Oh, mither, lat me rise the nicht
An' sit in faither's chair,
An' gie my han's an' face a dicht
An' kaim my tautit hair;
But dinna chide the weans sae sair,
Nor mar their hearty glee,
They canna in oor sorrow share,
'Twere pity sic should be.

Oh, mither, I'd an unco dream,
As doverin like I lay;
I thocht aside the Irvine stream
I trystit Willie Gray;
The banks were clad wi' gowans gay,
The fields were turnin' green,
The lark was pourin' oot his lay,
The sun-gilt clouds atween;

An' whan he ta'en me in his airms
We sheuk like frichtit fawns,
Whase hearts the lichtest breath alairms
That sweeps across the lawns;
An', oh, sae blae, blae were his hauns,
His lips as cauld as lead;
Oh, mither, lang ere mornin' dawns
I ken that I'll be deid.

Syne a' my dream it seemed to change—
I stood and stood alane,
An' yet I didna think it strange
That Willie should be gane.

An' in my airms I held oor wean,
My Willie's wean an' mine,
An' laich the cauld, cauld win's did mane,
And pale the mune did shine.

The peeweet cryin' sharp an' clear,
The lammies on the brae,
Seemed a' to greet when I cam' near,
An' oh my heart was wae;
The vera water, cauld an' gray,
Seemed gurglin' ower this "leed:"
"Oh, Lizzie, lang ere dawns the day,
I ken that you'll be deid."

Oh, mither, lay me wi' my wean
In Syminton Kirkyaird,
An' pit abune oor grave alane
The gowan printit swaird.
It isna fit there should be reared
A stane for sic as me;
Noo dinna greet, I'll no be spared,
I ken that I maun dee.

An' oh gin Willie should come hame
Ye maunna greet nor flyte,
I've borne for him the cruel shame,
An' weel may staun the wyte;
But bid him seek that Livin' Light
Which nane astray can lead,
An' tell him that my last good night
Was blessin's on his head.

Sae, mither, lat me rise the nicht
An' sit in faither's chair,
I fain wad see the starnies bricht
Afore I dee, ance mair;
An' maybe while I'm sittin' there
My sorrows may be gane,
For weel I ken I'll grieve you sair
Ere daylicht comes again.

AN ADDRESS TO A FLEA.

Ye nasty loupin', lampin', glutton,
I've gat ye noo, as shair's a button,
Nae mair ye'll leeve to set a fut on
Anither victim,
Nor leave the bairnies a' begrutten,
'Cause ye've sae pick't them.

Sae aft my haun I've slylie slippit,
Doon whaur sae snug ye sat an' sippit.

While frae my soul I raive an' rippit
A deidly aith,
That if your hide I could but grip it,
I'd be your death.

But feint a hait o' me could catch ye,
Tho' lang an sair I glaumed to snatch ye,
For a' my cunnin' couldna match ye,
Choose hoo I graipit,
Ye little nasty-lookin' wratch ye,
Ye aye escapit.

And even noo, for a' my fencin',
I wadna haud ye in detention,
But that sae fou ye'd panged yer painch on
My blistered rump,
That feint a hair's breadth worth the mention
Ye cared to jump.

Be it luck or guidin' since I've got ye,
Ye little bluid imbibin' sot ye,
Clean oot existence I will blot ye ;
But really whether
I ocht to squeeze, or singe, or plott ye,
I'm in a swither.

Tho' truth to tell wad ye but learn
To camp and loup an tak yer sairen,
Aff ocht but upgrown fouk or bairn,
I'd lat ye gae,
For feint o' me wad dae ocht stern
E'en to a flea.

But faith I doot, my wee bit mansie,
To risk ye noo wad be gey chancie,
For were ye free to use yer lancie,
I couldna tell,
But what the first to tak' yer fancie
Micht be mysel'.

Sae since I've got you noo you vaig,
I'se grip you firmly by the craig,
An' rid the warld o' a plague.
Ye needna laugh,
Wi' stends an' loups wad sneck a naig—
The beastie's aff.

And such is life ; we staun like fules
An' haver owre oor sins an' ills,
While common sense keeps whisperin' till's,
Stamp out the whole,
Till at the last against oor wills,
They 'scape control.

GRACE PRATT CHALMERS,

THIRD daughter of the late Rev. Dr Thomas Chalmers, LL.D., Principal of the Free Church College, Edinburgh, was born in 1819, and died in 1851. She was named after her admirable mother. Of all the family, perhaps, she inherited most largely of her illustrious father's genius, which, in her, grew up in sweet womanly grace and tenderness, shrinking from observation, and attracting but little notice beyond the circle of her own family, or of the favoured few who enjoyed her confidence. "In the fierce light that beat upon the throne" of her father's public and distinguished position, it appears from his private journals, and other writings published since his death, that amidst all the admiring crowds by which he was surrounded, he was not unfrequently haunted by a sense of isolation, from which he was always glad to seek a welcome refuge in the retirement of his own family in free and joyous intercourse with his wife and daughters, among whom his simple, loving nature found its most cordial play and unrestrained scope. With none of them was he in more perfect sympathy than with his daughter Grace. It was to him that her deepest thoughts and feelings were opened, and her most private writings were submitted. Amidst the anxieties and questionings of a most sensitive and tender spirit she could always count on his sympathy. To her affectionate and discerning care we owe not a few of those examples of his conversation, at once so racy and so ripe in Christian wisdom and mature experience, as recorded in Dr Hanna's admirable "Memoir."

In her lifetime, Miss Chalmers published nothing of her own. After her death, an exquisite little *volume of selections* from her manuscripts, which still

bore marks of the sympathy and appreciation of her father, was made by her younger sister, Miss Helen Chalmers, and published under the name of "The Road and the Resting Place." From this volume the following pieces are taken. The "Lines on our Father's Death" were written shortly before her own decease, and were the last she ever wrote.

ON OUR FATHER'S DEATH.

"He was not; for God took him."—GEN. v. 24.

Death struck with no foreshadowing fears,
He struck our joy when full in leaf;
The ebb and flow of changing years
Has never changed that tideless grief.

Upon the pool the shadows play,
The lancing sunbeams wave and cross,
But deep below, and every day,
There lies the under sense of loss.

We miss his voice upon the stair,
We miss the joyous night's farewell,
Miss the quick glance and silver hair,
Among the walks he loved so well.

This house is shadow of a shade,
And we like birds whose nest is gone,
Yet round the wreck that has been made,
The double wreck, they linger on.

So said I—but that sacred shore
Sends strangely back love's pensive plaint,
For the dear tones that speak no more,
The pæans of the sage and saint,

To Him who made his face so bright,
Who gave him such a shining soul;
Then took him where he walks in light
'Mid the great ages' perfect whole.

Oh stretch across the gulf of death,
Oh stretch to me that kindred hand;
Be near me on this shore of faith,
Be with me when I quit the land.

HEAVEN'S VOICE OF PRAYER.

Heb. vii. 25.

Amid heaven's bursts of sympathy
There floats one voice of prayer;
O, child of earth, it is for thee,
In thy low life of care.
Thou dearly loved, yet left in thrall,
Till thou hast learned in meekness all,
Christ pleadeth for thee lest thou fall;
And wilt thou then despair?

Amid these forms so strangely bright,
One beareth sorrow's brand;
One blessed brow, whose look is light,
Pale from death's sealing hand.
O bitter grief, so deep thy stain,
Not heaven can hide those marks of pain
Which Jesus bore, that man might gain
Place in that sinless land.

And canst thou doubt His love whose prayer
Is breathed through heaven's high hymn;
Upon whose brow the marks of care
For thee lie sad and dim?
Oh, though beneath His chastenings just,
Thy sinful spirit sink to dust,
Although He slay thee, learn to trust,
For ever trust in Him.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

Rom. xii. 15.

Oh beautiful this silent earth,
These lonely wandering streams;
Here let all worldly care and mirth
Fade from my soul like dreams.

I'll seek Thee, O my God, apart,
I'll pray to thee and weep;
Thou wilt not chide the broken heart,
Thou know'st its pain, how deep.

Ah, think not thus! those paths unseen,
Those ever silent skies,
Should wake no heavenward thrill so keen,
As where man lives and dies.

Ye dwell together on the earth,
Ye breathe its living breath,
Ye taste its passing pain and mirth,
Ye die its common death.

And ill he learns his holy part,
Who checks a love free flowing,
Think, in thy coldest brother's heart,
What kindred thoughts are glowing.

O turn thou then in tenderness,
Where sorrow's lamp burns dim;
And like thy Lord thy brother bless,
Though thou art nought to him.

Oh turn thou then thy kindly eye
Where springs the mirthful heart,
And point it to that purer sky
Where deepest joy hath part.

Yes, Lord, though heavenward bound, we turn
To this low earth again,
Thy lessons both to teach and learn,
'Mid common joy and pain.

Oh help us on that lowly way
To love and to endure,
To scatter healing where we may,
And keep our spirits pure.

THE CHURCH'S HYMN OF PRAISE.

Ps. cxlix. 2-4.

O weep not that thy life
Is wasting all away;
God calleth some to holy strife,
Some to be still and pray.

His hymn is sung in parts,
Over the whole wide earth,
Deep warblings from a million hearts
Springing in sacred mirth;

Some like a trumpet's flow,
The inmost heart to thrill,
And some are broken tones and low,
And some are clear and still.

Our Father heareth all,
But doth His word not speak—
He dearest loves the lowliest call,
He blesseth most the weak?

Perchance a word of thine,
In some poor chamber poured,
May win a spirit to His shrine,
To own Him for its Lord.

But if no good appears,
Thine earnest prayer to bless,
Quiet thy heart to love and tears
Of lowliest thankfulness.

Content unused to dwell,
So that God's child thou be,
And striving but to love Him well,
As He hath lovéd thee.

ALEXANDER MITCHELL KERR,

A POET of deep religious fervour, was born in Glasgow in 1818, and studied at the Glasgow High School. When about the age of nineteen, he entered business in the manufacturing line, but was unfortunate in his choice of a partner. Shortly afterwards he went to America, where he remained for fifteen months, during which time he made the acquaintance of many of the American *litterateurs*. He had early discovered a passion for verse and a facility for rhyme, and had previously contributed to the Glasgow press. In America he evinced a great aptitude and liking for the stage, which he adopted as a profession, and his elocutionary talent has often been brought to good account on platforms much nearer home. On his return he entered the manufacturing trade in Liverpool, where he remained for some years, after which he went to Leeds, continuing in the same line of business. After an absence of thirty years from Scotland, spent in unremitting industry, he returned to his native land and purchased a house at Port-Bannatyne, Rothesay, where, in his quiet and retirement, he contributed to the Rothesay and Kelso press poems of a religious and reflective nature.

About ten years ago he submitted his MSS. to George Gilfillan, who spoke very favourably of the productions of his muse.

Mr Kerr has never published in book form, and is not likely to do so now, having lost the full collection of his poems, which he had in a pocketbook of a coat that was stolen from his lobby about two years ago, and possibly the thieves destroyed as valueless to them this, the collection of a lifetime's best thoughts. It is therefore a matter of regret that we are unable to make a greater selection from Mr Kerr's works, but the appended poems will give a fair estimate of the quality of his muse.

Mr Kerr has devoted much of his time to the promotion of religion, and in speaking at religious and temperance gatherings in his native city, where he is now living; but having received a shock of paralysis he has since abandoned the idea of public speaking. Although still in delicate health, he now enjoys the calm and rest which should crown a well-spent life of vigour and industry, such as his has been.

TO THE SNOWDROP.

Thou simple, pure, unsullied flower
  Blooming on thy quivering stem,
Sweet nursling of the wintry shower,
  Wherefore so bold, thou silver gem?

Thus, whilst storm-clouds obscure the sky,
  Thou tempt'st the elemental war,
Enshrined in pure virginity,
  Enthroned thou in an icy car.

Wan desolation claims thy birth,
  Pale offspring of the wintry cold;
A snowy shroud embossed in earth
  Thy opening bloom doth first enfold.

No genial ray thy bosom warms
  Beneath the mountain's rugged peak,
Alone thou brav'st the stern alarms
  Of winter's ravage, cold and bleak.

No kindred flower to share thy fate,
Or breathe the solace of a sigh,
The wintry west, with raging blast
Doth nurse and sing thy lullaby.

Perchance thy breast of dazzling white
Was formed to bloom 'neath summer skies,
But lured by Folly's 'wildering light
Thou wandered'st forth from Paradise.

If so thy fate too many share,
From virtue's path they madly run,
Till ruin checks their sad career
And grief consumes when love is gone.

How much thy lot resembles mine—
Decoyed from those I love most dear,
The bloom retained alone is thine—
For me the anguish and the tear.

THE VOICE OF PRAYER.

There is a voice, howe'er expressed,
If uttered from the heart sincere,
And unto heaven in faith addressed,
Brings consolation to the breast—
It is the voice of Prayer.

In danger's hour, when hope is fled,
And trial hovereth near,
Though friends forsake thee, trust the aid
Vouchsafed through Christ, thy living head;
Unsheathed the sword of Prayer.

The soul that mourns for sin shall prove
A Saviour's tenderest care;
When, from His Emerald Throne, above,
He bends with more than brother's love
To list contrition's Prayer.

As clings the magnet to the pole
'Midst peril gathering near,
So faith in the believer's soul,
Through tempest, trembles to its goal
And seeks repose in Prayer.

When gathering clouds the sky deform,
The Christian mariner,
Encompassed by the raging storm
That round him shakes its hideous form,
Seeks harbourage in Prayer.

Complete in Christ, his tranquil soul
Can stormiest trials dare ;
Hears the loud thunders o'er him roll
That soon may sound his funeral toll,
Absorbed in solemn Prayer.

Poor child of peril, sad, yet brave,
While storms thy dirge prepare,
Thou calmly view'st the mountain wave
That soon may monument thy grave,
Stayed upon God by Prayer.

Secure in Christ, 'midst threatening doom,
Christ for thy polar star—
Thy radiant hope to cheer the gloom
That stamps thy visage for the tomb,
Thy golden anchor, Prayer.

Prayer makes the thunder clouds retreat,
Opens heaven's portals fair,
And everlasting blessings meet
Around the blood-stained mercy seat
For Christ-believing Prayer.

Nor matters it what time or place—
The Christian breathes it everywhere ;
For everywhere's a Throne of Grace
Where Mercy sits, with smiling face,
To hear the voice of Prayer.

RESIGNATION.

Though the last ray of friendship may fail thee
In the twilight of life's dying day—
Though each foe of thy soul may assail thee
In subtle and sombre array—

Weep not o'er earth's ties evanescent,
But patient endure ; for the rod
May prepare for a joy ever present—
The unspeakable gift of thy God.

To Him be thy heart's silent converse,
Who thus woos thy affection's above,
Till, refined in afflictions dread furnace,
Thy soul be the dwelling of love.

If the path of life's duty be danger,
Then shrink not appalled from the strife ;
He who liveth to peril a stranger
Hath no part in the kingdom of life.

Be patient, and wait for the Lord;
Let Him do what seemeth Him good,
Nor weep o'er each perishing gourd
That concealeth a worm in the bud.

In Jesus the Saviour is power,—
In His righteousness thou art complete;
Be still, and at eventide hour
Shall the battle be turned to the gate.

GEORGE M'MURDO.

MUIRKIRK has long ago been favoured by the Muses, for there so long back as 156 years, was born, at Dalfram, in that parish, John Lapraik, the eldest of all the poetical contemporaries of Robert Burns, and who, though 32 years his senior, nevertheless survived him for a period of eleven years, dying in the village in the year 1807. Isobel Pagan too, was, if not a native of Muirkirk, nearly all her life connected with it. She possessed more original genius and far greater wit than Lapraik, though, unfortunately, many of her productions are highly indelicate. She was a contemporary of both Burns and Lapraik, being some thirteen years the junior of the latter. If "Ca' the ewes to the knowes" was really her production, as also one of the versions of "The Crook and Plaid," then she could write the most perfect lyrics in the language.

At Muirkirk, also, has since sung, and sung well, Robert Adamson; but having already noticed his works, we say nothing of him here, and so come to speak of the subject of our sketch—George M'Murdo, who is a native of Muirkirk, and was born there some forty years ago. The son of a miner, he was born

with no silver spoon in his mouth, and even his education was but limited. When these early days were over, he, too, took to the pits, and still continues to labour in the darksome mine—the most unlikely of of all imaginable places to be favoured with poetic musings and visions. Yet, if Sir Walter Raleigh and the great Marquis of Montrose could calmly write correct, thoughtful, and even lofty poetry in prison, and the very night, too, before they knew they would be taken out to execution, it will not seem so surprising that George M'Murdo has poetic dreams even when, in his own words, he toils

> "Nine hours a-day, sax days a-week,
> Houking coals 'mong stoure and reek;
> Scores o' fathoms 'neath the daisy,
> In darkness dool, and air that's hasy."

Though toiling thus, and with a family to struggle for, our author has still found time for reading, and the cultivation of his mind, as well as to write poetry much of which—the lyrics especially—possesses not a little merit. It is the lyrical faculty, however, that he should cultivate, for in this he most excels; and his songs are greatly superior to what we may call his didactic poetry. When he chooses to write in the Scottish dialect he should make sure that he does so in the pure lowland tongue of our classic writers of that grand old speech. If he does so in future, he will never again use the Scottish noun *tae* as a proposition, but the word *to* instead, and as he will find Allan Ramsay, Burns, the Ettrick Shepherd, Scott, Professor Wilson, and Galt, the greatest masters we have of the Scottish tongue, always doing. *To* does not require to be dwelt upon and sounded long when used; but *tae* must be sounded long, if pronounced properly, because it is a dipthong, which in *all* languages is sounded long, and this of itself unfits it utterly for use as a proposi-

tion. This we have before alluded to as a modern corruption of the Scotch which is most unpleasant to both the eye and the ear, and we marvel to see it used now by men of education.

In 1882 Mr M'Murdo published a volume containing many sweet, natural songs. We think he is capable of something higher than he has yet accomplished, and expect to here of his continued successful efforts in the delightful walks of poesy.

BLAWEARIE, I'M WAE.

Blawearie, I'm wae when aroun' thee I wander,
  And silently sigh o'er the days that are gane;
But still ye hae charms, for I ever get fonder
  At gloamin' beside thee to ponder alane.
There white is the gowan, and green is the bracken,
  When fanned by the gladdening breezes o' May;
Alas! amid beauty you languish forsaken,
  To gaze on your ruin—"Blawearie, I'm wae."

I see you again thro' the shadow of ages,
  Sae tidy and trim, though your station is low;
No peer of the realm your protection engages,
  But warmth frae your hearth roun' peasant ye throw.
Tho' buskit sae meanly wi' thack and turf riggin',
  A but-an'-ben simple, wi' winnocks but twae,
The lustre o' love consecrates thy auld biggin',
  That love should hae limits—"Blawearie, I'm wae."

I hear the glad shout o' the bairns as they gambol
  Upon the green sward, 'neath thy sheltering wing;
I see lovers meeting in rapture to ramble
  O'er Wellwood's gay heights, 'mid the glories o' spring.
At eve roun' thy ingle the youthfu' and hoary
  Sit subjects a' leal to affection's calm sway;
The winter nicht passes wi' sang and wi' story,
  That oucht should divide them—"Blawearie, I'm wae."

But oh! they are gane, like the mist frae Cairntable
  When Sol adds his ray to the fresh rising breeze;
With death some are sleeping, while fortune unstable
  Makes others to wander far over the seas.
And lonely ye lie, broken down and deserted,
  All silent and cheerless, that aince was sae gay;
But destiny's mandate—oh, wha can avert it?
  That time makes sic changes—"Blawearie, I'm wae."

I cling to you still tho' your glory is ended,
And rank grows the nettle where stood the big chair;
With sweetest of mem'ries your name's ever blended,
The dream of the past is a shield frae despair.
The lark in the lift sings as sweetly as ever,
The mavis as blythe at the close of the day,
But lo'ed ones thus parted can meet me, ah! never,
And sad is my heart at—"Blawearie sae wae."

THE MUIRS O' KYLE.

The muirs o' Kyle! The muirs o' Kyle!
Where grows the bracken, rash, and heather,
And sings the lark in native style,
With mony mates o' 'ther feather.

When, frae Cairntable's stony height,
'Neath Nature's smile, I see you lying,
My heart goes bounding with delight,
And throbs with patriotism undying.

Thy cherished stream, a tiny thread
Of silver, on thy bosom shining,
Near noted spots where heroes bled—
True honour with thy name entwining.

On Priesthill bleak and dark Airdsmoss,
Are lights that shine in lasting lustre;
O'er ilka hag, thy hills across,
Where oft adoring pilgrims muster.

Frae Hareshaw Hill, where springs the Ayr,
Till 'mang the woods o' Sorn it gambols;
The vale o' gurglin' Greenock fair—
Oh! where mair lovely summer rambles.

Sweet groves o' beauty dot the scene,
And gild wi' grace the picture cheerie—
Like Auldhouseburn or Wellwood Green,
Where sings the thrush, nor seems to wearie:

And there the biggin' o' Dalfram,
Where dwelt Lapraik, the worthy poet,
Wham famous Burns—wha hated sham—
Decreed that all the world should know it.

The Muirs o' Kyle! The Muirs o' Kyle!
Tho' heather-clad, yet famed in story,
Aye may thy sons, untouched wi' guile,
Maintain the standard of thy glory.

MY MUIRLAN' HAME.

Wi' richt gudewill the lyre I lift—my muirlan' hame shall be
The chord I'll touch, for Scotia fair has nocht sae dear to me ;
For there I first the gowan pu'd, there first I toddlin ran—
Dear happy scenes of childhood, thee I'll cherish while I can.

In fancy still I often romp the boilin' well aroun',
Or gather ferns at Sanquhar Brig to deck my bonnet croon ;
I speel again the roofless wa's that overlook the Glen,
Or at the ruin'd Coutburn chase the rabbit to its den.

And noo, as then, wi' lasting love the noted spots I view,
Whaur Cameron and his comrades fell, whaur Brown was butcher'd too ;
And by the rock-protected brook whaur Adam lies at rest—
All martyrs to the cause o' truth and liberty's behest.

Oor heathery hills for beauty, whaur can they be matched ava ?
Twa-peak'd Cairntable, stern and grim, and stately-broo'd Wardlaw,
I love to roam their purple sides to sniff the sweet perfume,
In Autumn's merry season, 'mang the honey-scented bloom.

Some rant about their crystal streams, whaur rife the hazel grows ;
But, oh ! gie me the grassy slopes whaur Greenock brawling rows,
Or whaur auld Ayr gangs wimplin' by the Kames and Wellwood too,
Or Garpal, heatherbell bedeck'd, the haunt o' lovers true.

That ruin auld on Garpel's banks I'll aye revere wi' pride—
A planetree marks the lovely spot, an ancient brig beside—
Whaur famous Tibbie Pagan dwalt, and like a lintie sang ;
Her laddie rov'd wi' crook and plaid the Wellwood hills amang.

Then let wha like their love extol, Muirkirk will aye be mine,
Sae wi' her fires that briskly burn may peace and plenty twine ;
And if I chance to ramble frae her lovely hills awa',
Her image bright will fill my breast while I've a breath to draw.

ELIZABETH CECILIA CLEPHANE.

MISS CLEPHANE, the talented authoress of the beautiful and popular hymn, "The Ninety and Nine," belonged to a Fifeshire family, which finds an honourable place in the earliest records of Scottish history. Her father, Andrew Clephane, advocate, was for many years Sheriff of Fife. Miss Clephane's later years were spent in the Land of Scott, within sight and sound of the silver Tweed, in a home of cultured refinement and intelligence, surrounded by everything that was fitted to stimulate the impulses of an exquisitely sensitive and poetic nature. But she wrote for herself, and not for the public. Her poems were the profound breathing of a soul communing with itself. It was not till about 1874, during the revival that swept over Scotland and England with such marvellous power and effect, that her name came to be universally known in connection with her hymn, "The Ninety and Nine," which thenceforward took its place among the great hymns of the day, both in Europe and America. But by that time her own voice was silent. In the early spring of 1869 she had been called away by Him whose praises she had sung so well, from the midst of a loving circle of which she was the chosen centre and light.

Through the kindness of a literary friend we are favoured with a few pieces, of which only one or two have been previously published. These are pervaded with a thoroughly meditative, earnest, Christian spirit, and ripe experience in the deep truths of religion. They are also remarkable for fluency, harmony, and elevated thought; and, as the production of a Christian poetess of distinguished merit, they will doubtless be highly prized by our readers.

IN HIS GARDEN.

Into His summer garden, into His pleasant garden,
In the dawn of the morning, the Master bade me go,
And the place He showed to me was beneath a spreading tree
Where I only saw the sunbeams as they passed to and fro.

I was glad of that shelter, that broad branching shelter,
It was green in that shelter, so quiet and so fair;
Out beyond the cooling shade weak flowers droop and fade,
And I was one weaker than the weakest flower there.

Far out amid the sunshine, the bright, happy sunshine,
They walk in the sunshine where I shall never be,
And roses red they bring for the Master's welcoming,
But pale, pale the roses are that grow round me.

Yet when the Master cometh—the dear Master cometh,
In the cool of the evening to see the garden green,
I have flowers, too, to give that in the shadow live,
And lift up their leaves all shining where heaven's dew hath been.

I will bring Him tall lilies—the white patient lilies,
Like the crowns of the angels so stainless and so fair;
I have violets dark and sweet to lay before His feet;
I have pale flowers that blossom but to scent the night air.

So when the day shall darken—when the long day shall darken,
I shall rise from my shadow, I shall listen for His word;
And oh that it may be, looking on my flowers and me—
"Thou art my good servant, thou hast watched for thy Lord!"

THE NINETY AND NINE.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer—"This of mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere He found His sheep that was lost;

Out on the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven—
"Rejoice, I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne—
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own."

A MEMORY.

Farewell! her sweet voice died away
Along the darkening road,
Before me in the twilight lay
The pathway that she trod—
Cold, bleak and winding through the hills,
The lonely path she trod.

I sit in crowded halls apart,
I seem to walk in dreams,
For ever in my heart I hear
The noise of falling streams—
Distinct from every other sound
I hear the rush of streams.

And in the busy street I see
The long moor, wide and grey;
The cold blue sky, the quiet hills
That in the distance lay—
Ah me! the calm, unchanging hills
That in the distance lay.

I had a dream of thee last night—
When dream I not of thee?
That we were standing hand in hand
Beside an unknown sea—
Both silent—nothing but the moan
Of that great unknown sea.

The shadow of my waking life
My dream life hovered o'er;
One plunge together in that sea,
And we should part no more!
Alas! to know that only death
Could part us never more.

But oh, if youth were not so short,
And oh, if time stood still!
And oh, to waken up and stand
With thee upon that hill!
To stand with youth and love and thee,
Once more upon that hill!

MY HERO.

Cold on the frosty window
Glittered the wintry sun,
"Farewell day," he said,
"For my work is done!"

"He is dead," and they closed the door—
That was all that they said;
As she went down the crowded street
She said to herself "He is dead!"

But when the streets were silent,
She came again to the door—
"He was my friend," she said,
"Let me see him once more."

They looked one on the other,
Their hireling faces dismayed;
"It was hard to die," they said,
"Are you not afraid?"

Afraid! over her face
The blood came rushing red,
But she only spoke one word—
"Afraid!" she said.

So they left her standing there,
Alone in the darkened room—
Alone with the silent form
Prepared for the tomb;

Alone with the rigid face,
With its wan lips pressed together,
Like one who goes out in the dark,
In wintry weather.

"He was noble and good," she said,
"Noble and good and true;
Better and truer and wiser
Than this world knew.

Better than any knew—
For our eyes are dim to scan;
And the image of God is veiled—
We only see the man.

We are hard on one another—
If there be but a speck on the sun,
We say that his light is naught,
And his work undone.

Our brethren are pitiless,
They shoot with a poisoned dart,
And this man carried no shield
For his loving heart.

'A dreamer,' they said, 'he aimed
Far off at an unknown mark;
He stumbled out of the way,
And died in the dark.'

But oh, my hero!" she said,
"The cruel warfare is o'er;
Hero and martyr now—
My hero for evermore!"

"WE SORROW NOT AS THOSE WHO HAVE NO HOPE."

Life is waning to an end,
Pitiful look dying eyes,
Asking of Death's mysteries,
Passing round from friend to friend—
Death, thou hast the victory!

Slowly round the dying bed
Daylight fadeth into gloom,
Silent weeping fills the room—
Trembling lips have kissed the dead—
Death, thou hast the victory!

All is over—life and light,
Youth and hope—from that pale brow,
Ghastly to be looked on now.
Take my dead from out my sight—
Death, thou hast the victory!

Nothing more—a little dust,
Silent in a narrow grave—
Thou art powerless to save,
Oh, poor love in which we trust—
Death, thou hast the victory!

Has death conquered? Saints have told
Of a grave left cold and bare—
Empty grave-clothes folded there—
Was there One thou couldst not hold?—
Death, hast *thou* the victory?

Is *He* conquered?—He who stands
Clothed in robe of glory now—

With a crown upon His brow—
Know'st thou not the piercéd hands?—
Death, hast thou the victory?

Hearken death—The King hath said,
He, the Mighty, Strong to Save—
Standing by the open grave—
"Death, give up to Me thy dead!"—
Death, thou hast no victory!

From the answering grave they rise,
My beloved dead again!
But I knew them weary *then*—
Now no weeping dims their eyes—
Death, thou hast no victory!

Lord, be with me when I come,
Faintly with my dying eyes,
Seeking through earth's mists that rise,
For the lights from out my home—
Win for me the victory!

JAMES BROWN

WAS born at Fieldhead, Avondale, Lanarkshire, in 1836. At the time of his birth his parents rented a few acres of land, but they afterwards removed to Glasgow, where they kept cows, and carried on a dairy business. At the age of ten the subject of our sketch was sent to the country to be employed as a herd-boy, which occupation he followed for several years, and then entered a warehouse in Glasgow. He has now, however, been in the postal service for a considerable time. He early manifested a strong love for reading, and to gratify this desire, he has walked many a mile after nightfall to manse, farmhouse, and cottage for the purpose of getting a supply. Being very careful of these favours, he was always kindly received, and soon had access to all the bookshelves within a wide circle.

In the postal service he formed the acquaintance of a small band of *literati*, and here his Muse first tried her wings.

Mr Brown writes with much acceptance to various magazines and newspapers. His mind seems to run on such themes as the beauties of nature, domestic joys, and character sketches. Several of these are very pleasingly expressed, full of homely pathos, and give evidence of quiet humour. His poetical pictures, in particular, of the joys and sorrows of lowly life prove that he is a poet of fine feeling. These are full of delicacy and felicity of expression, and tender and graceful thoughts worthily expressed.

MITHER'S QUESTIONS.

O wee feetie, feetie! O, whan will ye gang,
And skip light and free as a fairy alang?
Whan will ye toddle frae chair to my knee,
Or, rin to meet faither wi' face fu' o' glee?
Whan will ye sport like the lammies at play,
And dance like a sunbeam thro' childhood's bright day?
The oasis o' mem'ry, when age creeps alang,
O, wee feetie, feetie! O, whan will ye gang?

Aye dear to the sicht o' a fond mither's e'e,
Her bairnies a' prattlin' 'mid sunshine and glee,
While bricht as the bonnie wee flowerets that spring,
Ilk' day flees awa' like a bird on the wing;
But, just as yon cloud in the clear summer sky
Tells gazers the rain with the storm draweth nigh,
Sae thocht o' the future aft changes her sang
Tae wee feetie, feetie! O, whaur will ye gang?

For, swift as the visions we see in our sleep,
When reason leaves fancy her revels to keep,
E'en sae comes the day when ilk' care ye maun face,
And rin by yoursel' a' alane in life's race,
When pleasure will tempt ye, and folly allure,
And sage, sober wisdom seem bitter and sour,
Wi' life's paths before ye, the richt or the wrang,
O, wee feetie, feetie! what road will ye gang?

Or, when time's nimble finger has touched thee with care,
And boon friends, once trusted, come but to ensnare—
When love, that seem'd endless, is turned to a lie,
And life's purest feelings are wither'd and dry—

When folly has lured thee to ashes and gall,
And, fainting, thy faith turns her face to the wall,
While wisdom, once scorned, rends thy heart with a pang,
O, wee feetie, feetie! this road never gang.

But pure as the primrose that blooms in the shade,
Do thou seek the weak and the weary to aid,
The helpless and erring to them prove a friend,
The poor and the needy aye comfort and tend,
While virtue and love ever cling to thy side,
With truth for thy anchor, and God for thy guide,
Then time but fresh laurels around ye will hang.
O, wee feetie, feetie! this road may ye gang.

But, wee feetie, feetie! O, rin whaur ye will,
The love o' thy mither shall follow ye still,
Shall watch ye in rising to honour and fame,
Or soothe ye gen sorrow comes linked to thy name.
E'en when wounds self-inflicted have robb'd ye of rest,
And hameward ye turn like the dove to her nest,
Still hov'ring around ye, 'mid honour or sin,
Ay, wee feetie, feetie! whaure'er ye may rin.

RURAL AND CITY POETS.

The rural poet loves to roam
  Beside some winding stream,
And seek the burnie's sweetest haunt,
  O'er happy thoughts to dream;
Or when oppressed wi' bitter care
  He seeks the lonely dell,
The birdie's sang, the wimplin' burn,
  Can soothe him like a spell.

He wanders musing o'er the braes,
  Where heath and harebell twine,
And views the sun's last sparkling rays,
  On field and cottage shine;
Or roaming in some fairy glen
  Where fancy revels free,
And beauty smiles in every flower
  That decks the grassy lea.

Melodiously frae every bough
  The feather'd warblers sing,
Till earth, and air, and sky above,
  Wi' music seem to ring:
And every breeze that rustles through
  The leafy bowers o' green,
Seem angel harps that sweetly join
  In nature's tuneful scene.

But here in bustling city pent,
The poet's lot to bear,
Afar frae nature's smiling face,
Or ripplin' burnie clear.
He muses 'mid its crowded streets,
Its walls so dark and gray,
Or lists an emblem o' his fate—
The lark's imprisoned lay.

He sees the glitter and the gaud,
The pride and worldly show
Of Mammon's slaves and Mammon's sons,
In tinsel grandeur glow,
While round the hapless thousands toil
In hard and endless strife,
With scarce a hope or thought above
Their struggle keen for life.

He sees the young and innocent
'Mid vice and misery dwell,
Their ears profaned by vilest words
That heart or tongue can tell;
What wonder that his verse is sad,
And mournful oft its strain!
That bitter thoughts will often mix
In smiling fancy's train.

And yet to cheer the drooping heart,
Or aid his fellowman,
To brighten up the dreary home,
And lead in mercy's van;
To raise the struggling spark of good
That meanest breasts contain,
Bring thoughts as pure as fairest flower,
That lurks in mem'ry's train.

Then sweet let rural poets sing
The charms o' hill and dell,
The city teems with higher themes—
There souls immortal dwell;
And though debarred from nature's charms,
The city poet feels
His Eden blooms in loving hearts,
And truest pleasure yields.

THE CAULD FIRE-EN'.

Was ever place sae weary,
As a cauld fire-en',
When ye come hame wet and weary
To a cauld fire-en';

Wi' the wife and bairns awa
At the coast or country a',
Ay ! and naething left ava,
But a cauld fire-en'.

How pleasing whiles we thocht,
On a lane fire-en',
Whaur nae bairnies danced and focht
Roun' the lane fire-en';
But 'twas flights o' fancy a'
That's taen wings and flown awa',
Noo we wonder what we saw
At a lane fire-en'.

O ! how lonely is the soun'
O' a toom fire-en',
As we gaze half eerie roun',
At the toom fire-en';
For the clock has stopt its clink,
While the fire is black as ink,
And the gloaming shadows blink
On the toom fire-en'.

How we miss the kindly smile,
At the cauld fire-en',
And the bairnie's coaxing wile,
At the cauld fire-en';
Gane is a' oor mirth and glee,
And the joys we thocht to pree,
For content we canna be,
At the cauld fire-en'.

HALF-WITTED WILL.

In days when a laddie and gaun to the skule,
Or roaming the green woods frae beltane to yule,
And whiles e'er we kent, e'en the truant would play,
When seeking the bramble, the nit, and the slae.
The nest o' the bird, or the hike o' the bee,
Made thochts o' the time and the lessons to flee ;
And vainly the maister exhausted his skill,
But nae ane could fricht us like half-witted Will.

For Will claimed as his ilka birdie that flew,
The fish in the burn, a' the wild fruit that grew,
While murky and wild grew the glance o' his e'e,
And fearsome his yell if he chanc'd ye to see ;
And vain a' endeavours to jink frae his ken,
If ye were alane little hope for ye then ;
And great his delight a' your pockets to spill,
Then chuckled in triumph puir half-witted Will.

And Will, wi' the laddies, was ever at strife,
For laddies and dogs were the plagues o' his life ;
They harried the nests in the brake and the lea,
And rifled the blossoms frae hedge row and tree.
But dogs were to Will aye the warst foe ava,
And weel kent the laddies his fears o' them a' ;
Our wee hairy tarrie, his courage could chill,
Sae fiercely it flew at puir half-witted Will.

Yet harmless was Will, and as brisk as a bee,
When oot 'mang the lassies he capered in glee—
Noo ca'in' their ropes, or braw chucks he would bring,
Wi' smoothest o' peevers as round as a ring—
Or search a' the burn for the bonniest stane,
To build up a hoose for the wee'st bit wean ;
Then proud as a prince of the throne he's to fill,
When they made him faither, puir half-witted Will.

But Will's brightest days was the time o' the fair,
When dressed in his best, tho' baith rusty and bare,
At ilka shop window he'd stan' for to view,
And nod to himsel', gie a beck and a boo ;
Then aff wi' the band he would march thro' the toon,
Wi' hands, feet, and head keeping time to the tune,
And a' had some fairin' his pouches to fill,
For ilk ane was kind to puir half-witted Will.

But Willie's awa' noo ; nae mair frae the glen
His wild eerie laugh scares the truant again ;
Nae mair by the burnie roams careless and free,
Nor claims a' the gowans that grow on the lea.
He's gane whaur the wise and the foolish maun gie
Account for their talents to Him that's on hie,
Whaur thoosands will wish, as in terror they thrill,
That they were as blameless as half-witted Will.

THE BAIRNS IN OUR STREET.

When summer, like bride newly buskit is near,
And nature leaps joyous her footsteps to hear ;
When birdie and burnie in unison sing,
While woodland and valley wi' glad voices ring ;
When bairnies are roaming the hill and the dell,
In search o' the primrose and bonnie blue bell,
Noo scaring the lark frae its nest on the lea,
Or doun in the burnie they're paidling wi' glee.

And bairnies are blest, that can roam as they will,
By woodland and streamlet, by meadow and hill ;
And cauld is the heart that unmovèd can see
Their laughin', their daffin, their fun and their glee.

E'en bairns in our street, when the saft breezes blaw,
Are out on the pavement wi' mirth and huzza ;
Like spunkies that dazzle sae nimble and fleet,
Rin tricky wee laddies, the bairns in our street.

Though primrose and daisy ne'er bloom whaur they play,
Nor lark ever charms wi' its heart-thrilling lay,
Still blythe are the bairnies frae mornin' till e'en,
Wi' trick and wi' cantrip they gladden the scene.
Here, wee tottin lassies sae gentle and free,
Sit crooning a sang to the dolls on their knee,
Sae wife-like and cautious for fear they may greet—
They're kindly wee lassies, the bairns in our street.

And see this wee birkie, his face fu' o' fun,
Just notice how slyly he slips on the grun',
The paper his mither has got wi' her tea,
Noo filled up wi' ase for ilk passer to see.
And weel does he like when some auld wife comes by,
And picks up the packet sae canny and shy ;
Then he dances wi' joy as she opens the sheet—
The tricky wee callans, the bairns in our street.

And here some wee mischiefs, wi' cauk and wi' keel,
Are painting each ither frae head to the heel,
Till foes round the corner are stricken wi' awe,
And, e'en half in terror, their allies hurra ;
Noo, round the blind fiddler they're dancing sae slee,
While baith hauns and head are a' nodding wi' glee,
And ilka bit totum will cock up its feet,
And jump in delight wi' the bairns in our street.

Wi' pleasure and pity the caged bird we hear
Sing sweet frae its prison in notes loud and clear ;
But sweeter when heard frae the tree or the thorn,
In freedom they carol to welcome the morn.
And would the wee bairns, sae cheerful and gay,
Were out 'mid the fields and the brackens to stray,
'Mid Nature's fresh beauty, her melodies sweet,
Awa' frae the turmoil and roar o' the street.

WEE JEAN.

There's a winsome thochtfu' lassie
  Wi' walth o' gowden hair,
A smiling face and cheerfu' e'e,
  Comes singing up the stair ;
A bonny bairn in ilka hand,
  An' baith sae trig an' clean,
Yet a' the mither they hae noo
  Is merry loving Jean.

Her hame is puir—nae mither there—
Fell death taen her awa,
And left the faither lane and sad
Wi' her and bairnies twa ;
And when he looks wi' quivering e'e
Around his hearth at e'en,
He aft would sink wer't no for her—
Wee merry loving Jean.

When fate's dark storm broke o'er his head,
Wi' death and sorrow rife,
And like a thunderbolt had left
A broken blackened life,
Then she wi' tender winning ways
Brought beauty o'er the scene,
And lit the flame o' hope ance mair—
Wee merry loving Jean.

Wi' scarce twal summers o'er her head,
She's sense for double mair,
As heaven had granted her indeed
The mither's parting prayer—
That God would guide and bless the lass
Wi' sense and vision keen,
To be the guardian o' their hame—
Wee merry loving Jean.

Wi' love that matches woman's best,
She rises wi' the lark,
To see that ilka thing is right
For faither gaun to wark :
Then guides and tends the ither bairns,
Wi' happy, thochtfu' een,
And a' a mither's bustlin' care—
Wee merry loving Jean.

The love-licht o' her humble hame,
A child in woman's guise—
A fairy form o' life and glee,
That gladdens weary eyes ;
As ivy clinging to the rock
The ruin decks wi' green,
E'en sae she brightens hearth and hame—
Wee merry loving Jean.

JAMES JOHN JOHNSTON

IS a native of Shetland, having been born at Baltasound, a small village on the east side of Unst, in 1862. His father, like a great number of Shetlanders, was absent from home in the pursuit of his calling of a seaman during the most of the year, consequently his early childhood is associated with many happy hours spent in the society of his uncle. He has poetically described the ruggedly-picturesque farm of twelve acres which his relative rented. His home was isolated, and he grew up almost without companions, in the midst of a charming confusion of sandy beaches, rugged headlands, and lofty precipices. When at school, the selections from the standard poets in his lesson-book were his favourite studies, and his taste was farther gratified by his becoming a subscriber to the "Working Men's Library" of the village.

When thirteen years of age, our poet left school for a commercial training, and two years later the family removed to Leith—his father being employed on a steamboat trading between that port and Hamburgh. He was afterwards employed in the office of an accountant, and there he first attempted poetical composition—the outcome of a pent-up longing for his native island that occasionally burst on him with deep intensity. Mr Johnston is at present in the employment of a firm of manufacturers in Edinburgh, and he frequently woos the muse as a relaxation after the duties of the day. He has been a prize-taker in several competitions, and has contributed with much acceptance to the columns of a number of newspapers. His poems reveal a poet's appreciation of the beauties of nature, a thoughtful mind, and a

warm human sympathy; while his songs are smooth, harmonious, and pleasing in sentiment.

SONG.

What is song? A holy feeling,
Soft as breeze at morn,
When 'tis sighing, gently stealing
O'er green fields of corn;
Moving first with slow emotion
In the raptured soul,
Soon as wild as wildest ocean
Thoughts tumultuous roll.

Dreams like thunder clouds are driven
Through the whirling brain;
Strains are from the spirit riven
Sounding as the main.
When the sea of life is dreary,
When its waves run high,
All becomes both bright and cheery,
Fairer seems the sky.

For this life's a waste of billows,
Sometimes smooth and calm,
Seeming light as lightest pillows,
Bearing soothing balm;
Sometimes madly storming, raging
Neath the pall of Time,
Foaming, dashing, then assauging,
Laving ev'ry clime.

Like the light the earth adorning,
Comes the voice of song,
In the breast like early morning
Shining clear and strong.
Well it drives the sordid troubles
From our doubtful way,
For us lights the path of bubbles
With its burning ray.

When the bard has earth forsaken,
Has he lived in vain?
No! for years shall but awaken,
But prolong his strain.
Hearts that are in sorrow sinking
Back to joy 'twill bring,
Carry peace when least they're thinking
As on eagle's wing.

Men shall hold the by-gone poet
  Worthy of a throne;
Years shall only serve to show it
  Make his thoughts their own;
Fame shall point with magic finger
  To his silent tomb;
Memory of his name shall linger,
  Clothed in deathless bloom.

PITY'S SHRINE.

Calm, calm was the breeze and all nature was still,
  While far in the distance a mountain arose,
Obscuring in shadow both moorland and rill
  Like monarch whose anger eclipses his foes.
Methought on the summit arrayed in the light
  Of a true, noble heart, stood a being divine,
And millions came forth, both in lowness and might,
  To bask in the splendour of Pity's loved shrine.

She wept with the lowly, condoled with the proud,
  Whatever their station, whatever their name;
Lamented true greatness hid under a cloud,
  And sighed with the ones who sought vainly for fame.
A teardrop fell down on the cold icy ground,
  And glistened and glowed like a gem from the mine;
As Pity wailed on with harmonious sound,
  In beauty eternal it lay at her shrine.

Unheeded it lay, for unheeding she wept
  For mortals whose souls were encumbered with woe—
For deep in a bosom of beauty there slept
  A spirit as pure as the white drifting snow:
When lo! there re-echoed a rapturous song,
  While Luna looked down with a splendour benign,
And show'red her bright rays on the fast-coming throng,
  Who worshipped with ardour at Pity's loved shrine.

When fast it was lost in a symphony high,
  And troops of white angels descended to earth,
And raised the fair goddess to light of the sky.
  Of gems in her crown there was shining no dearth;
The words that she uttered and tears that she shed
  Thro' ages to come shall resound and shall shine,
The living shall die and shall mix with the dead,
  But still in the future remember her shrine.

The vision departed, and pale morning light
  Came faintly and dim thro' the frost-crusted pane,
Then cold dark reality burst on my sight;
  I longed for the dream evanescent again,

And thought of the poor and the helpless alone,
Forgotten by men, as in anguish they pine,
Who fain would be great, but in sorrow now groan,
Who ne'er felt the sunshine of Pity's loved shrine.

THE HOME OF MY BOYHOOD.

O, home of my boyhood, sweet spot that I love!
When cloudlets of summer were floating above,
The song of the bird and the hum of the bee
Awakened my spirit to boisterous glee;
I bounded along both lighthearted and free,
Then proudly I own that where'er I may be
My boyhood's first home will be dearest to me.

When waves of the ocean were lashed into foam,
The fire glimmered bright in my thatched cottage home,
Where laughter of youth and the smiling of age
Were sweeter by far 'mid the elements' rage;
Tho' pomp of the palace and hall I may see,
With pride do I own that where'er I may be
That lowly thatched cot will be dearest to me.

When age with its shadows shall conquer me fast,
And leave me a wreck of the days that are past,
Then fain on the bleak shore of Thule I'd rest,
Surrounded by those who in youth I love best:
Tho' friends I may have who are lightsome and free,
With pride do I own that where'er I may be
My boyhood's loved friends will be dearest to me.

At life's closing hour how content would I sleep,
Lulled softly to rest by the sound of the deep,
Where sea gulls scream wildly and white billows lave
The high jutting cliff and the dark sounding cave;
Tho' far I may roam from those isles of the sea
With pride do I own that where'er I may be
My kindred's own home will be dearest to me.

WILLIAM THOMSON.

A SHORT notice of a few lines, and two of Mr Thomson's early poems appeared in our Second Series. The high merits of his newly-published volume, together with the peculiar circumstances

of its author, render no apology necessary for again introducing him to our readers in better form.

William Thomson is the author of "Leddy May, and other Poems." He was born in Glasgow, in 1860. His father's family belonged to Strathaven, where the poet's grandfather for a time followed the one trade of the village—viz., weaving. This, however, he gave up for the more congenial occupation of dealing in books, old and new. The villagers regarded him as an authority on all subjects; and it was commonly said of him that "he never sell't a beuk but he kent a' that wis in't." Like the town of Paisley, "Straven" gave its notables pat and very characteristic nicknames; old James Thomson's was "Tasso."

William's father, an intelligent man, when newly married, emigrated in 1849 with his wife to America, and settled in Myland, near Auburn, a village one hundred and fifty miles north of Albany, in the state of New York, where he remained for several years. There he was licensed to preach by a branch of the Methodist body; but as his health was injured by the severity of the climate in winter, it became absolutely necessary that they should return to the old country.

Since that time Mr Thomson has been a clothier and tailor in Bellshill and Glasgow, but he has suffered severely, having lost his capital by bad debts through strikes and the great depression of trade in the mining district, consequent on the late City Bank failure. The poet's mother, whose maiden name was Marion Anderson, came of a good old family in Douglasdale, the very home of old ballad minstrelsy, and, like other distinguished men, he owed much to his excellent mother.

Thomson was sent to school in his sixth year, but his mother had already taught him to read, and the schoolmaster was more than astonished to find on

trying him that he not only knew the letters of the alphabet, but could read fluently, in the first, second, third, and fourth lesson books, only calling a halt when stopped by the big words in the fifth reader, or "Tenpenny Spell!" From earliest years, William greatly delighted in song and story heard from his mother's lips.

The family remained in Glasgow till he was eight years old, and then removed to Bellshill, in the parish of Bothwell, where, for a time, William continued to attend school. There, in 1873, he met with one of the greatest trials that can befall any youth—the loss of a loving and excellent mother. At Bellshill, he assisted his father in the country department of his business, going about collecting accounts. In his many rural wanderings, on business or pleasure, he soon became familiar with the district around Bothwell and Hamilton, and cultivated literature during his leisure hours. Having a turn for natural history, like Wilson the ornithologist, who was also a poet, he could tell the name of every bird, either by its song, its nest, or its eggs.

About this time he began to contribute verses to the *People's Friend*, and to the poet's corner of various newspapers in Glasgow, Hamilton, and Dundee. During the summer of 1876, he spent a few weeks in Arran, chiefly at Lamlash and Kingscross, and has recorded his love for that romantic and beautiful island in a series of Arran sonnets. In 1878, the family removed from Bellshill back to Glasgow, and William still continued to assist his father, by keeping up the country connection of the business. Then those disastrous losses and privations, to which allusion has already been made, overtook the household; but, although suffering the grievous loss of all things, his father did not owe a penny more than could be met. This depressing state of matters weighed heavily on William's sensitive nature; but,

fortunately, it had the effect of driving him to take refuge with the Muse, in order to drown care. He still continued to contribute to various publications, and was a very frequent visitor at the Glasgow Mitchell Library, a valuable collection of books to which the public have free access.

In 1881-2, he attended evening classes for French in the High School, and his proficiency is evidenced by his admirable renderings of French poetry into both Scotch and English verse. In the annual Christmas (1882) poetical competition in connection with the *People's Journal*, a prize was awarded to Mr Thomson's ballad, "Leddy May."

He has unfortunately been laid aside by serious illness since July, 1882, and almost constantly confined to bed since last October. He is pale, emaciated, feeble, his lungs affected, and a bad hacking cough is very troublesome. The "Poets' Club," or "Bardie Clan," and the Good Templars, with both of which Mr Thomson is connected, lately encouraged him to collect and publish his poems in a volume, and kindly enabled him to do so by getting as many copies subscribed for as would cover the cost of production. An impression of a thousand was printed, which is nearly all sold, the proceeds, as realised, having been handed over to the young and gifted invalid. We hope soon to see a second edition, towards which more than a hundred copies are already ordered.

The poems are not all of equal merit; some of the earlier ones, for example, contain a sprinkling of unusual words, which tend to mar and obscure the meaning. His "Castle Sonnets" are very beautiful; they are not, however, in the strict Italian sonnet form, but are poems of fourteen lines. In this last particular he can plead that the greatest masters of the English sonnet—Shakespere, Milton, Wordsworth, and Charles Tennyson Turner—have often sinned in the same way.

The finest things he has written are his ballads—carefully and highly-finished productions—full of genius, directness, natural pathos, and power—which, the oftener they are read, are liked the better. While retaining his originality and using the eyes of his own heart, he has happily caught the very spirit, and even that quaint simplicity of form, which charms us so much in the old ballad singers. Had Mr Thomson's ballads then been in existence, they would have delighted Sir Walter Scott, who would certainly have included some of them in his "Minstrelsies of the Scottish Borders." His mastery of the Doric is complete; and, to our thinking, "The Maister and the Bairns," in the freshness and naturalness of its new presentation of what the Rev. Richard Wilton, himself a true poet, designates "that sweetest of pictures and facts," is exquisitely beautiful, beyond criticism, and a perfect gem, which will last while the old Scottish language itself—so tersely, deeply, and delicately expressive—continues to be understood.

Mr Thomson's translations from the French, into Scotch and English, are all admirably executed, and read as fluently as any originals.

Characterised by pathos and power, his best poems exhibit—love of Nature, and kindliness to the animal world; wide human sympathies, cordial appreciation of friendship, and warm home affection; cultured critical acumen, sound philosophy, and good practical common sense; keen, but kindly epigrammatic powers, geniality, and quiet humour; all these qualities being artistically and naturally expressed in appropriate musical and masterly rhythm.

In short, although this poet, who has seen only two-and-twenty summers, had produced nothing more than "The Maister and the Bairns," and his other ballads, he has written that which his fellow-countrymen, all the world over, will one day assuredly

come to know, and continue to admire while sky-larks sing, bluebells nod, and the bonnie purple heather blooms in the Land of Song.

From a spirited "Ode for the Burns Anniversary," we quote the following eulogy:—

Sing loud his never-dying lays,
And weave of everlasting bays
A newer wreath around his noble temples to entwine!

And sing his name,
And his deathless fame,
When the "Januar' win's" are sighing.
The bard is dead—
His soul has fled—
But his song is never-dying.

While breezes soft the sweet bluebell shall woo—
While on our moors upstarts the sturdy thistle—
While at the gates of heaven the laverocks whistle—
While woman trusts to man, and man is true—
While o'er the "banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon".
The rich-songed mavis darts—
While heather scents the smiling summer noon—
Will Burns live in our hearts.

And ever as his natal morn returns
Our hearts will tribute pay to glorious Burns.

O humble harp, over whose fitful strings
My youthful fingers oft have idly roved,
When singing of the bard I long have loved
Pleasure unbounded to my heart it brings!

THE MAISTER AND THE BAIRNS.

The Maister sat in a wee cot hoose
Tae the Jordan's waters near,
An' the fisher fowk crushed an' croodit roon'
The Maister's words tae hear.

An' even the bairns frae the near-haun' streets
War mixin' in wi' the thrang,
Laddies an' lassies wi' wee bare feet
Jinkin' the crood amang.

An' ane o' the Twal' at the Maister's side
Rase up an' cried alood—
"Come, come, bairns, this is nae place for you,
Rin awa' hame oot the crood."

But the Maister said, as they turned awa',
"Let the wee bairns come tae me!"
An' He gaithered them roon' Him whar He sat,
An' liftit ane up on His knee.

Ay, He gaithered them roon' Him whar He sat
An' straikit their curly hair,
An' he said tae the won'erin' fisher fowk
That croodit aroon' Him there—

"Sen'na the weans awa' frae me,
But raither this lesson learn—
That nane'll won in at heaven's yett
That isna as pure as a bairn!"

An' He that wisna oor kith an' kin,
But a Prince o' the Far Awa',
Gaithered the wee anes in His airms,
An' blessed them ane an' a'.

. . . . .

O Thou who watchest the ways o' men
Keep our feet in the heavenly airt,
An' bring us at last tae Thy hame abune
As pure as the bairns in he'rt.

"Maid Mysie" is the true and touching story of a rustic beauty, the daughter of a shepherd, who was woo'd and deserted by "the laird's ae son." The girl loves him, but at first has misgivings and fears. which she thus naturally expresses :—

"The eagle leaves na his mountain hame
Tae mate wi' the cushie-doo;
An' it seems sae strange for a low-born maid
Tae wed wi' ane like you.

'An' oh," she wad cry, "will ye aye be true?
An' oh, will ye ne'er forget?
For if I should tine the love I hae won,
Far better we ne'er had met."

Then afterwards, when deserted,

"She waitit lang at the trystin' place,
But the young laird cam' na there—
The time flew by on leaden wings,
An' her he'rt grew sad an' sair.

A nicht bird uttered its lanely cry—
  A clud hid the mune's white licht—
An' aye she cooered an' asked hersel',
  "What keeps him sae late the nicht?"

Ah! Mysie lass, he minds na you,
  Nor the charm o' yer bricht blue een,
But pours his passionate tale o' love
  In the ear o' Mistress Jean,

A wilfu' beauty, wi' walth o' gowd,
  An' come o' an ancient line
(The same hedge marched the twa estates—
  A bride tae his faither's min').

An' witchin' music rung thro' the ha',
  An' the lichts were burnin' bricht;
Wi' dance an' sang an' blythesome tale
  Richt merrily passed the nicht.

An' Mysie stood wi' a burstin' he'rt
  Adoon by the birken shaw:
The win' gaed by wi' an eerie sough,
  An' nicht threw a gloom owre a'.

  It's oh! an' oh!
  That the he'rts o' men war truer!
For a lassie's love is a lassie's life,
  Tho' nocht to a faithless wooer.

. . . . . .

"Oh, happy, happy bairnhood's years,
  When 'twas simmer ilka day!
Bricht, bricht, ye shone! but noo, alack
  Life's pleasures hae gane for aye.

"Ma mither has grown sae sad o' late,
  Sae tender an' fond owre me,
An' aft when she thinks I dinna ken,
  The mist comes tae her e'e.

"Ma faither's hair, ance raven black,
  Is streakit enoo wi' grey,
An' his back is booed wi' heavy care,
  An' I ken his he'rt is wae.

. . . . . .

"Hush ye, hush ye, ma bonnie bairn,
  But for you I fain wad dee;
Yon wis a bonnie waddin', ma bairn,
  But a waefu' waddin' for me."

It's oh ! an' oh !
That the he'rts o' men war truer !
For a lassie's love is a lassie's life,
Tho' nocht to a faithless wooer.

THE LAIRD O' GOWDENLEAS.

I.

The sun glints bricht on the auld farm-house,
An' the win' blaws saft thro' the simmer trees ;
Sweet is the sang o' the lift-hie larks,
Blythesome the boom o' the hame-boun' bees.

At the farmer's door sits his dochter Jean
(The win' blaws saft thro' the simmer trees),
A love-lit lowe in her bricht blue een,
Her hair a' blawn wi' the playfu' breeze.

A lo'efu' lad comes liltin' by
(The win' blaws saft thro' the simmer trees)—
A buirdly fellow wi' curlin' hair,
An' weys a lassie's he'rt tae please.

She meets him doon at the gairden yett
(The win' blaws saft thro' the simmer trees) ;
But sadness chases the rose frae her face—
(Love seldom travels a path o' ease).

" My faither likesna yer comin' here "
(The win' blaws saft thro' the simmer trees) ;
" He bade me beware o' stranger lads,
An' heavy his word on ma puir he'rt wei's."

He kisses her lips an' he turns awa'
(The win' blaws saft thro' the simmer trees),
An' tears fill the een o' bonnie Jean
As the auld white yett ahint him swees.

(He'rts may droop though the sun shines bricht,
An' the win' blaws saft thro' the simmer trees ;
But joy may come when we least jalouse,
An' Love look straucht when we think he gleys.)

II.

Adoon the lane rides a gallant gay
When the win' blaws saft thro' the simmer trees ;
Awa' frae the horse's soondin' staps
The lanely maukin frichtit flees.

Adoon the lane gangs bonnie Jean
(The win' blaws saft thro' the simmer trees),
Trying tae quench her burnin' love,
But only fannin' the flichtfu' breeze.

The horseman reaches the lassie's side
(The win' blaws saft thro' the simmer trees),
He loots him doon frae his saddle-bow,
An' lifts her up wi' a canny heeze.

"Noo dinna ye fear, ma winsome Jean
(The win' blaws thro' the simmer trees),
I'll set ye doon at the gairden yett,
An' I will yer faither's wrath appease."

He sets her doon at the gairden yett
(The win' blaws saft thro' the simmer trees),
An' lichtly loups he doon tae her side—
Her faither glowers when the gallant he sees.

"I hae come tae ask for yer dochter's han'
(The win' blaws saft thro' the simmer trees),
Gowdenleas' leddy will Jeanie be,
For I am the Laird o' Gowdenleas."

(He'rts may droop tho' the sun shines bricht,
An' the win' blaws saft thro' the simmer trees;
But joy may come when we least jalouse,
An' Love look straucht when we think he gleys.)

WHERE THE FERNS GROW.

In quiet nooks,
Where flow the summer brooks,
Or in the forests at the great trees' feet—
A sweet retreat—
Grow the ferns.

In cool dark caves,
Whose walls the streamlet laves,
Even where the giant rocks are towering steepest
And glooming deepest,
Grow the ferns.

Where no one sees
Them bending to the breeze,
Sheltered by some old ruin grim and hoary,
In summer glory
Grow the ferns.

. . . . .

CITY ARABS.

Once they were innocent, undefiled,
Children that gleefully played and smiled;
But, nursed in those direful dens of sin—
Accustomed to oaths and drunken din—
What will they be in the coming time
But masters in guilt, adepts in crime?
Can we not save them from sin and scorn,
Change the night of their lives to golden morn,
Save from the drink-fiend's terrible curse—
Save the boys from crime, the girls from worse?

If allowed to tread this unwholesome soil
With never a teaching of honest toil,
With never a knowing of wrong from right,
They will sink to deadlier depths of night;
Bearing, perchance, the felon's name—
Bearing forever the brand of shame.
Then bring them in from the stirful street,
Where they live in hate or die 'mong our feet,
From the haunts of want and crime and sin,
Unheeded jewels, oh! bring them in.

THE FISHER'S LASSIE.

I.

Tall an' comely, wi' wavin' hair,
Doon by the waters o' Morantassie,
Never a kennin' o' wrang or care.
(A life o' joy for the fisher's lassie).

Lovers seekin' her ilka day
Round by the waters o' Morantassie—
"My fisher lad I will lo'e for aye,"
(Simmer a' year for the fisher's lassie).

Village gossips mention her name
Doon by the waters o' Morantassie,
"A waddin' we'll hae whan the men come hame.'
(Ribbons an' braws for the fisher's lassie).

"Lads an' lassies frae faur an' near
Will come by the waters o' Morantassie,
For, wow, but we lo'e the lassie dear!"
(A ring o' gowd for the fisher's lassie).

II.

A waesome nicht when the men come hame—
Wild the waters o' Morantassie,
Billows black wi' a crest o' faem;
(A nicht o' dool for the fisher's lassie).

Lood the thunder the breakers mak',
  Heavin' the waters o' Morantassie,
San's an' rocks a' strewn wi' wrack!
  (It's oh, an' oh! for the fisher's lassie).

"Oh, say, is my fisher lad safe an' weel—
  Safe frae the waters o' Morantassie?"
Never a word they answer, I tweel;
  (A broken he'rt for the fisher's lassie).

Cauld in her bed the lassie lies
  Near by the waters o' Morantassie,
Nocht is heard but the sea-birds' cries,
  (Linen white for the fisher's lassie).

THE EXILE.

(From Lemennais.)

The floo'rs are bonnie, the trees are green,
But they seemna sae fair tae the weary e'en
That look in vain for the face o' a frien',
  An' the wanderer's he'rt is lanely!

The strangers are singin' the fiel's amang,
An' the strains are borne on the breeze alang;
But oh! for the lilt o' an auld hame-sang,
  For the wanderer's he'rt is lanely!

The wimplin' wee burns as saftly glide,
But they croonna sae sweet on a strange hillside
As they dae in the lan' whar fond memories bide,
  An' the wanderer's he'rt is lanely!

The faither sits wi' the bairn on his knee,
His sons a' roon' him—a sicht to see—
But naebody here claims kin wi' me,
  An' the wanderer's he'rt is lanely!

It's oh! for the time when this life o' sin
Wi' a' its wae'll be past an' dune;
An' it's oh! for the rest o' the Hame abune,
  For the wanderer's he'rt is lanely!

THE AULD THACKIT BIGGIN'.

There's a wee auld thackit biggin' that I aften gang an' see,
  It fills an unco corner o' my he'rt;
Whaur at nichts we used to gaither roon' a lovin' mother's knee,
  An' never thocht we'd ever ha'e tae pairt.

We'd listen to her stories in the cauule's blinkin' licht,
My faither noddin' in his auld airm chair,
Till bed-time cam' an' we were snugly happit for the nicht,
In the wee auld thackit biggin' on the muir,
In the wee auld thackit biggin' on the muir.

But now it's cauld and cheerless, and the win' blaws oot an' in,
An' we are scattered far owre land an' sea,
An' some ha'e gane before me, frae this world o' dool an' sin
Frae a' life's cares an' sorrows they are free;
But yet the thocht comes tae me that we'll maybe meet again,
A thocht that cheers me when my he'rt is sair,
For sadness aye comes owre me when my he'rt is backward ta'en
Tae the wee auld thackit biggin' on the muir.

ANDREW JAMES ARMSTRONG

WAS born in Dumfries in 1848. His father died when the subject of our sketch was six months old, and left a family of five unprovided for. Andrew, after two years at a "society" school, became errand boy in a draper's shop, and afterwards in the establishment of a bookseller, where, at the age of fourteen, he wrote his first poem. It was printed and commended by Thomas Aird, then editor of the *Dumfries Herald*. In the days of his boyhood he spent much of his leisure time in the auld kirkyard where rest the remains of Robert Burns. It was there that he acquired the respect and veneration he entertains for all poets, and felt a desire to write poetry. While serving an apprenticeship to the cabinetmaking trade, he also studied hard to make up for his want of education by attending an evening school and reading instructive works. After following his calling for some years in England, Mr

Armstrong settled down in Kirkcudbright. He is the author of several prose tales and sketches, as well as poems and songs, contributed to magazines and newspapers. These give evidence of pleasing humour, fine descriptive power, and the qualities of directness, simplicity, and force of expression which ought to characterise narrative poetry.

SWEET JESSIE GLEN.

O' a' the braw lassies inside o' my ken,
There's no ane amang them like sweet Jessie Glen;
Her bonnie bricht een like ether sae blue
Hae won her the hearts o' the kindest an' true;
Her movements, sae gracefu', wad vie wi' the fawn,
The smile on her face is as bricht as the dawn;
Her voice, like the lintie's sweet note on the tree,
An' her cheek bloomin' fresh as the flowers on the lea.

The laird o' Glentocher, wi' siller an' lan',
Thocht he'd naething adae but ask for her han';
His back it was bent, aye as roon' as a bow,
An' the bodie had hardly a hair on his pow:
His auld shrivelled shanks scarcely filled up his hose,
An' wine had artistically tinted his nose;
His mou' he had ta'en on an annual lease,
An' his een blinked like deein' dips soomin in grease.

The laird, he cam' doon in his best cocket hat,
A' panther'd an' scented wi' gudeness kens what;
On his auld bunioned feet he had fine silken shoon,
Wi' buckles o' siller as bricht as the mune.
He smirkit, an' scrapit, an' boo'd to the floor,
An' vow'd he'd ne'er seen sic a lassie before,
That her sweet charms had got his auld heart in a' thra',
An' vow'd he'd mak' her leddy o' Glentocher an' a'

He blawed o' his sheep, o' his houses an' kye,
O' his fine muckle ha', an' his siller forbye;
He said he wad dress her, an' busk her fu' braw,
That on her he'd no let the wind rudely blaw.
Sae doon he gaed slump on his auld skinny knees,
While he sent forth a sigh like a stiff norlan' breeze;
He promised her jewels and gowd without en',
But a' couldna win' owre my ain Jessie Glen.

Jessie's sweet ripplin' lauch, like a clear siller bell,
Fell on the laird's ear like a funeral knell;
Wi' wriggliu' an' twistin' he gat to his feet,
An' the effort it cost gar'd the auld body greet.

"Laird Glentocher," quo' Jessie, "ye aiblins micht ken
That twenty is nae match for three score an' ten ;
Gang hame to your big ha', an' come nae mair here,
But look for a lassie to marry your gear."

"Od, Zoons," quo' the laird, "dae my senses deceive."
"No at a', Sir," quo' Jessie, "sae pray tak' yer leave ;
Ye'll sune fin' some lassie to marry your pelf,
But feint ane amang them wad marry yourself."
The laird wiped his een, gied his nose a lood blaw,
Ca'd Jessie the sauciest jade he e'er saw ;
An' shakin' his skinny neive, swore sic an aith
Sae lood, deep, an' lang 't micht hae sunken them baith.

He still gangs aboot in his auld donnert way,
Gettin' cross an' mair crabbit aye day after day ;
He spent his life's noonday in trachlin' for gear,
An' noo in the gloamin' he's nae ane to cheer,
Sweet Jessie's my wife, an' frae mornin' to e'en
She's as blythe as a lark, an' as spruce as a queen,
In our tidy wee cot, wi' a but an' a ben,
I'm as crouse as a king wi' my ain Jessie Glen.

THE DOMINIE'S DOCHTER.

I mind unco weel when a boy at the schule
O' a gowden haired lassie sae winsome an' bonnie,
Her een were as bricht as the blue simmer sky,
An' her form to my een was mair loesome than ony.
I basked in the licht o' her sweet sunny smile,
I drank in her accents, an angel I thocht her,
I wad gien ilka steek o' my braw Sunday claes
For a blink frae the e'e o' the dominie's dochter.

The callants wad envy me aft o' her smile,
Or like cripples on crutches wad fleetch for her favours,
But at the puir chiels she wad lauch a' the while,
An' tell them they never said naething but havers.
They aft brocht her fairins o' sweeties an' bools,
But a cairtload o' Ophir's bricht gowd wadna bocht her,
I ken'd aye fu' weel I was foremost o' a'—
I lo'ed and was lo'ed by the dominie's dochter.

But years gaed atumblin', the slid gait o' time,
An' wrocht his fell changes on ane an' anither,
An' death's han' as cauld as the snell winter blast
Touched the care-furrowed broo o' my puir lammie's father.
Ae nicht by the burnie that brawls doon the glen,
By oor trystin' slae bus, for my wifie I socht her,
She saft on my bosom her gowden heid laid
Sayin' "nane else will ere get the dominie's dochter."

Sae noo I've a weel stockit hame o' my ain,
Wi' horses an' kye, an' a hantle o' siller;
I've corn i' the fields an' flocks on the braes,
An' a score bow o' meal juist new hame frae the miller.
But I hae a jewel mair precious than a',
That's as dear to my heart as the first day I socht her;
An' noo I'm the daddy o' four bonnie bairns,
An' they hae for their mither the dominie's dochter.

THE WEE CREEPIE STULE.

This wee creepie stule that I noo hae my foot on
Has been in my haudin' for mony year;
It brings to my auld heid fain thochts o' my my lost anes,
An' seeks frae my age-bedimmed e'e the the saut tear.
Friend Gibbie, its lang sin' we last met thegither,
We've baith seen the dark days o' sorrow an' dool,
An' sae we maun crack through the rules o' auld friendship,
I'll tell ye the tale o' the wee creepie stule.

Ye'll mind whan oor Grizzie an' me first forgathered,
Hoo blythe, bricht, an' bonnie was my strappin' queen;
Her cheeks like the rose, her skin like the lily,
Her bonnie broon hair, an' her bricht glintin' een;
But she faded awa' like a flower i' the autumn,
An' left me sae weary an' sadly forfairn;
She whispered thae words, as her spirit soared upwards,
"Oh, Jamie, be kind to yer mitherless bairn."

Willie thrave like a bracken aneath the green shade,
An' his mither's soul keeked frae his bonnie dark e'e;
His wee chubby cheeks, and his dark curly pow
Was the wunner o' a', and the warl' to me.
The wee creepie stule the bairn gat frae his grannie,
But lang the auld cratur has slept i' the mool;
An' pairt wi't he wadna—no e'en for his faither—
He nearly gaed gyte ower the wee creepie stule.

It ser't for a hoose, for a cairt, an' a table,
For kirk an' for poopit, an' for preacher an' a';
It ser't for a dog, for a bairn, an' cuddy,
But as a wee chairger was used maist o' a'.
He'd chairge at the chairs, ither stules, an' the table,
His cheeks a' aglow wi' the wee mimic fray;
His een glintin' fire as if death he was dealin',
Or as if roond aboot him the dead foemen lay!

An' whan the grey shades o' the gloamin' crept ower us,
An' the bairnie grew tired o' his rompin' an' fray,
I'd strip aff his wee claes, an' put him to cuddle,
But first he wad kneel by his wee stule an' pray.

What wunner that when the sun dips i' the westward,
An' nicht's gloomy shadows creep up o'er the sky,
I fancy I hear thae saft heaven-like accents
That wring frae my sair-laden bosom a sigh.

But time gaed a birlin' the years swiftly onward,
An' wi' them the bairnie grew intae the man,
As strong as an aik, an' sae brave an' kind hearted,
My laddie was match for the wale o' the lan'.
Prince Charlie had need o' sic hearts frae the lowlands
To bring back to Scotland her ain native eroon;
My laddie was fain for the loud clang o' battle
To twine the bricht laurel his brave broo aroon.

Sae when the loud pibroch sae clearly was soundin',
Awakin' the echoes o' mountain an' dale,
Whan bricht in the sun the braid claymore was glintin',
An' the fierce slogan cry was borne far on the gale,
My laddie was there where the fray was the fiercest,
He gar'd mony a foe o' his country to reel,
But whan the sun sank an' the red day was ended
My ain bonnie bairnie lay deid on the fiel'.

Oh, Gibbie, what wunner my auld heart keeps sabbin'
An' sighin' sae wearily through the lang years,
Hoo fain wad I be in the blue lift up yonder
Sae far, far awa frae this sad vale o' tears.
Ye'll aiblins be thinkin' me donnert an' doited,
Ye'll think too yersel' I'm an auld crazy fule;
But oh! my heart clings, like the green ivy tendrils,
Roon' the memories that hallow this wee creepie stule.

JOSEPH M'DONALD,

A POET whose career has been a varied and exciting one, was born in Dundee, in 1827, and shortly thereafter the family removed to Aberdeen. At the age of seven he was "herdin' kye" on the Hill of Coul, near Kincardine O'Neil. He worked to farmers and gardeners till his eighteenth year, when he joined the Forty-Second Royal Highlanders, and was an officer's servant at Bermuda,

West Indies, when he purchased his discharge. It should be mentioned that his father, grandfather, and several relatives had fought for their country. After leaving the regiment, M'Donald acted as a guard in the convict establishment, but this work not being congenial, he became a stoker in the railway service, and was subsequently engaged in several occupations until he returned home, and joined the Aberdeenshire Militia, of which he became a staff sergeant. We afterwards find him a policeman on the Great North of Scotland Railway, on the Clyde police force, a soldier in South Africa, orderly to General Windyards, and at a host of other callings, until he again bought his discharge, and after seeing a great deal of Cape life, he returned to Scotland once more. M'Donald remained at home only some eighteen months, and then went to America, where he remained about ten years, after which he returned and finally settled down in Falkirk.

Mr M'Donald has written under various *noms-de-plume* for many years. He devotes his leisure time to the study of botany, and is a much esteemed member of the Stirlingshire Botanic Society. He is a thoughtful writer, and his productions show him to be an intelligent admirer of Nature.

THE MINSTREL'S LAMENT.

A sere aged minstrel sat lone by the sea,
His aspect was noble in every degree;
His harp stood before him tuned, ready for song,
The voice of the Celt bore its sweet notes along
With faltering accent—each quivering chord—
But ocean and air its full tone restored;
Its burden was Erin—dear Erin, for thee
This heart sorely bleeds thy misfortune to see.

Contentment is banished, and rampant discord
Is spread from the altar enshrined to the Lord:—
Can this be the altar of days long gone by,
Enshrined by St Patrick with power from on high?

Thy glory, then, Erin, was loved and adored:
O that thy virtues as then was restored,
That peace and contentment again in the land
Dwelt when they bowed them to God's high command.

Where is all was noble, O Erin, in thee?
It pains this sad heart thy mad follies to see;
And the land steeped in blood, and in horror and crime,
As a lasting record on the pillars of time.
Like Israel of old you are sowing despair,
And like her you'll harvest a harvest of care,
Dispersed through the world with the blood of the Lord
Before you to warn you against this discord.

O sons of fair Erin! O rise, rise in time,
Ere the vials of wrath are outpoured on thy crime;
For innocent blood will stern justice demand,
And bring down for ever a curse on the land.
The angel of death is soaring behind,
And marking the course of those of like mind;
He follows them fast when they strike the dire blow,
Dispersing around them unchangeable woe.

Do you think, can you shun the Almighty's keen gaze?
When the eye of his wrath is kindled to blaze,
It will scorch and scatter thy seed o'er the earth,
And blast, like Chaldea, the land of thy birth.
Then rise, child of Erin, before it's too late!
The common prediction your lot will await;
As by our action how oft are we driven
To remorse and despair, like outcasts from heaven.

O hear my fond plaint ere my harp is yet still!
Awake from this feeling that's done so much ill,
Once more to thy love which once was divine,
And clothed was with virtue from thy sainted shrine;
Then Erin will rise pure in glory once more,
As this will her freedom for ever restore;
Her altars will blaze to the firmament high
With the fire of the soul, which never can die.

Where now is the land which thy bards so well sung?
Let their voices be raised and their harps now be strung,
That the themes of their glory now may you inspire;
Let actions like their's be your heart's full desire.
Your sons and your daughters then happy will be,
And the pleasures of old once again will you see;
The green Isle of Erin will then be the song
That the minstrel will strive on his harp to prolong.

ON KNOWLEDGE.

Man has defined where planets roll,
  And marked their course through Space's way,
Yet know they not what all control,
  Or what their glorious light display.

The wonders of this globe they've solved,
  In some respects made clear as day,
But yet much is so deep involved
  That mystery can't be cleared away.

They've traced the motion of this frame,
  And shown how arteries blood convey;
Each bone and sinew's got a name,
  And they have helped to stop decay;

But sure as Time her course revolves,
  We find that Nature's props give way,
And soon in ruin all involves,
  As who it at the end can stay?

How soon from youth to age we fly,
  We feel and see the rise and fall,
And when our end is drawing nigh
  We fine we're little after all.

But ah! the mystery of this death,
  Which does so change this being, Man,
The cause and stoppage of this breath,
  Unravel this to me who can.

Show me the passage of this soul,
  Through the unbounded paths of space,
To where 'twill reach its final goal,
  For it must have, and has a place.

Yet God in his pure Nature gives
  A knowledge that all cannot die;
There's something more than human lives
  Away beyond this earth and sky.

What tells us that there's something near,
  How clear it often seems to me,
Even in the darkest hour to cheer,
  When all around we trouble see?

What guides this wandering mind within,
  And rules the passions of the man
To nobler feelings, still akin
  To God and his Almighty plan?

There's more in heaven and earth I fear,
  Than mortal here will ever know,
As all of life will strange appear
  To one who looks at weal and woe.

As what is all that has been shown
  But yet a glimpse as through a glass,
And so is all that can be known
  Till through the shadow'd vale we pass.

GEORGE TURNER

WAS born in Dunfermline, in 1805. At the early age of six months he removed with his parents to Ayr. When quite young he was apprenticed to a tailor in Edinburgh, but being a lad of considerable spirit he grew tired of sitting cross-legged. Enlisting in the Argyle Highlanders in 1826, he served his country for seventeen years, but had to retire from the army in 1843, having had the misfortune to lose his sight. Notwithstanding this sad calamity, he has been able since then to lead a useful, happy life. In 1868 he removed to Arbroath, where he has since resided, and where the bulk of the pieces he has written have been composed. He is a keen advocate of total abstinence, and frequently uses both his voice and his pen in furtherance of his principles. He has written a few very superior pieces. The most pathetic and touching of these is his "Caumstane Laddie" and "The Wee Shifter's Lament." His Doric is strikingly pure. He is brimful and overflowing with pity for the poor and the oppressed, and he writes with a purity of sentiment and depth of feeling rarely to be met with.

THE CAUMSTANE LADDIE.

Ae snawy day in winter time, while sitting at my wheel,
My door it opened cannily,—in cam' a puir wee chiel,
A wee bit cake was in his han'—he got it frae a wean,
And o'er his arm a pockie hung, 'twas filled wi' blue caumstane.

Nae shoon were on his hackit feet, near bare unto the knee,
A bit o' guernsey o'er his back—nae sarkie on had he;
An' oil skin cappie o'er his brow, to keep oot snaw or rain
While daunderin' roun' frae door to door to sell his blue caumstane.

His mither dee'd some three years back, his faither droon'd had been,
Whiles wi' his han' he wiped awa' the saut bree frae his e'en,
Nae freend on a' the earth had he, but left he a' his lane;
He got a mouthfu' here and there while sellin' his caumstane.

I welcomed in the puir wee thing into my ingle neuk,
Near to the lowe he rubbed his luifs, and aye his headie skook,
Wi' want and cauld his little heart had near about been gaen
While wanderin' roun' frae door to door to sell his blue caumstane.

Some meat I gae the puir wee lad; joy sparkled in his e'e;
He leaned his headie on his han', his elbow on his knee,
In secrecy a blessing asked; the loonie's heart was fain,
He got sae mony cauldrife looks while selling his caumstane.

THE WEE SHIFTER'S LAMENT.

The whissel had blawn on a cauld winter morn,
A "shifter" ran past wi' her duddies a' torn,
She was sabbin' an' cryin' "the whissel is dune,
The frames will be on, an' I winna get in.

Twa mornin's already aff my puir twa-an'-three,"
While she gazed at the gate the tears blindit her e'e;
"My mither she's lying, I think she will dee—
Three mornin's this week aff my puir twa-an'-three.

My sister is deid, as weel as my brither,
An' nane but mysel' to help my puir mither;
My faither, he caresna for nane but himsel'—
To get his curst drink, my last sark he wid sell."

Sae complainin', the wee thing she turn'd awa hame,
Still sabbin' and hirplin' the dark road she came,
Wi' her puir distress'd mither she waited until
The hour had arrived to return to the mill.

Wi' a scold frae her foreman, an' a skelp frae her "spinner,"
The bit clutie fell doun, wi' the piece for her dinner,
The bawbee was lost, 'at was to buy her drap kail—
'Twas nae use to reason, nane wad hear her sad tale.

"Mind your bobbins, ye limmer," cried Kate wi' a yell,
"Three mornin's this week I have shifted mysel',
The next time yer oot ye may stay a' thegither
An' mask tea the haill day for yer auld deein' mither."

Puir child o' misfortune yer early begun
To toil for thy bread ere thy infancy's run,
How soon has the hand been applied to thy brow
To wipe off the sweat for the lords o' the tow!

STANZAS ON MY BLINDNESS.

The spring time has gone, and the summer is come,
Yet nature to me is as dark as the tomb;
The flowers they may bloom, they may fade or decay,
They bloom not for me, for my vision's away.

Never more shall I trace on the blue-vaulted page
The finger of God in my dark pilgrimage;
'Tis the will of my Father, why should I repine?
The hand that afflicts is a hand that's divine.

Thou sweet mellow mavis, thy music prolong,
There's no sorrow with thee, no grief in thy song;
Tho' thy plumage for ever is gone from my sight,
Yet thy music, sweet bird, fills my heart with delight.

I will lean on His arm, in His power will confide
Who has promised on earth all our wanderings to guide,
The things that are crooked then straight I shall find,
For in ways that we know not God leadeth the blind.

Be still, then, my soul, and the dark shall be light
When a full ray of glory shall burst on my sight,
And behold Him enthron'd who suffer'd for me,
Who still'd the proud waves of the deep Galilee.

AULD BESSIE'S LAMENT.

Oh! weary on that auld pirn wheel;
My banes are sair frae croun to heel;
Aft times I wish her at the diel,
Jute roots an' a';
They knot an' fangle on the reel,
Or snap in twa.

I coax her up wi' oil or grease,
To gie my puir auld airm some ease ;
I gie the screw anither squeeze,
To ticht the band ;
But a' my plans gie nae release
To heart or hand.

I scarcely earn a groat a-day ;
For meal and rent it melts away ;
Forby, I hae my licht to pay,
An' ither things ;
To mak' ends meet what wark I hae !
It near me dings.

I seldom breathe the caller air,
I jimp find time duds to repair ;
My shoon need soles an' heels richt sair,
My stockings' worn ;
I've darn'd them till they'll darn nae mair,
Baith nicht an' morn.

Ninepence a-week is a' I get
Frae aff the Board—hard heartit set !
If mair I seek they'll tak' the pet,
An' grummel sair ;
Or turn puir Bessie to the street,
To seek it there.

I've simmers seen three score an' ten,
But noo I'm drawin' to an en' ;
I'll tak' what Heaven is pleased to sen'
Wi' thankfulness ;
The grass will soon its covering len'
To puir auld Bess.

GEORGE MURIE.

GEORGE MURIE thinks, as Burns happily puts it, that to make a happy fireside is "The true pathos and sublime o' human life." He is a poet of no mean power, but of humble aspirations, and

places business before poesy. Mr Murie was born at Calder Braes, in the parish of Old Monkland, in 1845,

> In a wee thecket hoose o' a but an' a ben,
> Leukin' owre the brae face into North Cauther Glen.

The family about five years afterwards removed to a property of their own some two miles from Airdrie —the woods surrounding the home of the young poet surpassing in his mind all others, for there his thoughts were first uttered in rhyme. His father was a miner, and at the age of twelve George commenced to work underground. His tastes lay, however, in a different direction, and on reaching manhood he determined to be his own master. He went to America, and by industry and care he was able to return home with "something in his pocket," and worked again for some years at his original calling. On ceasing from handling blocks of coal, he became a draper, and he has had no cause to regret the step.

Mr Murie's early "attempts" were inspired by Cupid—a subject ever new if ever old, and one above all others appealing to the poet's heart. For a time the cares of the world banished the Muse, and she only appeared at fitful intervals until a few years ago, when he commenced to write regularly, and with much acceptance, for the Glasgow and other newspapers. Many of his poems exhibit a considerable degree of merit. They are expressed in a great variety of measures, and as to subject they cover a wide extent of field. A gentle spirit is visible in every line, and the frequent felicity of their form, and unfailing soundness of their ethical teaching are remarkable.

TIME.

Fleeting time! on thee I ponder,
Theorize, still left to wonder
Whence thou came, and whither goeth,
But I find no mortal knoweth—
  Mystic, hoary-headed Time,
  Prelude to an unknown clime.

Onward marching, veering never,
But a glimpse, then lost for ever,
Ever changing nature's features:
Womb wherein all mortal creatures
  Are conceived, where life is given,
  Training school for earth and heav'n.

Unwearied time, never slumbering,
Moments into years thou'rt numbering,
Beckoning unseen future hither,
Motioning precious present thither,
  Ere its shadow is well cast,
  To the unreturning past.

Sentinel o'er all creation,
Witness of earth's vast formation;
Angel of the highest order,
Life's omnipotent recorder,
  Night and day around thee clings,
  Seasons hover on thy wings.

Youth and age alike adore thee,
Death's grim hand alone ignore thee;
Death! ah, Time, we think him cruel—
Nay, he only takes a jewel
  From this transitory breast
  To an everlasting rest.

Time! when our fond tie is broken,
And our last farewell is spoken,
To thy care I give the keeping
Of this frame, not dead, but sleeping,
  Till Christ's awful voice is heard,
  Saying, "Wake to thy reward."

THE SKYLARK.

Spring has come! the morn is breaking,
Feathered choristers are waking,
Phœbus gilds the east horizon,
Slow the lazy mist is rising
From the dew-bespangled lawn—
Charming picture! morning dawn!

From the lea the lark is springing,
Through the haze o'er cloud-banks winging,
Upward, onward, heavenward tending,
Loud and long his notes are blending.
King of songsters, wild and free,
Seraphs seem to becon thee.

Fearless bird, with plain adorning,
Chasing night and greeting morning ;
Hymning at the gate of heaven,
Till thy little throat seems riven ;
Churling forth celestial strains,
Which vibrate o'er hills and plains.

Happy bird, with heart so cheery,
Singing, winging, never weary ;
Duty bids thee cease thy soaring,
Earthward now thy notes are pouring,
Churling, whirling to the sod,
Cheering man and praising God.

PUT IT THROUGH AGAIN.

'Twas on a bleak, cold, winter morn, the snow blew thick and fast,
All nature was asleep, the wee birds chittered in the blast.
I ventured forth to view the fold upon that bitter morn ;
I met a grey-haired sire, who seemed both weary and forlorn ;
I said, "Old man, is't poverty that drives you forth to roam,
Or are you cast upon the world without a friend or home?"
"I have no home, kind sir," he said, "but I have got a friend
Whose matchless, boundless love to me no mind can comprehend."
"Come home with me, my aged friend, to screen the blast that blows,
And tell me of your weary life, which now seems near a close."
"A weary life it is, kind sir, to those of carnal mind ;
But those who trust the love of Christ to trials are resigned ;
I'll go with you, I'm tired and cold, your welcome makes me glad,—
There's few I meet of human kind but makes my heart feel sad."
Refreshed and warmed, the old man asked to see our barn store ;
He took a seat and watched the workers turn the treasure o'er ;
One wrought a ponderous fan to clean the chaff from off the grain,—
His task seemed endless, as a voice cried, "Put it through again."
"Yes, put it through again, my lad," the master cries once more.
The lad, with hopes his task would cease, was humbled to the core ;—

"Ah! there it is," the old man cried, "the naked, honest, truth,
This long and chequered life of mine has proved it from my youth;
When young, my wayward course pursued, my parents disobeyed,
As oft my conscience brought to view my deeds in guilt arrayed;
'Twas good for me in my young days to be thus humbled low,
It raised me step by step from earth to bear some future blow;
The thirst for wealth my mind constrained as I grew up the man;
Ambition's hill I tried to climb, but fell where I began.
Thus humbled low my worldly thoughts, it showed such thoughts were vain;
It made me search the cause that put me through that trial again;
My humbled heart became resigned to bear God's chastening rod;
His wondrous love was greater still to bear my heavy load.
Ah! yes, kind sir, if we were left in pleasure's path to tread,
We'd soon forget 'bout Calvary's Cross, where Christ our Saviour died;
Yes! bled and died for you and me,—for sins, but not His own;
No other blood nor life but His could for our sins atone.
In prime of life, with home and wife, sweet children I had four;
Our life seemed one unbroken bliss till death stood at our door.
Ah, Death! thou grim and dreadful foe to all the human race,
Thou broke one happy tie to earth, and hid an angel's face.
'Thy will be done, O Lord,' I cried, 'Thou knowest what is best,
Thy chastening hand I see in this, which calms my troubled breast.'
Once more the messenger appeared; I said, 'Thy will be done.'
His arrows smote two and my wife, but spared my only son;
In grief and agony I cried, 'My sins are surely great';
Then Satan whispered in my ear, 'Your cry goes up too late,—
Curse God, and die,' this demon said; but, oh, Christ's righteous robe
Was cast around my quivering frame, then I remembered Job.
Perhaps I weary you, kind sir, with tales of woe like these?"
"No, no," said I, "but yet your tale makes me feel ill at ease."
"One other trial I'll relate--it pains me most of all:
My only son and kin I've left grew wayward and did fall
From virtue's pearly path, and fled and left me here alone.
Oh, had I laid him side by side with those already gone;
But no, I must go through again—this trial yet endure;
He that began this work in me will purge me till I'm pure."
I could contain no longer now, his case reveals my own—
"Father!" I cried, "behold your son! Will Christ my sins atone?"

"My son, my son! repent—believe; Christ will wash out the stain.
You must not frown when trials come—'tis you put through again;
This revelation thrills my soul—this sign my Lord has given;
It shows the road I've trod on earth to be the road to heaven.
Farewell, my son! welcome, the grave! my task on earth is o'er;
See, Jesus holds my crown in view on yon bright, happy shore,"
The old man's flickering flame of life died out as night drew on;
If angels e'er appeared on earth they from his visage shone.

OUR CANDY MAN.

In a fanciful mood I amusingly stood
In a quiet little village one day,
When a man hove in sight, bawling out all his might—
"Candy rock, gather up, gather away."
As already I've said, there was fun in my head,
And I could not refrain from a joke;
So with pencil in hand, in a corner I stand
To sketch out the man and his stock.

He's for certain a Pat—no dishonour in that—
For I know by the wink of his eye,
By the look of his "thugs," and the shoulders he shrugs,
Faith, his country he could'nt deny;
Sure the cut of his mouth tells he's not from the south,
And his brogue is enough to convey
What he is by his tones, as he bawls "rags and bones,
Candy rock, gather up, gather away."

Right before me he stands, slaps his sides with his hands
To bring his numb fingers to heat;
Now he puffs and he blows, strikes the drop from his nose,
And stamps with his heavy shod feet;
On his barrow are bags, salt, and whitenin', and rags,
And some boiled treacle spread on a tray;
Through his fingers he plies rags and bones, as he cries,
"Candy rock, gather up, gather away."

On the ashpits around, little ones may be found
With rags in the skirt of each frock,
To the barrow they skip, with a smile on their lip,
To purchase the candy man's rock.
Paddy winked and he chaffed, while I looked on and laughed,
As the treacle-smeared faces delay
Round his barrow and clouts, but he moves on and shouts,
"Candy rock, gather up, gather away."

Now dear Paddy, my boy, my heart wishes you joy,
May your trade bring you many a bob;
And we need such as you, yes, dear Paddy, 'tis true,
For our Scotchmen don't covet your job.
In politeness to Pat, I uplifted my hat,
And wished him much luck, and good day;
To my utter surprise, "rags and bones," he replies,
"Candy rock, gather up, gather away."

A MORNING REVERIE.

When I desire a happy hour,
I search out some secluded bower,
While nature's wings are furled,
There watch the sun's first beams of light
Asunder part the shades of night
From off a sleeping world.
Amazed my ravished eye can scan
God's boundless, matchless, mighty plan,
Held forth by Nature's hand.
Along its marvellous, ponderous page,
Mankind have searched from age to age,
Yet cannot understand.
My soul, like theirs, fain would arise
'Tween teeming earth and spangled skies,
On Fancy's wings, to dream;
But all my mind can comprehend
Comes to an unsuccessful end,
And an unfathomed theme.
Yet I avow God's wondrous works
That in the depth of Nature lurks,
While I admire the seen—
Such as the sky when morning breaks,
Or teeming earth when Nature wakes,
To view the changing scene;
When Sol peeps o'er his chamber brim,
The moon grows pale, the stars grow dim,
And vanish from the sight;
The clouds resume a brighter hue,
The sky is dyed a richer blue,
As day succeeds the night;
A holy calm floats on the breeze,
The new-born light pours through the trees,
And wakes the feathered throng;
The lark goes up to greet the morn,
The birds on budding tree and thorn
Pour forth their morning song;
The lazy mists creep up the hills,
The sunbeams sparkle on the rills
And dew-bespangled lea;

The flowers look up to kiss the light,
Unfold their petals to invite
  The honey-seeking bee;
In countless throngs the insect race
Are waked to life by light's embrace,
  To live their little day;
The tiny webs the spider weaves
Hang glistening 'mong the hawthorn leaves
  That line the dusty way.
The loud, shrill voice of chanticleer
Falls on my ravished listening ear,
  And breaks th' enchanting spell;
The lowing herd, the milkmaid's song,
The sound of hurrying feet along,
  Reminds me where I dwell,
And calls my wandering thoughts to earth,
To scenes of vanity and mirth,
  Where toil and strife's in store;
Where death's relentless hand holds sway,
Where victims fall by night and day,
  And earth knows them no more.
O happy hour, why fly so fast?
Earth pleads that this sweet scene might last—
  I'd wish no greater bliss.
But no, the rising sun must haste,
Leaving to earth a sweet foretaste
  Of future happiness.

WILLIAM SHAND DURIE

WAS born in Arbroath in 1818. His father at first designed him for the Church, but he latterly chose a mercantile career, and entered into partnership as general merchant with a brother. After some successful years a commercial crisis led to the dissolution of the firm. Mr Durie emigrated to Australia in 1852, where he acted as surveyor and land agent. With an interval of three years spent at home (1858-60), he devoted his energies to work in Victoria until 1874, when he died at Melbourne at the age of 56. From his schoolboy days, he contri-

buted both in verse and prose to the newspapers, and to the local magazines. Besides two small volumes of poems, which he published in 1848, entitled respectively "The Lost Fisherman"—a metrical account of a ludicrous incident which occurred at Auchmithie, and "All Fools! or the 1st of April 1848, in Arbroath," Durie wrote a rhymed version of the Book of Job, "Balthazar—A Goblin Story in 70 Cantos," "Nickie Furn the Fanciful," "The Adventures of Tam Blaw." His well stored mind, his social qualities, and his rare skill as a performer on the violin made Durie a favourite with his many friends, who had to submit to the exercise of a keen sarcastic vein in which he sometimes indulged to the amusement of all but those more immediately concerned. His versification shows an uncommon expertness in the use of both Doric and English. There are some of his short pieces which display poetic feeling —that faculty of incorporating in fitting language the tender thoughts which, in moments of high feeling, raise a man's mind above the cares of this world.

JEANIE.

The sky was hung wi' fleecy clouds,
The birdies whistled i' the woods,
The busy bees were out in crowds,
Ae bonny simmer mornin'.
I wandered east, I wandered wast,
I wandered neither far nor fast,—
Oppress, I threw me doon at last,
That bonnie simmer mornin'.

The leveret closely nestled by
The bank o' thyme where I did lie,
The blackie's lilt aboon ran high,
That bonnie simmer mornin'.
Sweet nature lay all calm, serene,
And nought o' care was felt or seen
Save in my breast—my heart alane
Was anxious on that mornin'.

Lang had the bonnie Jeanie been
My bosom's only darling queen;
But she had neither kent nor ta'en
Her throne before that mornin'.
Her deep blue eye is mild yet bright,
Her ripe lips clothe teeth pearly white;
Her—oh! she's ever my delight,
An' was lang ere that mornin'.

I kent she had to pass that way
As she gaed yont to milk the kye;
But when I heard her singin' nigh,
My heart gaed thud that mornin'.
She speered 'How are ye lad?' sae kin',
How I replied I canna min';
But—we're made man and wife sin' syne,
An' aft we bliss that mornin'.

LONG CREDIT.

(A TALE OF THE '45.)

Just after Sir John Cope, at Prestonpans,
Had from the Young Pretender got "the Kick,"
The Highlanders, both singly and in bands,
Rampaged the country, playing many a trick
With moveables o'er which they got their hands,
(Much like a conjuror's "Hey! Presto! Quick."
Large transfers were effected in a trice
With rash neglect of the great standard—Price.

Among the rest, a gillie found his way
Into a little cottage near a wood,
In which he met with nothing that would pay
For bother taking it from where it stood.
The gude-wife also had a deal to say,
In case it might have done him any good;
But for her banning Donald cared no more
Than does the rock for the wild ocean's roar.

While leaving—quite as rich as he came in—
He spied a little cundy in the wall,
And deaf unto the woman's screeching din,
The door of it wide open he did haul;
He saw a web of cloth, and thought no sin
To take and give it a good overhaul,
The which he coolly did, while the gude-wife—
Now fairly maddened—swore she'd have his life.

The web was a stout piece of grey homespun,
Such as the shepherds wear in Lammermoor—
Clothes made of such will scarce at all wear done,
(I've proved the fact myself and so am sure.)

And Donald's eye glanced keen as it fell on
This substance precious to a man so poor.
The cloth the Highlandman with rapture gript,
Then from its sheath his bright Skene-dhu he whipt.

"Ye base, infernal villain! Do you mean
To steal the only valuable we ha'e?"
"Na, na, na'e a'! puir wifie try your e'en,
She'll shuist pe tak' til pe a coat or sae."
"Ye'll pay for this yet!" "Whan may that a' been?"
"Ye vagabond! At the great Judgment Day!"
"Ta credit's fery koot! Her wife can shoo,
She thinks she'll e'en pe tak' a waistcoat too!"

HENRY DRYERRE,

BETTER-KNOWN by the *nom-de-plume* of "Heine," is a graceful essayist, an attractive story-writer, and a very thoughtful poet. He was born at Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, in 1848, and is of German extraction. In 1858 his father joined the 72nd Highlanders, and the family removed to Aberdeen, where they remained for a short time, and then went to India. His father being invalided home, they returned to Scotland, and settled down in Perth. While in India, Henry commenced his apprenticeship as a compositor in the regimental printing office, and completed it in Perth. In 1870 he went to London, where he worked at his trade, and acted as head-reader on a daily newspaper. Night-work, however, acted injuriously on his health, and necessitated his returning home. He resumed his occupation in Perth, occupying his spare time in writing for the press. In 1878 he removed to Blairgowrie, where he is engaged in business as a musicseller and stationer, and also teaches music, languages, &c.

Mr Dryerre has frequently gained prizes for tales in the *People's Journal* Christmas competitions, besides publishing several very popular and excellent musical compositions. He also writes stories, articles, music, and poems in the *People's Friend*, *Musical Opinion*, and various other magazines, writing frequently under the *nom-de-plume* already referred to, and is conductor of a musical society, and a precentor.

Mr Dryerre is a thoughtful, ready writer. Many of his remarkable essays have been written while standing at his desk, and during business hours. The most noteworthy of these are "How to Write a Poem," "Principles of Criticism," and "The Difficulties of a Young Poet." These are full of sound and valuable instruction, and give evidence that the author's ideas are guided by intellectual power. They contain excellently condensed wisdom and thought, and many sentences, from their pregnance of important meaning, are such as are calculated to fix themselves in the memory and the heart. Mr Dryerre's poetical productions, as might be expected, are full of melody of expression, and simplicity of motive. His lyrics are thoughtful and sweet, and are apparently the fruit of keen and healthy observation, both of man and nature. He describes the signs and characteristics of the seasons and objects in nature with the faithfulness of a devoted lover, and always finds subjects for admiration and grateful praise.

AD POETAM.

Awake, awake, thou minstrel of the heart!
From depths of everlasting silence start,
And like yon star, shot from the heart of morn,
Prepare our night for glories yet unborn.
The dewy splendours of the rising sun
Are in our thoughts long ere the day's begun—
The eyeballs of the tear-dishevelled night
Are strained watching for the morning light.

Oh, sing of love! for love, for love we long,—
Be it alone the burden of thy song;
Nor from thy quivering harp shall fall one strain
That is not echoed back to thee again.
Thy lips, more fine than ours, the thoughts may speak
For which in vain poor mortals utterance seek;
But thou, divine, our fit expression be:—
We have those thoughts we would express in thee!

Speak unto us of things we long to know—
From thy high heaven regard this earth below;
Our hearts interpret thou, O radiant Face,
In whom our own lost lineaments we trace!
Are we of heaven that long of heaven to be?
Canst say that *aught* is ours, birthright to thee?
Are *these* our robes—these tattered thraldoms—say,
Thou whose meanest garment is the new-born day!

From out the curtained chambers of the morn,
With scattering song, step forth to hearts forlorn:
From dark recesses of the cavernous night
We cry aloud to thee for light, for light!
Speak purity to us who pine, impure,—
Eternal things, where nought doth long endure;
On starv'ling souls, unused to rich repast,
Some droppings from thy sumptuous table cast.

Increase our weeping for our finer joy;
For deeper peace, what peace we have, destroy;
For surer balancing of tottering feet,
Some loftier height to climb, command, entreat.
What joy have we that is not got of tears
What love, what hope, that owns not former fears?
As night doth day, so surely doth our grief
Beget in us the only sure relief.

O MANTI,* all our yearnings are with thee,
Who singest not what is, but is to be;
Our drooping eyesight withi l v visions smit.—
With thee alone of all the earth is sight!
Come forth POIETA,† from the gleamy n.. .t,
Where thou, divinely sphered, with brow morn-kiss'd,
Commun'st, adept, with things that ne'er have been,
Create them for poor dwellers of the seen!

* Prophet. † Poet, Maker, *Creator*.

A SONG OF SEVERED LOVE.

You are not distant, dear,
Though many a mile away;
They know not either far or near
Who live beneath love's sway.

Yet oh, my dear, tho' love should smile at space,
I weary day and night to see thy face.

To see thy face, my dear,
To touch thy lips once more,
To hear thee whisper in my ear
The words oft heard before.
To feel thy darling head upon my breast,
And hear thee say again thou loved'st me best.

O never more, my dear,
Will come again the past;
We wondered oft, e'en while 'twas here,
Such peace so long could last.
We kissed and smiled, but silent and in fear:
"We love too well," you said, "too well, my dear."

Oh, better love too well
Than never love at all;
They only love whose love can tell
Of triumph and of fall.
And they who once have tasted perfect bliss
Are thence exempt from utter wretchedness.

And shall we weep then, dear,
For our departed bliss?
Doth love delight no other sphere,
And only smile on this?
Oh dry thine eyes, and put away all fear—
'Twill come again, dear love, tho' never here.

The breath of flowers, my dear,
Goes up, sweet flowers, to heaven;
Heart-longings, deep and voiceless here,
Are *there* full utterance given.
So all the scent and glory of the past
Live evermore, as we shall know at last.

We will not weep, then, dear,
Ev'n tho' our hearts grow cold,
Ev'n tho' dear earth no more appear
God-lovely as of old.
The beauty darkened here lives glorious above,
And heaven hath every loveliness for them who love.

SPRINGTIME.

(Written in the City.)

O Springtime, dear Springtime, thou'rt here again, I know,
The hills are robed in green again, in flowers the plains below;
The trees clap hands of joyfulness, and wave their pennons gay,
And little birds in shady nooks sing welcomes all the day,
All Nature's glad and beautiful—above, around, below—
Thou'rt here again, dear Springtime—thou'rt here again, I know.

O Springtime, dear Springtime, thou'rt here again, I know,
And Springtime, dear Springtime, I always loved thee so!
Yet weariness and heaviness are with me all the day,
As in my heart I fancy thy dear beauties far away.
O Springtime, dear Springtime, thou'rt here again, I know,
And all the day with longing heart my weary way I go.

O primrose and cowslip, adown yon shady dell,
O mossy stones, and waving grass, and ferns I love so well;
O hedges white with hawthorn bloom, O perfume faint and sweet,
O silent woods and lovely lanes, where happy lovers meet.
O winding stream, forever gay, and singing as you go—
How ye all look and feel this day, with aching heart I know.

When shall I wander on again as once in days gone by,
And "I thank Thee, Father, that I live," again be my glad cry!
It is not life I live up here, amid the shows of things—
If life be such, then let me die, and live the life death brings.
O Springtime, dear Springtime!—I make one only cry,—
If I might only see thee once, and her, before I die!

Heaven's curses on the brutal crowd, with callous hearts and cold,
Who trample every beauty down to grasp their much-loved gold!
Each day my heart is smitten as their greedy eyes I meet,
For fear they next may turn thy way, with desecrating feet.
O Springtime, dear Springtime—I long both night and day,
Yet 'tis not all regret I feel to know thou'rt far away.

O Springtime, dear Springtime, I bid thee sad adieu,
And brace my nerveless heart to strive and struggle on anew,
O Lord forgive that wayward heart that hath no part with hand—
I'll think no more till Springtime come within the Better Land.
O Springtime, dear Springtime, thou'rt here again, I know,
But all the beauty lives above thou shadowest forth below.

COME NEAR ME.

Come near me, dear, come near me, dear,
  I have not long to stay,
And put your hand in mine, my dear,
  In your old way.
A little while the sun will set,
  And darkness fill the land,
A little and I'll feel no more
  Thy dear, dear hand.
Lord, I have sorrowed many a day,
  But Thou hast blessed me more:—
And don't you weep for what, my dear,
    Is nearly o'er,
    Thank God, is nearly o'er.

Bend down a little closer, dear,
And raise my head :—just so ;
Before another hour, my dear,
It will lie low.
And put your hand upon my brow,
'Tis thus I'd like to die—
I said I could not go, my dear,
And you not by.
You'll stay a little while, dear?—
Bend lower still, still lower,
And don't you weep for what, my dear
Is nearly o'er,
Thank God, is nearly o'er.

Dear, how I've loved you all along,
Through evil times and good,
Since when we spoke and kissed our last
Down in the wood.
Those angry words—those angry words—
Why did you heed them, dear?
One little kiss before I go,—
He need not fear.
He need not fear, though love is love,
And love for evermore ;
But don't you weep for what, my love,
Is nearly o'er,
Thank God, is nearly o'er.

The shadows lengthen on the wall :
O weary heart and weak,—
Let me lie down to rest, my dear,
I cannot speak.
There's a withered rose beneath my head,
A tress of hair you know—
I wish thou'dst kiss me once again,
For long ago.
I cannot see—where are you, dear?
The sun is surely set ;
How dark and cold ! Come near me, dear,
The dew is wet.
There's a withered rose and a lock of hair,
And the happy ring you wore ;
But don't you weep for what, my dear,
Is nearly o'er,—
Thank God, is o'er, is o'er.

WHAT TREASURES OF OUR HEARTS HAVE WE?

A Song for Christmas Morn.

What treasures of our hearts have we,
O Jesu fair, to give to Thee,
This joyful Christmas morn?

Our hearts are love, our voice is song,—
Our hearts, our voice, to Thee belong:
Oh, deign receive what thou hast given,
Thou Love, Thou Joy of earth and heaven!
Hail, hail, bright Christmas morn!

We know not all Thou didst forsake
When Thou Thy home on earth didst make,
That wondrous Christmas morn.
What splendours of Thy heavenly seat
Didst thou renounce, this earth to greet,—
What heavenly joys thyself deny,
To live, to mourn, to pine, to die!
Hail, hail, sweet Christmas morn!

Our feeble words, our trembling voice,
Refuse the utterance of our choice,
This joyful Christmas morn.
Our hearts, our hands, to Thee we raise,—
Oh, help us in our stammering praise;
Let song resound in heaven and earth,—
It is the morning of Thy birth!
Hail, hail, glad Christmas morn!

ALEXANDER REID.

IN many respects Mr Reid, both in his prose and poetical writings, bears a close resemblance to Mr Dryerre, the foregoing poet. He, however, lacks the melody and tender symplicity for being a popular lyrical poet. Alexander Reid is a native of Perth, and has for several years been employed in one of the largest mercantile houses in Glasgow. While quite a boy he read everything in the form of verse that he came across, and most of the British poets before he was twenty. His first attempt at verse-making was on one of his schoolmasters, who appears to have been an occasional worshipper of Bacchus. In one of his drunken fits, the "teacher" lit the gas at noon on a fine summer day—holding up the mirror to nature—which caused great merriment among his

pupils. Scenes, amusing to the scholars, called forth the humourous element of our poet's muse, but as he grew up, and began to study life, he became philosophic and speculative, and this gave a colour to what he has more recently written. He does not see why subjects in philosophy and science should not be popularly treated in poetry. Mr Reid has not yet published in book form, but many of his thoughtful essays and poems have appeared in the newspapers and magazines. His religious poems are highly reflective, and are evidently the product of a reverend, loving heart—the thoughts being frequently put in concentrated and striking form. His humourous versification shows much pawky drollery, a felicity of diction and rhyme, and many of them would be popular as public readings.

TIBBIE AND HER SOO.

Tibbie McOmie wis the queerest like body
Ye e'er set an e'e on for a lang time I troo,
She was baith broad an' lang, had ears like her cuddy's
An' whaurever she gaed, by her side wis her soo.

'Twas a sensible beast, an' juist quite a study
For scientists like unto Darwin an' Tyndall,
Whan strangers wad speir 'boot the auld farrant leddy,
And stranger companion, in her breist there wad kindle

A spark o' pure love for a beast quite sae lowly,
Whilk to mony wad be a sure sign o' pollution,
An' love thrown awa on a thing sae unholy,
But be proof o' th' truth they ca' Evolution.

Wis she daft d'ye think? na, nae daftness aboot her,
For a kindlier soul never lived I will voo,
She wad want meat hersel', an' gie bread an' butter
To her daily companion—the sensible soo.

Whan the winter cam roond, an' the days were gey short,
The soo an' the poultry she brocht into the hoose;
For the bairns—no a few—they were capital sport,
An' for Tib 'twas delichtsome, for she wis sae croose.

If a neebor gaed in whan the dinner hour cam'
The muckle kail pat wis set doon on the floor,
Then the soo helped hersel', for nane daur rebel
If they got unco little in this awfu' like splore.

Ae day Leezie Leevenson gaed in to speir
For ane o' the weans wha quite ill had grew,
Quo' Tibbie he's geyly—whan Leezie in fear
Started back, for in bed whase there but the soo.

"Fie, Tibbie, ye've surely at last gaen dementit,
Ye sud put that big soo alang wi' the cuddy."
"Puir beastie," quo' Tib, "it had near aboot fainted,
Sae I put her in bed no far frae the laddie."

'Twas the queerest like hoose ye ever did see,
As if an earthquake had set things in disorder;
Auld Sandie himsel' wad tak' fricht an' flee
Frae the scene o' confusion, awa ower the border.

She wis aye in a puddle frae sunrise to gloamin',
Nae wonder, for she had sae mony to tend,
Sma' time for gossipin'—far less for roamin'—
For duds by the dizzen she had aften to mend.

She had a spare hour whan the Sabbath cam roun,'
To gae to the kirk—though 'twas aye in a hurry;
Wis the last to gang in, when the bells had rang in,
Wis the first to come oot, an' hame in a flurry.

She wisna parteeklar 'boot what she put on—
A soo-backit mutch an' a pair o' auld bauchels,
Gie her face a bit dicht wi' an' auld washin cloot,
An' oot wi' a shawl that wad fricht bulls an' jackals.

Ae day she gat drowsy an' fell to the snorin',
Caused by either hard wark or auld daddy's rantin',
Whan quickly she waukened, for some ane was roarin',
An' she gaed to the door an' heard her soo gruntin'.

Then Daddy got angry, bawled out: "ye auld howdie,
Gae back to yer pew an' min' nae sic vermin."
"I'll see ye teetotal ye puir doitit body,
I think mair o' my soo than I do o' yer sermon."

For the minister aften had spoken in vain
That she an' the soo sud ne'er gang thegither,
But she tauld him she'd nurs't it just like a wean,
An' kent her as weel as a wean does its mither.

Mony ane offered a big sum o' money,
For it wis sic a monster wi' size an' for weicht,
But she scouted a' offers, wadna pairt wi't for ony,
Be he butcher or laird, for it wadna be richt.

But a'thing that's earthly comes to an en'—
Tak' note o't ye thochtless for ye've muckle need—
For ae mornin' whan Tibbie gaed to the cruivie
She faund—through auld age—her soo lyin' deid.

The puir body grat sair, an' lang she lamentit;
But a thocht cam to her,—what's this the term is't—
Gien to ane wha dresses birds, beasts, and fishes,
An' maks them sae life-like?—why a taxidermist.

Sae she taen the soo's head into the next toon,
An' tauld a' its history in language sae hamely,—
An' made a guid bargain—that he'd stuff't for a croon,
As she meant it to be an heirloom in the family.

But as she grew aulder, she aye got the wiser,
Wis mair earnest in life, an' a' its concerns,
For she had a big heart—wis a kindly adviser—
An' nurs't ilka day her ain bairn's bairns.

MIKE AND THE PRAIST.

By the powers, Father Quin was the foinest av boys,
He allowed a good bit of a margin
When we spalpeens got drunk and kicked up a noise—
Rest his soul in the arms of the Vargin!

Shure and we'll niver see the loike o'm agin,
May his soul grow bright in effolgince,
For we often got frisky o'er a dthrop av good whisky
When he gave us a little indolgince.

I'll niver forget Tim Halligan's wake,
When Pat Roily and I had a foight
Over some trick at c-yards which he wanted to take,
And so chate me clane out of me roight.

To end this bit brawl, what think ye was done
To give us a bit av a froight?
Some spalpeen in haste tied a rope round the waste
Av Tim's corse, and so pulled him uproight.

And there he sat staring at Pat and I squaring,
When all av a sudden we both stumbled,
Through horror and quaking, and both av us shaking,
Whoile not far away some one grumbled

At me for upsetting the table, and wetting
His pate wid a gallon av spirit;
While Pat, how provoking, was the Vargin invoking
That a place 'mong the saints he moight merit.

Och shure 'twas a scene, which I hope ne'er again
To have anything to do wid whativer,
For it tuk, I moight say, my pluck clane away,
For the divil had me all in a shiver.

But that wasn't all ov his little bit brawl,
For it came to the ears of the praist;
He sent roight away for me the next day,
And saluted me—"Moike, ye vile baist,

"What's this ye've been doin', ye son ov a Turk?
You'r now steeped in the direst polootion;
You'll do penance for once for this bit of a lark,
And cash down Moike to get absolootion."

"Be aisy, yer rivrince; pray give me deliv'rance,"
Sez I—"Joe, no money to pay,
And," wid a grimace upon my ould face,
Said, "d'ye moind of yon notable day

"When yez got awful toight at Squire Murphy's big party,
Ye wint home wid a smash on yer nose—
The effects, I've no doubt, ov yer getting so hearty—
And the mud painted thick on yer clo's?"

"Hould yer tongue Moike," sez he, "I now absolve thee
From any gross sin whatsoiver;
To-day you're my guest, so we'll have a bit taste,
And may nothing but death e'er us sever."

So three cheers for the praisthood, and long may they live
To absolve us from all our big sins;
To the Queen and the Pope; above all let us hope
That ould Ireland may be their true friends.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

O lovely flowers, I love thee one and all;
Ye are God's censers lifting me from earth
To things above—quiet teachers of that birth
That frees from guilt, which did my soul enthral;
But thou, dear lily, to my heart you call
To be arrayed like thee with purity,
And trust not to the world's security,
Lest doing so my feet should slip and fall.
The fashion of to-day's a fleeting show,
The heart's unsatisfied with pride of life,
Which causeth pain and envy—bitter strife.
To look on thee, sweet lily, sets aglow
The higher life to thoughts and deeds sublime,—
Thou art a monitor throughout all time!

THE TREASURES OF THE SNOW.

When skies are overcast, and all seems bleak,
When north winds chill the blood within our veins,
The soul's bound up as if it were in chains;
Look forward, upward, and aye strive to seek
And find that goodness is still ever near,—
For underneath the ground, now clad in snow,
Are being nursed bright gems, to set aglow
And make the heart pulsate, the spirits cheer;—
And as the flowers which one by one appear—

Snowdrop and crocus, and the bright primrose,
All nurslings of the pure, unspotted snows
Have cause for thankfulness, and still revere
The Christ who lives, the only life and truth,—
Our spirits then shall have eternal youth!

BESIDE A WOOD.

When winter cleeds the mountain tap
Wi' robes o' snaw to eye sae cheerie,
His cauld nor' easters mak us hap
Oorsels weel up, or else be drearie;—
But when the west win' in his time,
Blaws aff the shroud before our een,
An' underneath this scene like death
Is seen a garb o' bonny green,

My heart loups up into my mouth,
Then dirl against my side he bangs,
For weel I ken that frae the south
The summer comes;—then bonny sangs
I'll hear ere lang frae blackbird's throat
Amang the woods sae dear to me,
An' I can see a hallowed spot
Beside a wood, an' fain wad be

Whaur wee flooers hing their modest heads
Beside the burnie's cheery din,
While on the rose is dew-like beads,
An' birds their matins do begin;—
An' freed awhile frae warldly care,
My joy scarce kens o' ony bounds.
Far be the day when grim despair
My heart's ain paradise surrounds.

What mak's my bicker to rin ower?
Is't sangs o' birds or flooer's perfume,
An' rustlin' trees touch't by the breeze
Frae kindly nature's richest loom?
Nae doot they help to fill my cap—
A human heart lies under a',
An wha is she? juist come an' see
The winsome lass o' Braidy ha'.

UNTIL THE DAY BREAK.

As Thou repaired'st to sacred Olivet
When day was done,
And midnight dews Thy locks did often wet
Till rising sun;

And in communion with Thy father—God
Strengthened anew
To do His will, and bear man's heavy load
Life's journey through.

No pillow hadst Thou there to lay Thy head
In peaceful sleep,
But angels round about Thy mountain bed
Safe watch did keep

Until heaven's daybreak; so may we, Lord,
Repair, with Thee
In spirit to Thy holy hill, and there
Thy glory see.

Are not the stars the outer court of heaven,
Their glittering light
The beckoning of His eye, to wanderers given
To guide aright?

And of the inner court, Thou Saviour art
The vestibule,
May we, who hear Thy voice, dwell in Thy heart
And love Thy rule.

MARGARET AND MARY ANN TOUGH.

BY permission of friends, we are able to give several very graceful poems, some of them not before published, by two ladies—Margaret Hay Home Tough, and her only sister, Mary Ann, daughters of the Rev. George Tough, the faithful and much-esteemed parish minister of Ayton, who died shortly before the Disruption. By their mother, Hay Home, they were closely connected with the ancient family of the Berwickshire Homes. It was in the quiet, secluded manse of Ayton, with its beautiful surroundings, that their early years were passed amidst the charms of literature; and while enjoying themselves in music and poetry, they formed *those habits* of kindly and active beneficence so be*fitting* and so frequently realised in the daughters of *the Manse*.

Miss Tough's poems were published in a collected form, in 1851, by W. P. Kennedy, Edinburgh, under the name of "The Offering," and the proceeds devoted to the erection of the Free Church Mission premises at Bombay. After a life of active and unwearied Christian usefulness she died in 1863, mourned and followed by loving memories by a wide circle of admiring friends. A number of miscellaneous pieces were selected by her sister, and published in 1864, by James Taylor, Castle Street, Edinburgh, under the name of "Gathered Fragments," from which, as well as "The Offering," our specimens are taken.

Her sister and life-long companion, Mary Ann Tough, was married to Dr Lorimer, Haddington—a beloved physician whose memory, as a Christian friend and medical adviser, is still cherished by all who enjoyed his intelligent and kindly services. We give specimens from Mrs Lorimer's portfolio, printed here for the first time. The poems by these sisters show felicitous power of expression, rich and true poetical feeling, correct taste, a pious heart, and warm and exalted Christian imagination. The first four are by Miss Margaret Tough, and the three succeeding pieces are the productions of Mrs Lorimer.

THE MOSLEM'S GRAVE.

The caravan is gone—
The stricken Moslem kneels alone,
The heaven above and the waste around,
And silence broken by never a sound.

The burning sun
Beats on the breast of the dying one,
But the Moslem's spirit is cold and proud,
And he wraps him round in his ready shroud.

With feeble hand
He scoops him a grave in the desert sand,
And evermore as his task he plied,
He casts the heap to the windward side.

The task is o'er,
His fainting strength is taxed no more,
And gathering the shroud o'er the heaving breast,
He layeth him down to his lonely rest!

He would not lie
With his white bones bleaching beneath the sky,
But he knows that the desert wind will spread
That heap of sand o'er his shallow bed.

On his dull cold ear
There falleth no voice of hope or cheer,
But the death-throes find the Moslem there,
Uttering a Moslem's dying prayer.

Thus prayeth he,
Dark though the Moslem's creed may be,
The prayer in the desert breeze is borne
To the "angel bright of the rising morn."

With failing breath,
Choked in the mortal strife of death,
Thus prayeth he—"Oh Allah, save!
And mark the Moslem's lonely grave!"

LAY HIS ASHES THERE.

(A Voice from a Family Burying-Ground.)

Yes, lay his ashes there,
Beneath the shadows where his boyhood strayed,
And where his young head bowed in holy prayer,
And where his childhood played.

We cannot spare his dust,
To slumber in a far and foreign grave—
We bid the vault resign her sacred trust,
Beyond the parting wave.

Enough to know—the mould
Of that far land drank up his gushing life,
And shrined awhile that form so calm and cold
After the battle strife.

And though to call it back,
Our breaking hearts and bursting tears are vain—
Vain as the pursuit of the spirit's track,
To meet the lost again,

Yet bring that breathless clay
Where we may kneel beside its last long sleep;
That sacred dust in pity lay—oh, lay,
Where we may come and weep.

THE FAMILY GATHERING.

Deep thoughts are in those gatherings
  Of friends at festive times,
That 'mid the lighter play of life
  Wake low and solemn chimes.
As some cathedral bell is heard
  Amid the village glee,
Or some faint murmur borne along
  Of the far sounding sea.

From wanderings in many lands,
  From scenes of many hues,
From the rose-bower and the tangled brake,
  The frost-blights and the dews;
From memories of other homes,
  That will not wear away—
From the ringing echoes of the past,
  'Mid the strains of a later day;—

They gather round the festal board,
  With glowing hearts and glad,
And they smile and sing the hours away,
  Too gaily to be sad.
But is there not a yearning,
  A sound like the night-wind's moan,
In the haunted chambers of the heart—
  A low, deep under-tone—

For the fellowship of other days,
  For the links of broken chains,
For the old familiar faces, now
  In the halls where silence reigns?
Yes! though a goodly gathering,
  With greetings bland, are met,
All are not there of the olden time,
  And the heart doth not forget.

"PRAISE WAITETH."

I cannot praise Thee now, Lord,
  I cannot praise Thee now,
For my heart is sorely riven,
  And a cloud is on my brow;
But praise is waiting for Thee
  In the glorious future time,
Amid the bright revealings,
  When Zion's hill we climb.

I cannot praise Thee here, Lord,
  I cannot praise Thee here,
For in my soul is sorrow,
  And in mine eye a tear;

But praise is waiting for Thee,
When the chequered past appears,
In the sunshine of the future
All smiling through these tears.

I cannot praise Thee now, Lord,
I cannot praise Thee now,
Although beneath Thy chastenings
I fain would meekly bow;
But praise is waiting for Thee
In the glorious future time,
When we read our hidden story
And reach our spirit's prime.

I cannot praise Thee here, Lord,
I cannot praise Thee here,
For my pathway lies through shadows,
And my heart is lone and drear:
But praise is waiting for Thee
When the pilgrimage is past,
And at our home in glory
We gather in at last.

And I will praise Thee then, Lord,
When Zion's heights I gain;
But might I not be tuning
A prelude to the strain?
While praise is waiting for Thee,
Thou'lt bend a listening ear
To its low and faint rehearsal
In faltering accents here.

Then let me praise Thee now, Lord,
In the dark and cloudy day,
Though sad and sore disquieted
By reason of the way.
For the praise that's waiting for Thee
Good cause shall yet appear,
And I'll wake the golden harp-strings
Beneath the falling tear.

WHEN WOULD I GO.

When the autumn winds are cold and drear,
And the yellow leaf on the bush is sere,
When the rose berry trembles on the bough,
And all around looks wintry now,
Then—then would I go.

When the tear is trembling in the eye,
When the heart is bursting with a sigh,
When friends are gone I loved so well,
And now in lonliness I dwell,
Then—then would I go.

When the ear is dull to every sound,
And silence reigns o'er all around,
When music, with its tender swell,
Has lost its charm—has lost its swell,
Then—then would I go.

But not alone when all below
Has lost its power to charm me so;
But most when Heaven seems bright and near,
And friends are there who loved me here,
Then—then would I go.

Or when, attraction nobler far,
Jesus the Bright and Morning Star
Beams o'er me with a look of love
And calls me to His home above,
Then—then would I go!

THE MINISTRY OF SONG.

Though now my harp is broken—
Hung on the willows long—
Yet still the boon thou leavest
Is the ministry of song.

In early days of childhood,
When the heart was full of glee,
Oft there echoed through the wildwood
Some joyous song from me.

When sorrow "young days shaded,"
My heart no longer glad,—
When hopes were crushed and faded,
And singing made me sad,

Still there was something soothing
In the warbling of a song,
And the echo of the voices
I had not heard for long.

While the suffering and the weary
Would listen to my voice,
And feel their nights less dreary
With songs of their early choice.

And the hearts so hot and restless,
The eyes so bright, yet sad,
Were yearning for the melody
That made them once so glad.

Now my song meets no re-echo
From the youthful and the gay,
And I miss our singing sadly,
At the closing of the day.

But my day of life is waning,
I'll reach the home ere long,
Where we shall not cease our singing,
Or the ministry of song.

MY LONGINGS.

I long for a breath of my native air,
With a perfume of flowers borne on the breeze,
And the sheltering shadows under the trees—
I long to be there.

I long to roam by my native stream,
As it ripples along 'neath the tall trees' shade,
And freshens all nature down in the glade,
Like my earliest dream.

I long for a glimpse of my once loved home;
Peaceful its shelter, and lovely its bowers;—
I long for one of those moss-rose flowers
In their fragrant bloom.

I long to rest in the quiet glade,—
To wander at eve among mouldering graves,
Where the ivy creeps, and the tall grass waves
By the ruin's shade.

But more I long for their living dead
To come to the fountain of life so free—
To hear the glad tidings for them and for me—
All that the Master said.

I long far more for Sharon's Rose
To blossom there with his fragrant leaves;—
I long for the reaper to gather the sheaves;—
Thy Father knows.

PETER M'NEILL,

AUTHOR of a beautiful volume of excellent poems, now in its second edition, entitled "The Battle of Preston," and other smaller works, was born at Tranent, in 1839. When little over nine years of age, he was sent to work in the coal mines of the dis-

trict—attending an evening school for several winters. The teacher seems to have been a jovial old fellow, who liked a "glass," and played the fiddle. The young lads enjoyed the fun, and it may easily be imagined how the nights were spent. Mr M'Neill tells us that the schoolmaster, who had seen better days, was an able teacher, full of ancient lore. He had a valuable little library, containing all the old Scottish Poets, selections from which he took great delight in reading to his pupils.

Mr M'Neill continued to work in the mines until about twenty, when hard toil and severe study, in trying to improve his limited education with the hope of bettering his position in life, altogether prostrated him for a time. He was appointed rural post messenger between Tranent and Gladsmuir, at a salary of eleven shillings per week, and as he was in possession of twelve sovereigns, saved penny by penny, he also started business as a bookseller, stationer, and newsagent in his native village, getting one of his sisters to attend the shop while he followed his postal duties. His business prospered, and increased to such an extent as to warrant his giving up his Government appointment, and devoting his whole time to the shop, which he has now done for upwards of twenty years.

Mr M'Neill first began to write poetry when about sixteen years of age. The subjects of his muse were two village characters, and the local bookseller got copies written in a neat hand, and sold them at threepence each. In 1863 he published a small volume, entitled "Youthful Musings," which was well received, and was soon *scarce*. The following afterwards appeared in rapid succession:—In 1864, "Poems and Songs"; 1867, a prose sketch entitled "Archie Tamson, the Parish Beadle"; 1869, "Adventures of Geordie Borthwick, a Strolling Player"; 1871, "Sandy Glen," and other sketches; and in 1882,

"The Battle of Preston," being a complete edition of his poetical works, which contains several pieces of considerable length, including a vigorous poem entitled "Gaffer Gray, or Knox and his Times." This volume has also met with wide popularity. At the time we write Mr M'Neill is engaged on a work on the annals of the parish of Tranent, treating of its old castles, and containing much traditional lore, and historical information of deep interest.

It will thus be seen that Mr M'Neill has led a busy life. His literary work has been accomplished in leisure moments. Regarding his prose writings, they are brimful of curious "out-of-the-way" information and antiquarian lore, written in a pleasing and attractive manner. Many of his poems are on similar themes, and his character sketches are felicitous examples of humorous versification. While a rich vein of humour is very marked in Mr M'Neill as a poet, we find the sensitive heart and the observant eye in many of his sweet and tender songs. These are full of artless and simple pathos, and appeal directly to the heart.

THE HARPER.

A stranger cam' to the big ha' door
  Of a laird o' high degree,
An harper he, baith tattered and torn,
  An' his dowg ran at his knee.

His guid auld harp ower his shoulder swang,
  Ower mickle for him to bear;
His brow was brent wi' the wecht o' years,
  And his beard was silver fair.

Frae aff his back he slippet his harp,
  An' leaning it till his knee,
Awoke to life frae the tremblin' ccrds
  A melody fu' o' glee.

An' again he tuned the harmonious strings,
  An' chanted a waesome air;
Yet nae ane cam' to the big ha' door
  To spier wha was liltin' there.

For mirth ran wild, and loud music rang
Thro' kitchen, lobby, an' hall—
An heir was born ; the sound o' the lute
An' the dance engaged them all.

His Lordship cam' to the door at length,
An' oh, but unkind was he ;
"Away," he cried, "with thine harp, old man,
We seek not thy minstrelsy."

Guid threescore years had our harper seen,
But never had he before
Been scowled awa' like a beggar man ;
An' he played an' sung no more.

Awa' he crap ben the shady wood,
Where brier an' boortree grew ;
An' doon he lay wi' a sair sad heart,
To sleep 'neath a shelt'ring yew.

Meanwhile, the din in the castle ceased,
The makers o' mirth had gane ;
His Lordship stood by the shady wood,
Sorry an' silent alane.

His heart was sad, and his heart was sair,
An' why, very weel kent he
The harper guid frae his door he'd driven,
Perhaps to lie doon an' dee.

His heart was sad, and his heart was sair,
He never did sae before,
But, while he mix'd wi' the rich an' gay,
He aye remembered the poor.

At length he hies ben the darksome wood,
A searching the bushes thro',
An' finds asleep the auld harper guid,
Where the friendly yew tree grew.

His head he raised wi' a gentle hand,
An' resting it on his knee,
His ain rich plaid he around him threw,
While a tear crap ower his e'e.

Aroused him oot o' his dreamless sleep,
An' softly led him away ;
Gave him a hame in his mansion guid,
An' gar'd him sweet music play.

An' lang he dwelt in that friendly hame,
An' mickle guid mirth made he ;
An' aft he roamed in that shady wood,
While his dog ran at his knee.

WEE WILLIE.

On his deathbed, slowly sinking,
Sadly racked wi' pain ;
Mother by wi' tearfu' e'e,
"Where's my Willie gaun ? quo' she ;—
"Hame, mother, hame."

Gently cool the bairnie's broo,
Weet his lips again,
All a mother's hand can do ;
But it rends her heart anew,—
"Hame, mother, hame."

Had he that sweet hame in view
Where the Saviour's gane,
When he sighing sabbit low,
Wi' his features all aglow,—
"Hame, mother, hame."

Softly tolled the midnight hour,
Chilly morning came ;
Hearts before that feared the worst,
Now were rending, like to burst,—
Willie had gane hame.

AULD GRANNIE.

Fu' weel mind I yet o' auld grannie bein' livin',
And dear to my bosom I'll haud aye her name,
Tho' aften she sat on her three-leggit creepie,
And made me sae frichtit I durstna gang hame.

She'd tell me o' fairies, o' warlocks, and witches,
Wha danced roond her wee cot-hoose ilka dark e'en,
Wha thro' the keyhole o' her door wad come birlin',
And roond the fire gether, a fricht to be seen.

Far doon in the corner I'd cower syne beside her,
And ben the dark entry gie mony a stare ;
A' trimlin' an' shakin', expectin' to see them
Ilk moment come loupin' enour on the flare.

High, high wad she stir syne the ingle ableazin'.
And gently wipe aff the bit tear frae my e'e,
Sayin', "Whisht my ain bairnie, I've only been jokin',
It's lang sin' the deils were a' drooned in the sea."

MY AIN TRUE LOVER, JOHNNIE.

Noo bonnie blinks the summer sun,
The midges a' dance cheery,
The lark gaes lilting to the lift,
The wastlan' winds grow weary,

And lichtly fa's my foot this e'en,
I'm blythe in heart as ony ;
Nae wonder, I'm awa to meet
My ain true lover, Johnnie.

A scented note cam' ower yestreen,
While 'mang the ewes I's roamin' ;
He bade me meet him in the glen,
Aboot the hour o' gloamin',
An' mickle mair he said to me,
Mair than I daur tell ony—
But I a wifie soon will be ;
A husband will be Johnnie.

BONNIE BUS' O' BRIER.

The crimson tipped rose
Its fragrance gaily throws
Noo all around my little cottie here, lass ;
And in my dainty bower,
Blooms many a bonnie flower,
All round about my bonnie bus' o' brier, lass.

The sportive little bees
Gae hummin' thro' the trees,
Noo all around my little cottie here, lass ;
The blithesome birdies, too,
Their little sweethearts woo,
All round my bonnie bus' o' brier, lass,

Yet lonely here am I,
Frae morn to night I sigh,
Baith oot and in my little cottie here, lass ;
And gin thy form I see,
Will tell the rest to thee,
All round about my bonnie bus' o' brier, lass.

Then, darling, come away,
I weary for the day
Ye'll be mistress of my little cottie here, lass ;
The vermillion o' thy lips
All the glories will eclipse
O' the flowers around my bonnie bus' o' brier, lass.

WILLIAM HAGGART PHIN

IS one of a happy, talented coterie of Dundee poets, several of whom we have already noticed. He was born in that busy town in 1839. After receiving a moderately good education, he left school, at the age of thirteen, to learn the upholstery trade, at which occupation he still continues. Mr Phin commenced to "try his 'prentice han'" at rhyme when he was eighteen, and several of his effusions appeared in the local prints soon after. He, like many of our bards, has been a successful prize-taker in the poetical competitions in connection with the *People's Journal*. He is an ardent admirer of Burns, and in his case, as in many others, a study of the works of our national poet seems to have imbued him with the rhyming spirit, and prompted several of his poetical efforts. Mr Phin being one of the promoters of the Dundee Burns Club, has done good service in keeping the works of Burns prominently before the public; and it is only due to him to say that his tact and unfailing courtesy have contributed not a little to the success of the Club for the long period of twenty-three years. In connection with the annual "festival" he has written numerous "prologues," "scenes," &c., of such merit as to be worthy of preservation in book form. Although pressed by many admirers, he has not yet consented to issue these, along with a selection of his well-known thoughtful poems and musical songs. One of the latter—"The Thistle, the Broom, and the Heather"—has been set to appropriate music, and has attained much popularity at concerts and musical parties.

As a poet, Mr Phin has a forcible pen, and a felicty of diction and rhyme. He can depict with much

pawky drollery the humorous aspects of character. In all his productions he is realistic and thoughtful—giving evidence of the possession of a wide range of sympathies, and the gift of ready and adequate expression.

THE THISTLE, THE BROOM, AND THE HEATHER.

Proud England may boast o' her bonnie red rose,
An' speak o't wi' pride, an' wi' pleasure,
She may cherish its great and glorious fame
As a miser does his treasure,
But Scotia has flo'ers on her ain native braes
That can wag in the wildest weather,
For siccar, an' strang, are the hardy stems
O' the Thistle, the Broom, an' the Heather.

Green Erin may lift up her native harp,
An' in strains baith sweet an' bonnie,
She may sing o' the worth o' her shamrock green
The flo'er she lo'es best o' onie ;
But the e'e o' a Scotchman will proudly flash,
An' a glow in his breist will gaither
As he speaks o' his hardy norlan' freends
The Thistle, the Broom, an' the Heather.

Oh, ken ye a leal an' an honest heart
That beats in a Scottish bosom ?
Juist slicht in his hearin' his ain native land,
An' see hoo yer wirds will roose him,
The brazen-faced villain, wha e'er he may be,
Should hing at a hempen tether
Wha'd scornfully speak o' thae glorious three—
The Thistle, the Broom, an' the Heather.

The rose only blooms in the simmer days
Whan the sun is brichtly shinin',
But the flo'ers that adorn oor native braes
Nae thocht hae they o' dwinin',
Then high may ilk Scotchman haud his heid
An' stick in his bannet a feather,
For weel may he brag o' the land that owns
The Thistle, the Broom, and the Heather.

WISHING AND WAITING.

A maiden stood in her little room
As she braided her silken hair,
And seldom has mirror in cot or ha'
Reflected a form so fair.

But often, alas, doth the face belie
The state of the hidden heart,
Her bosom heaved with a deep drawn sigh,
And she cried, while the tears did start,—
Oh, this wishing and waiting is weary work,
And will he never come
Who promised to make me his own dear wife,
The pride of his future home.

An anxious wife at her window sat,
And her cheeks turned deadly pale
When she heard the shout of the storm without,
And the shriek of the angry gale
As it dashed the wild breakers upon the coast
With a hollow-booming roar,
And she pray'd that the husband of her heart
Might safely reach the shore.
Oh, this wishing and waiting is weary work,
She sobbed with a quivering lip;
May He who can silence the rudest blast
Keep watch o'er each storm-tossed ship.

An old man sat by a dying fire,
With a Bible in his hand,
And with eager eyes he scanned the page
Which told of "The Better Land;"
And his face with a holy rapture glowed
As the kindly words he read—
That safe on the Saviour's loving breast
There is rest for the weary head.
Oh, this wishing and waiting is weary work,
But the time will shortly come,
When, safe from the troubles and cares of earth,
My Father will call me home.

ILKA DARK CLOUD WEARS A SILVERY LININ'.

As we warsle thro' life wi' its burthen o' cares,
Wi' a' hae oor troubles to sadden an' vex us,
An' aft we're sair bauther'd wi' pitfa's an' snares,
Whilk hide 'mang oor pleasures to daunt an' perplex us;
Yet tho' tried wi' temptations, baith mony an' great,
An' a'thing that's ill seems against us combinin',
Rich blessin's unkent o' upon us may wait—
For ilka dark cloud wears a silvery linin'.

Cauld poortith may strip us o' a' warldly gear,
An' low in the dust o' adversity set us,
An' while for a livin' we struggle fu' sair,
Oor auld freends and cronies sune learn to forget us.
Yet tho' fickle Dame Fortune upon us may froon,
An' hope in oor hearts like some frail flo'er is dwinin',
It aiblins may chance that her wheel will turn roun',—
For ilka dark cloud wears a silvery linin'.

The rod o' affliction upon us may fa',
An' fell disease come in a' forms to torment us,
Till, puir feckless mortals, we'd fain be awa',
An' leave this sad warld an' its sorrows ahint us;
But, wi' faith at our elbow, tho' sadly opprest,
We'd tak' what may come withoot ever repinin',
An' cheerfu' believe that its a' for the best,—
For ilka dark cloud wears a silvery linin'.

Come weel, or come woe then, whate'er may befa',
May the cares o' this warld ne'er within oor hearts canker,
And whan we seem maistly deserted by a',
Let Heaven be oor pole-star, and hope be oor anchor.
Grim clouds o' ill omen may darken life's sky,
Yet tho' hid frae oor vision, the sun is aye shinin',
Tho' gloomy oor present, bricht sunshine is nigh,—
For ilka dark cloud wears a silvery linin'.

SHE'S GANE.

She's gane! she's gane! like a bricht wee star
That gem'd the broad broo o' nicht,
Far up i' the lift in its beauty rare
It sparkled a while 'mang its sisters fair,
Then vanished frae mortal sicht.

She's gane! she's gane! like a pure white rose
That grew in a leafy bower,
An' o' it was bonnie an' fair to view,
But e'enin' cam' on, an' the cruel mildew
Has blighted my cherished flo'er.

She's gane! she's gane! like a blythesome bird
That sang i' the greenwood shaw,
But ae day it flew hame to the parent nest,
An' laid it wee heid on its mither's breast,
An' breathed its young life awa.

She's gane! she's gane! an' the bricht hope-star
That shone on my pathway here
Has vanished for aye, an' the grass sae green
Has happit up a' that e'er charmed my een,
And a' that my heart held dear.

She's gane! she's gane! an' the teardrap fa's
Whan I think that my wee rose-bud,
That I cherish'd sae weel i' my lovin' breast,
Has faun in the airms o' Death to rest,
'Neath the cauld an' hungry sod.

She's gane! she's gane! an' the happy bird
That sang wi' a voice sae sweet,
Has been wafted awa' to the "Silent Land"
That has never by mortal een been scann'd,
Nor trodden by earthly feet.

She's gane ! she's gane ! an' the witchin' een
That wiled my young heart awa',
Hae lost a' their beauty an' lustre bricht,
For they're closed i' the sleep o' that lang, lang nicht
That sure will owershadow us a'.

She's gane ! she's gane ! an' the winsome face
I aye lo'ed sae weel to see,
Will be brichten'd nae mair wi' that smile sae sweet
Whilk greetit me aye whan we chanced to meet,
For its hid frae the warld an' me.

She's gane ! she's gane ! an' my heart is torn
Wi' its mair than mortal pain,
But I'll cherish the hope that whan life is o'er,
An' my frail barque has struck on the unseen shore,
I shall see my ain love again.

SIMMER IS COMIN' AGAIN.

The birdies sing bonnie frae ilka wee bush,
An' warble the green bow'rs amang,
Till echo, enchantit, is roosed frae her sleep,
An' merrily joins in their sang.
The wee lammies loup i' their innocent glee
By their mither's side, doon i' the glen,
An' a' nature tells us in soul-cheerin' strains,
That simmer is comin' again.

I likena auld winter, his breath is sae snell,
It withers oor bonnie wee flo'ers,
An' ilka tree branch is sune tirr'd o' its leaves
As thro' garden an' forest he scoors.
The sangs o' the birdies are hush'd for a wee,
Nae joy in his presence they ken,
But noo they may pipe oot their merriest lay,
For simmer is comin' again.

Oh, wha doesna like them, the lang sunny days,
Whan, in childhood, we sportit sae free
On daisy-deckt meadows, an' gowany braes,
Nae sorrow to darken oor glee.
Hoo dowie an' sad were oor wanderin's here,
Did the sun no shine oot noo an' then ;
Thrice blest be its beams, for they aye bring to mind
That simmer is comin' again.

The winter o' eild sune will creep on us a',
An' life's langest threed will wear dune,
Then may ilk ane aspire to enjoy the sweet bliss
O' the simmer that's bloomin' abune.
An' whan life's weary winter march draws to a close,
Thro' this warld o' sorrow an' pain,
Oh may we be able wi' joy to exclaim,
Sweet simmer is comin' again.

ALEXANDER CRIGHTON ALEXANDER.

THE Rev. A. C. Alexander, the respected minister of Douglas, was, twenty years ago, one of the most esteemed poetical contributors to the *Dundee Advertiser*, and afterwards to the *People's Journal*, his effusions, which partook of the humorous and lyrical, bearing the initials of "A.C.A." He studied for the ministry at St Andrews University, and passed his curriculum with honour. With a refined taste and sentiment, Mr Alexander leans to the bright side of Nature, and he gives his thoughts as they flow—free, unrestrained, untrammelled with modern conventionality. In 1865, before the plethora of volumes of poetry which now teem from the press, he issued a modest pamphlet of his select pieces, dedicated to Mr John Leng, of the *Dundee Advertiser*—the dedication showing how kindly that gentleman encouraged the youthful verse-writers of nearly a quarter of a century ago.

Mr Alexander is the son of Dr Alexander, surgeon, Lochee, himself a native of Brechin, where he passed his early days. Of late the rev. gentleman has contributed frequently to the *Scotsman*, the *Glasgow Herald*, and other newspapers—the whole of his writings being chaste, scholarly, and marked with deep lines of thought.

ALONE WITH NATURE.

The pensive night has worn itself away,
Fainted and faded with its gentle stars
In the soft blueness that is over all.
Now the first touch of sunrise paints the east,
And wakes the world to all the joys of June.

Amid the dewy stillness of the morn,
And while the sun is slowly gathering strength
To climb the lofty heavens, and peers above
The red horizon with his sleepless eye,
With light impatient step I wander forth,
Exulting in the freedom that is mine.

Past many a villa with its little lawn,
And gay laburnum hanging drops of gold
Over the garden gate; past humble homes
With the blue smoke already curling forth
From wooden chimney-tops of rural make—
Telling a tale of early industry;
And onwards still, along the country road,
By beechen hedge and patriarchal tree,
That bears, from year to year, upon its trunk
The many names of summer saunterers
Carved rudely there; still onward, tireless feet—
Now up this bye path—cross the little bridge—
Then forward to the grassy eminence
That rises yonder with a gentle swell.

Here let me rest, why should I farther go,
When such a prospect opens to my view?
How prettily the dew impearls the grass!
How smilingly the meadow lands around
Look up to heaven with all their daisy eyes!
And hark! how busily the insects hum
Behind me, in the border of the wood!

See the wild hare, that leaped so fearfully
Across my path a little while ago,
Now halting on her haunches in the park
And nibbling at the clover. Yonder horse,
Thoughtfully still in the bright sunshine stands
As if impressed with his own lonliness.
Not so the racing brook, that runs and leaps
To meet the morning, with its merry song.
Not so the lark: What life is in his breast,
As, mounting upward in the far blue sky,
He bears his morning song to heaven itself,
While the clear treble of his silvery voice
Falls on my heart in thrilling music-showers.
Oh, bird beloved by all! oh, blithesome bird,
Up in that glorious summer world of thine
With thee my thoughts are soaring, and like thee
They, too, are musical and full of joy.
But now the hedges and the leafy trees
Have found a voice to celebrate the morn,
And the glad strain begins in heaven and earth
To which the hours of June delighted dance,
With roses garlanded, with fairy feet

That bear them on their dizzy way too soon,
And warm and blushing as they circle on.

Slowly and stealthily the gipsy-mist
Folds its grey tent, and, moving up the hill,
Where all night long it lay encamped, now leaves
The flowers behind it in the light of day—
Breathing their prayers in sweetest odours forth,
Grateful to see the bounteous sun once more.

. . . . . .

And here with Nature could I sit all day,
And send a hymn of praise aloft with hers,
And lose myself in the poetic dreams
That flowers and sunshine foster in a soul
Smit with a passion for all loveliness ;
But though that may not be, yet oftentimes
In the long stretch of this and other days,
The lark's sweet song shall haunt me, and my mind
Delight to picture all these beauteous scenes :
The white-washed cottage yonder in the trees—
The young wood, lovely in its leafiness—
The smiling fields, where browse the silent kine,
The babbling brook, and, over all, the wealth
Of golden sunshine, richly lavished forth.

AUTUMNA.

She came, and earth and sky partook
The beauty of her one sweet look.
What joy she brought to hut and hall,
What thoughts of gratitude to all,
For where her quiet eye was cast
There Summer's greenness mellowed fast,
And we—we blessed her as she passed—
Autumna ! kind Autumna !

What heard she as she moved along ?
The sportsman's cheer, the reaper's song.
What met her gaze in every plain ?
The gathering of the golden grain.
What woke the smile her features took,
And welcomed her to yonder nook ?
The music of the brake and brook—
Autumna ! loved Autumna !

When, tripping with a merry will,
She gained the heather-purpled hill,
And loosened in the sunny air
The yellow tresses of her hair ;
And sported, with a maiden's glee,
Her locks behind her floating free,
Was she not beautiful to see ?
Autumna ! fair Autumna !

Ay, ay! but when the wind arose
To herald the approaching snows,
How changed she seemed, how worn and weak,
How blanched and beaten was her cheek;
Then looked she round with misty eyes—
The chilly streamlets *shivered* sighs,
And, frowning at her, scowled the skies—
Autumna! poor Autumna!

Sweet swallow, flying southward, stay
And sing my saddened thoughts away,
And clear the care that clouds my brow—
My mates, like thine, have left me now.
We two can feel a common wrong,
So nestle near me all night long,
And be the burden of thy song—
Autumna! lost Autumna!

"I cannot rest—the wind is high,
And sweeps the red leaves to the sky;
A land of Summer I must find,
And leave this ocean-isle behind;
But I will twitter ere I go
How I espied her lying low,
Beside her winding sheet of snow—
Autumna! cold Autumna!

"'Twas after sundown when I gazed,—
Her eyes were fixed, and ghastly glazed,
Her locks lay frozen in the brook,
And, oh! she wore a piteous look;
My wee breast fluttered at the sight,
And I must wing my weary flight,
And sigh throughout the lonely night—
Autumna! dead Autumna!

VACATION-TIME.

Oh, the glad voices haunting hill and hollow,
The happy faces mirror'd in the brook,
The little, restless feet that gaily follow
The squirrel homeward to his nutting nook.
The group of gleesome girls that rest at noon,
Confiding, one by one, with eager look,
The love-tale written on the heart so soon—
And then rehearsing many a favourite tune;
Their long, light laughter, fresh and silver-sweet,
While with the boys a-berrying in the wood,
The merry shouts that fill the deep retreat
With echoes, startled from their quietude,
Each soul out holidaying, in a clime
Bright with the sunshine of Vacation-time!

Oh, the sweet sense of freedom and of being,
That gives the worn-out heart it youthful beat;
The hill-top gained, the patriot-pride in seeing
A world of grandeur lying at the feet.
The lonely ramble up the lonely glen,
Old Izaak's pastime where the waters meet,
The ride, the rest, the dinner in the den,
And all the merriment occasioned then.
The poem, read upon the gowan'd grass;
The dreams that come and brighten with the day
The lazy listening to the winds that pass,
And waft abroad the fragrance of the hay—
Tasting again of life's delicious prime,
In the enjoyment of Vacation-time!

But ended now the rural recreation,
The golden hours, when Idleness was Gain—
All the long leisure of the loved Vacation—
Dear Sabbath of the body and the brain.
And now we share with others, as before,
The toil, the tire, the stir, the mental strain;
And, learning LIFE IS REAL, in the roar
Of the loud city, dream it by no more.
Yet, oh, ye woodlands, and ye breezy hills,
It were denying Nature what was due,
Kept we the heart unwatered by the rills
Of sunny thought that spring and spread from you;
That sing for ever, in their running rhyme,
The bliss, the beauty, of Vacation time!

All over now the days of summer brightness,
So full of pleasure, and so void of care;
All over now the liberty and lightness,
That sent us roaming when we would, and where.
But Hope is with us still, an angel-guest,
And keeps the mind from darkening to despair;
Faith, leaning John-like on the Blessed Breast,
Fixes a full eye on the heavenly rest—
"Oh, Soul," she whispers, "thy life-lesson learned,
What then awaits thee but the Father's love,
And the sweet voice, for which thou long hast yearned,
That calls thee from the world's great school above,
To share the glory, and the joy sublime,
Of an Eternity's Vacation-time?"

DAVID COUPER SMITH,

WHOSE verses, bearing the initials "D.C.S.," excited a good deal of interest when they appeared in Fifeshire newspapers a number of years ago, was born in the little town of Leven, Fifeshire, in 1832. Shortly after his birth his parents removed to St Andrews, which city had just begun to attain its modern celebrity through the impulse imparted by the endowment of the Madras College. At this school he received a liberal education, and was for many years a pupil under Mr Andrew Young, so widely known as the author of "The Happy Land," and some of whose sweet verses have been given in the first series of "Modern Scottish Poets." On leaving school he took to his father's profession of watchmaker and jeweller, which has formed his means of livelihood, and which he still prosecutes with assiduity and energy in the Ancient City, where the greater part of his life has been spent.

Mr Smith evinced from boyhood a strong love for poetry and painting — a love fostered and favoured by the peculiarly ennobling attributes of the scenery of St Andrews. Throughout the earlier part of his life he devoted his spare hours to the practice of etching, lithography, photography, &c., and acquired, as an amateur, considerable proficiency in these arts. On turning his attention to versification, he was both surprised and gratified by the interest awakened in the public mind by his productions in rhyme. This encouraged him to weave into song every old ruin and romantic spot pertaining to the city, the result being a collection of poems which may be reckoned more copious and varied than any other town in Scotland has evoked from one individual versifier. It is his intention, strengthened

by the desire of admiring friends, to publish these in volume form as "St Andrews Lyrics."

On the death of his father, ten years ago, Mr Smith became actuary of the Savings Bank of St Andrews. From the time of that appointment, he has drawn himself to a great extent from the seductions of the Muse. As we have reason to believe, however, that he has not fairly bade her goodbye, it is to be hoped that leisure will yet fall to his lot, to enable him to revive the old love and renew the rusty lyre.

Mr Smith's verses are sweet, polished, and symmetrical in form. Many of his thoughts thus picturesquely presented are truly poetical. Historical subjects have received attractive and appropriate treatment at his hands. Many of his pieces reveal a warm and intelligent appreciation of the beauties of Nature and tender human sympathy.

TIME.

Time rules the earth; he ne'er can die;
  He scorneth all control;
He guides the moments as they fly,
  The seasons as they roll,
He turns the adamant to clay;
He bringeth beauty from decay.

Before him empires droop and fade;
  He cancels state and king;
His scythe hath got a ruthless blade,
  And checkless is his wing.
The brightest glory in the land
Is doomed to tarnish in his hand.

He turns the oozy bed, on which
  Old Neptune had reclined,
To blooming meadows gay and rich
  With wreaths by Flora twined;
But what cares he for fertile plain?
He turns it into sea again.

The attributes of human life
Are trifles in his eye;
Beneath his mandate Peace and Strife
Alternate live and die.
He brings a balm to wounded heart;
He whets anew affliction's dart.

Oh! fleetly, fleetly glide his hours
When rapture's spell enthrals,
When lovers sit in sunlit bowers,
Or dance in gaslit halls;
But tardily his moments go
Around the sick-bed fraught with woe.

He lays in dark oblivion's tomb
The creeds he nursed of yore—
Ordains that new religions bloom
To fade like those before.
He biddeth life to gloom return;
He brings it back from out the urn.

His breath consumes the trusty steel
That formed the victor's blade;
He crushes underneath his heel
The bronze our fathers made;
But can he rob the gold of shine
Or make the love for it decline?

His power can quench the painter's dye,
Grind down the sculptor's bust,
Lay fane by builder reared on high
All lowly with the dust;
But can his wasting wings erase
The lines that form the poet's lays?

A SUMMER SONG.

Now the bosom of nature exultingly thrills,
She is chanting her loveliest strains,
For she's drunk of the nectar which summer distills,
And it cheers as it flows through her veins.
Oh! bright are the gems which she wears on her brow,
And gay are her garlands of flowers,
And kind are the welcomes she granteth us now
To her empire of woodlands and bowers.

Yes, Summer's sweet presence is felt in the land,
She's decking the valley and plain,
And old mother Earth 'neath her magical hand
Appears a young maiden again;
She freely hath opened her treasury up,
And with love that is fervent and true
Hath gifted the brae with the gold buttercup,
And with chalice of amethyst too.

The generous Flora hath granted the bee
An order for tasting her wine,
So he's sipping the nectar from buds on the lea,
And from flowers that in dingles entwine;
And he singeth his solo and hummeth his stave
To his cousin, the butterfly there,
Who hath wisely emerged from her chrysalis cave,
For the sake of the midsummer air.

The fly-hunting swallow is plying his skill
'Mid haunts where the insects are rife,
And away o'er the lake, and away o'er the rill
He darts like an arrow of life.
The dandelion's blown, and the feathery seed
Hath been taken by Zephyr in charge,
And the daisy is nodding adieu and good speed
To each tiny aerial barge.

There's a beautiful blossom again on the whin,
And a bloom on the hill where it grows,
And sweet is the song of the tide coming in,
And sweet when it outwardly flows.
The warblers are wafting their pæan of praise
Through the forest's umbrageous aisle;
While upward the water-fall's melody strays
From the depth of the tangled defile.

The spirit of sunshine hath come from above
With his gifts of etherial gold,
And caressingly now is renewing the love
Which he felt for the meadows of old;
And fair are the clouds which he weaveth to fringe
His couch as he rises from rest,
And bright are the hues which he mingles to tinge
His clime of descent in the west.

A SEASHORE SONG.

'Tis the soft twilight hour ever dear to the mind,
Ever fraught with a rapture and rest;
The bright sun hath declined, he hath vanished behind
His own cherished hill in the west.
The cloudlets are grieving at losing his light
That enriched them with purple and gold;
He is forming the night; he hath gone in his might
O'er the course where he ever hath rolled.

The ocean and upland, the lake and the lawn,
Are bereft of his smile for a time;
And the light that's withdrawn is now breaking as dawn
That's reluming a far away clime.

So come thee, thou loved one, and fondly we'll stray
O'er the sands by the twilighted sea ;
Though the brilliance of day is now fading away,
Thine eyes will shed sunshine for me.

Thou lovest the hour of the evening well,
As thou ramblest through meadow or grove,
Or a-down by the dell where the bright fairies dwell,
And the nymphs of the rivulet rove.
But by thee will that hour be more thrillingly spent,
It for thee will more pleasantly glide,
When its softness is blent with the rapture that's lent
By the deep and the darkening tide.

There bliss will prevail, and no shadow will mar
The delight that will reign in thy breast,
And for thee shall each star brightly shine from afar
At the vanishing evening's request.
The sands will be carpeted soft for thy tread,
And the wave for thee sweetly will break,
And the queen moon will shed from her throne overhead,
Her ethereal smile for thy sake.

The while the gloom settles on ocean beneath,
And the sky gently darkens above,
In thine ear will I breathe my devotion, and wreath
Round thy spirit my garland of love.
And while thy fair features will lovingly be
By the zephyr of summer night fanned,
I will vow by the sea, I'll be faithful to thee,
As the wave to the beautiful strand.

Come, darling, to-night let the beach be thy choice,
Thou wilt taste of the fountain of bliss,
While the wave will rejoice in the tones of thy voice,
And in footprints they fondly will kiss.
Oh ! hie thee and solace this bosom of mine,
Lend a rapture to heart thou hast won—
To a heart ever thine under shadow or shine,
Ever thine while the sands of life run.

THE INGLE.

Some sing of the lustre of nations,
Of the gleam of the planets on high,
Of the beautiful bright scintillations
That elope from a love-litten eye ;
But we sing of the glow of the ingle—
Of the best of effulgence on earth,
And the flash of our fancy shall mingle
With the blaze that belongs to our hearth.

The rose that's the pride of the arbour
  Is oft interlaced with the thorn,
And the golden field often will harbour
  The thistle along with the corn;
But if there's a sparkle of pleasure
  Unmingled with sorrow below,
'Tis the fireside that yieldeth the treasure,
  When Winter is yielding his snow.

The ingle will gleam in its glory
  Till December hath blossoms like June—
Till old Winter hath ceased to be hoary,
  And is humming a midsummer tune,
Till his beautiful frost-work devices
  Are unwrought upon mountains and heaths
Till he's weary of making his ices,
  And twining his snow into wreaths.

Let him come like a king and be waving
  His sceptre in ire o'er our seas,
Let him come like a fiend and be raving,
  As he rides on his Boreal breeze;
Let him come in the fulness of anger,
  Like a bear from his Northern Pole—
We will stir up our hearth from its languor,
  And we'll keep him at bay with our coal.

We opine he'll be hard in his dealings,
  Like his ancestors whom we have known;
He will show no regard for our feelings,
  But would make them as cold as his own.
So we'll give him a warmer reception
  Than is good for the blood in his veins;
Our fire shall aye urge an objection
  To his Lordship as long as he reigns.

All hail to the ingle so ruddy,
  All hail to the bonny bright fire,
That hath been our poetical study,
  That hath drawn out this song from our lyre.
Let its flame, like a banner of glory,
  Flare out in effulgency grand,
In the face of grim Winter the hoary,
  While's he's lording it over the land.

JAMES LAW,

A NATIVE of Lumsden, a village in the west of Aberdeenshire, was born in 1863. His mother having died when James was a few months old, he was left to the care of an uncle. At the age of fourteen he was appointed pupil-teacher at the Lumsden Public School, where he received his early education. He has had a great taste for poetry from his earliest years, but it was only recently that he "struck the poetic vein" within himself. As he expects soon to leave "bonnie Scotland" for the sunny valleys of the Transvaal to fill a commercial situation, it is to be hoped the warm climate of South Africa may ripen blossoms of much promise.

Mr Law has been a frequent and welcome contributor to the Aberdeen newspapers under the *nom-de-plume* of "Comet," and after a careful perusal of several "sample swatches of his claith," we are pleased to be able to reveal here the anonimity of one who can depict village life and character with fine, dry, pawky humour, and keen, clever wit. He can also deal with the grave, the pathetic, and the beauties of Nature with as much thoughtful feeling as he happily touches the humorous and the grotesque. In a poetical note to us, he writes as follows:—

I hinna muckle lear, it's true,
An' yet I maybe hae eneu',
  For mair micht mak' me vain.
An' wi' a bit o' Nature's help
The rhymes aye ready aff will skelp,
  An' mak' my stories plain.
Dame Nature, if you study her,
  Repays you for your pains;
She'll mak' the heart within you stir,
  An' fire poetic veins.
Her college, for knowledge
  Mak's mony a clever chiel,
Commen' me aye, an' sen' me aye
  To auld Dame Nature's squeel.

The variety of his themes—and this applies to many of our bards in rural districts—prove that in small country towns, where life goes on in a leisurely easy-going fashion, people can contrive to be happy without the innumerable aids to happiness which seem to be indispensable in larger communities. The flippant tourist sometimes condescends to a compassionate wonder how men and women could live in such places, and censorious observers occasionally indulge in a sneer at the pettiness of local interests. Many of our city friends seem not to have learned the great truth that the pleasures of life depend not upon the magnitude of its interests, but upon a man's capacity for taking interest.

The following is selected from a lengthy poem entitled

MARY FAIR.

The mornin' sun has just begun
  To tinge the draps o' dew,
An' from each stem a golden gem
  Presents itsel' to view.
Sae sweetly frae the stalks they hing
  An' sparkle everywhere;
Nae jewels ever worn by king
  Were half sae rich and fair
    As those this day,

The fields wi' flooers o' ilka hue
  Are buskit oot sae braw,
An' lookin' noo sae fresh an' new,
  The like you never saw;
The modest gowan, sweet though wee,
  The queen oot owre them a',
Looks to the lift wi' trem'lin' e'e,
  Afraid that she let fa'
    Her crown this day.

Frae ilka bush an' ilka tree,
  As ye wad pass alang,
The bonnie birdies ye wad see,
  An' hear them lilt their sang.

Their merry notes sae sweet an' clear
Resoundin' through the air,
The maist dejectit he'rt wad cheer,
An' flee the thocht o' care
Awa' this day.

. . . . . .

The sleepy herd, wi' lazy kye,
Is stragglin' to the grass,
An' haltin' whyles wi' curious eye
To watch fowk as they pass.
The sair temptation proves too great
For such as him to bear,
The kye are left then to their fate,
An aff he's to the fair
Wi' speed this day.

Ilk ane is drest oot in their best,
An' look baith trig an' braw;
In spirits strang they move alang
In groups o' three an' twa.
A wee bit frae the little "toun,"
Upon this bank o' grass,
A little while we'll sit us doon
An' watch them as they pass
Us by this day.

An', see, a couple auld an' frail
Their ways fu' canny wendin',
An' noo an' than when breath does fail
Oot owre their hazels bendin'.
Sin' they were laddies at the squeel
Ilk Mary Fair had seen them,
An' yet, as lang's they're hale an' weel,
Nae ane need think to wean them
Frae it this day.

Wi' waefu' sighs they min' an' think,
As ilka ane gangs by them,
Upon the time when they could wink
At sic fowk an' defy them.
But noo, alas! the change is great,
For sic days hae passed o'er them,
An' they maun hirple on the gait,
An' let the rest afore them
On ilka day.

Anither man now meets oor eye—
A sturdy, sonsy carle—
The man wha "rags an' skins" does cry,
An' buys up auld apparel.

For ance he has flung by his "trade,"
Mair fittin' wark to render,
To see if something can be made
By turnin' sweetie-vender,
Aff-hand this day.

Twa bonnie lassies noo draw nigh,
As rosy as the morn,
Intent some fal-de-rals to buy
Their persons to adorn.
But aye they keep within their min'—
Oh! loving, trusting woman!—
The hope their sweethearts dear to join,
An' get them hame at gloamin'
Wi' them this day.

Anither couple neist draw near—
A man an' his guidwife,
An' they hae passed the twentieth year
O' peacefu' marriet life.
Awa' they jog to fee some lass
To help wi' inside wark,
An' throwin aye to a' that pass
A free aff-han' remark
Wi' glee this day.

. . . . . .

The village noo is in a steer
Frae ae end to the ither,
For mony fowk frae far an' near
Are gaithered here thegither.
Wi' cairts an' gigs, whaur they can stan',
O' ilka shape an' colour,
The street is lined on ilka han'—
We never saw it fuller
Than on this day.

While yet the fair is free o' fechts
We'll wander owre the green,
An' note the mair oot-standin' sichts
That here are to be seen.
An' may the Musie, as I write,
Be noo if ever wi' me,
An' if I shame her, then for spite
She can forever lea' me
Frae this May-day.

Aroon' the edge are sweetie-stan's
To sell the sweethe'rts' fairin';
Beside them bairns wi' itchin' han's
An' greedy mou's are starin;

An' should some sweeties chance to fa'—
Ay, though there was but ane—
They soon are fechtin' ane an' a',
Like dogs oot owre a bane
For it this day.

Upon a little risin' knowe
Is set a shootin' battr'y,
Whaur to the handlers o' the plough
The showmen use their flatt'ry.
Like fools they thro' their money hash
To please the crowd wha gazes,
An' when they've spent a three-months' cash
They hae—a showman's praises
Instead this day.

See, farther up, a caravan
Contains a waxwork show,
Whaur aye as mony fowk as can
Are sure therein to go.
A monkey, dressed in sodger's claes,
Parades afore the entry,
An' there is placed—the showman says—
To guard, by way of sentry,
The cash this day.

Musicians here are neither scarce,
Nor are they sweir to play;
An' ballad-vendors chant their verse
Between a sing and say.
Here lies a sailor—minus legs—
Wi' tears his story givin';
His blin' wife near him stan's an' begs
A mite to keep them livin',
Fu' hard this day.

Still farrer on, the tinkler sits
Amang his jugs an' pails,
Amusin' fowk 'twixt smokes an' spits
Wi' jokes an' funny tales;
An' as he gets the ither groat,
For fear his pouch micht spill,
He gars it tumble owre his throat
In shape o' half a gill
O drink this day.

We come noo to the whisky tent,
Whaur rags an' wags are jinkin',
An' watchin' foo the money's spent
By young an' auld on drinkin'.

They pu' the ither shillin' oot,
An' wi' their glasses clinkin',
Drink ilk ane's health that's roond aboot,
Uncarin' and unthinkin'
What's spent this day.

They're a' in splendid humour noo,
And ither finely suitin',
Though likely ere they say adieu
There will be some disputin'.
And noo the sun has touched the hill,
The market's turnin' thinner,
An' though it's sair against our will,
We'll need to hamewards binner
Wi' speed this day.

. . . . . .

WHEN THE SUN'S GANE OWER THE HILL.

Though my limbs were e'er sae weary,
An' the distance e'er sae wide,
When the bonnie flooers are closin',
An' afore the air grows chill,
I wad meet ye Jessie, dearie,
By the windin' burnie's side,
In the bonnie summer gloamin',
When the sun's gane ower the hill!

When the birds hae ceased their singin'
'Mang the bonny woods an' glens,
An', except the water foamin',
A' aroond is hushed an' still,
A' my sorrows by me flingin'
I'd hae joy that nae ane kens
Thus to meet you in the gloamin',
When the sun's gane ower the hill!

Wi' a heart baith licht an' cheery,
When the herd drives hame his kye;
Ere the little stars are blinkin',
I will come wi' richt gude-will,
An' will meet ye, Jessie, dearie,
'Neath the smilin', rosy sky,
In the lang, lang summer's gloamin',
When the sun's gane ower the hill!

Had I a' the fields sae grassy
That the Bogie does rin through;
Had I a' the sheep an' cattle
That the bonnie haughs do fill,

I wad gie them a', my lassie,
  An' wad think them nae anew,
Just to meet ye in the gloamin',
  When the sun's gane ower the hill!

THE SONG OF WINTER.

"I come upon the northern blast,
  And by my deeds my presence show,
As over hill and dale I cast
  My airy robes of spotless snow.
    If I but will,
    All life I kill,
For *frost* to me its birth doth owe;
    The air I fill,
    With moaning shrill,
Whene'er I choose my horn to blow.

I strip the trees of all their grace,
  And on the ground their leaves I strew;
And so that none may e'er them trace,
  I hide them 'neath my robe of snow.
    I make each post
    Look like a ghost;
I chain the stream that used to flow;
    I nip each bud,
    And freeze the blood,
And numb the sense where'er I go.

I send the farmer to the house,
  For me his work he must forego;
I freeze the milk got from the cows,
  But make the milk-maid's cheeks to glow.
    The midnight owl
    I make to howl;
I starve and pinch the greedy crow;
    Yea, every fowl
    That out may prowl
Will find in me a deadly foe.

I give the moon a clearer light,
  As she on high her face doth show;
The stars, too, twinkle far more bright,
  And sweeter smile on earth below.

I cleanse the air,
And roads repair,
With but one night of frost and snow.
I hold the sun
As he doth run,
And only *so* far let him go.

At night I send *you* round the fire
To tell the tales of long ago;
And when you to your bed retire,
I fright you with the wind and snow.
You hear my moan,
And by my tone
My mood you very quickly know.
So I can sing,
To everything—
"I by my deeds my presence show."

JOHN SCORGIE,

AUTHOR of numerous very pleasing poems and sketches illustrating rural life and character in the north of Scotland, was born at Hill of Balvack, Monymusk, Aberdeenshire, in 1852. At the time of the birth of our poet, his father was rabbit-trapper to "the Laird." Owing to an impediment in his speech, which he has long got over, he was not sent to school till after he was eight, but being an apt scholar, and before he was twelve—at which age he was sent to herd cattle—he could write and "count as well as the feck o' cottar laddies." After working for two years with a neighbouring farmer he was employed in the granite quarry at Tillyfourie, where he learned to be a stone-dresser, an occupation he still follows.

In the spring of 1875, Mr Scorgie went to America, T along with a number of other fellow-tradesmen, who

had been induced to go by promises of high wages and steady employment. They found, however, that they had been deceived, and he, along with many others, returned after two months' absence. Mr Scorgie contributes frequently to the newspapers and literary journals. His verses give evidence of spontaneity of flow, real Scottish humour, homely thought, and they are entirely free from weak maunderings and unnatural rhapsodies.

O! COME AWA', DEARIE.

O ! come awa' dearie, nae doot ye're gey weary,
They promised to fesh ye up-bye till's yestreen ;
Baith daddie an' mammie ye've lost, little lammie,
But weel we a' lo'e ye, my dear orphan wean.

Ye'se gang to nae poorhoose, ye'se bide aye at oor hoose,
Come toddle 'wa' ben here, my innocent freen' ;
Fu' snug an' fu' cosie ye'll sleep in the bosie
O' kind-he'rted Jeannie—oor ain smilin' Jean.

Ah, lass, we see clearly ye lo'e us a' dearly,
Ye've wan'ert the hale road the hooses atween ;
Sit doon i' this chairie aside the fire, dearie,
For brawly ye'll ken a cauld mornin' it's been.

O hangna yer headie sae shy-like, wee lady,
O' a' oor braw lassies ye yet may be queen ;
Haud up yer sweet facie, my darlin', my Bessie,
I ne'er saw a bairnie wi' bonnier een.

Noo, laddies, be kind aye to Bessie ; just mind aye
She'll cheer ilka bosom when sweet seventeen ;
Tho' little thocht o' yet, fu' bonnie she'll blow yet—
The angels frae Heav'n tend the flow'rie unseen.

THE RASPS.

The rasps are ripe an' ready noo,
Wi' them the brae's claid ower ;
Lumps like yer thoom ye'll see, I troo,
Whaure'er ye like to glow'r.
The busses downa rise ava,
They're fairly wechted doon ;
A brawer spot I never saw,
It's reid a' roon' an' roon'.

Wee Jamie noo, be't foul or fair,
  Is happy a' the day ;
The mornin' sees the laddie there,
  He's there at gloamin' grey.
Awa' he slips when coasts are clear,
  When cried upon he hides ;
The loon will kill himsel', I fear,
  At hame he never bides.

Altho' he wears nae hose or shoon,
  Few stobs his feet molest ;
He whups the bannet aff his croon,
  An' fills it o' the best.
A whittret i' the cairn he sees,
  Disturbs a byke o' wasps,
But feint ae single inch he jees—
  Wee Jamie maun hae rasps.

THE COO'S CALVED NOO.

We've met misfortunes great an' sma',
  Been doon an' a' but deid ;
Been daudit here, been dirdit there,
  Aft coupit heels-ow'r-heid.
Yet what care we ? while life remains
  We'll laird nae hingin' moo ;
We'll up an' sing a liltie yet—
  The coo's calv'd noo.

O gin ye heard the lauchin' bairns
  Rejoicin' oot an' in,
Wi' glee they're a' just like to loup
  Oot o' their very skin.
Aff to the byre at early morn
  Wee Willie nakit flew
To see a bonnie beastie in't—
  The coo's calv'd noo.

Fu' stoot an' strang the calfie is,
  An' gin the craitur' leeve,
'Twill bring's as mony shillin's, man,
  As ye'd grip i' yer neive ;
As mony's nearly raise the rent
  Withoot the muckle soo ;
We're richt aneuch—as fack's ye're there—
  The coo's calved noo.

New cheese oor wifie made the day,
An', min' ye, made it richt;
Aroun't we gathered ane an' a',
An' sent it oot o' sicht.
She bade fareweel to ale the day,
Nae mair she's gaun to brew;
We've milk—hale oceans o't nae less—
The coo's calv'd noo.

Aboon the sky's as blue's ye like,
An' a'thing's fine an' clear;
Care's nae sae mad's come slouchin' ben
Expectin' quarters here.
My certie! we're a lichtsome lot,
A canty, cozie crew;
There's nocht but mirth whaur we abide—
The coo's calv'd noo.

THE DOCTOR'S MAID.

Last week I 'maist was fairly mad,
My fit was sair, my he'rt was sad;
Ye ne'er saw sic anither lad.

Ilk day the wives came flockin' in,
Wi' mony a cure an' mony a spin
Near drave me crazy wi' their din.

Sae aff I set ae aifternoon,
An' to the doctor hirpled doon;
Gat "Cripple Dick" frae ilka loon.

I saw the man, an' socht his aid,
But canna tell ye what he said,
My thochts were a' o's bonnie maid.

An' when I left the hoose for hame,
I clean forgot that I was lame;
An' ye wad just hae dune the same.

I didna ken, nor did I care
What cure was order'd for the sair,
I was as soople's ony hare.

Tho' in my pouch that vera nicht
I gat a doctor's line a' richt,
I quately burn'd it oot o' sicht.

Ae blink o' yon sweet lassie's e'e
Sent a' the limpin' oot o' me;
My sang! but she shall get the fee.

For ane like her ye'd ca' in vain
Ilk Lowlan' howe, ilk Heelan' glen,
Ilk Scottish hoosie, but an' ben.

JOHN TAYLOR,

BROTHER of James Taylor noticed in Fourth Volume, was born at Huntingtower Farm, near Perth, in 1816, and when fit for work was sent to learn block-cutting at Ruthven Printworks. He went to America in 1842, and in Boston started a cutting shop, where he employed a few men. Here also he opened the first Tent of Rechabites, having been a member of that Order in Scotland. After being successively a partner in the Narragansett and in the Manchester N.H. Printworks, he went to California in 1849, at the beginning of the gold excitement, being one of those known as the old pioneers, or "Forty-Niners." In due time his wife and family followed, and for about a quarter of a century they have been settled in their present "location."

Mr Taylor is highly respected, and has long taken a leading part amongst the Good Templars and Grangers of the district. Although well-known as a spiritualist, he is often called upon to conduct the burial service in the case of Protestants and others dying in the neighbourhood, there being no minister within many miles. He has long contributed rhymes and short prose articles to different Californian papers. His poems are generally of a moral or

religious cast, being for the most part characterised by fine sentiment and earnest purpose, though sometimes marred by diffuseness, and the want of lucidity and directness of expression.

THE OLD CLOCK.

Dear wife, how very sad I feel, this bright morning in May,
And how I miss the children with their prattle and their play ;
The skylark's singing joyously his song high o'er the field,
But I feel very sad wife, and to gloomy thoughts I yield.

You miss the pattering feet, John, that scamper all around,
And the very stillness of the room seems like a painful sound ;
A home without the dear ones is like heaven without a God,
A mill without the wheels, or a field without the sod.

Hush, wife, I now remember that last night when taken sick,
The old clock on the mantelpiece gave never even a tick ;
How heavily and slow the long dark hours of midnight passed,
And O ! how welcome was the light when morning came at last.

Yes, John, but if kept clean within, and wound up right at night,
The clock keeps ticking all next day, and, if I hear it right,
It tells that when the night of death has closed the day of time,
We'll live through all the morrow in the summerland sublime.

But, dearest wife, I cannot see as you have always seen,
How our life's ticking can go on when death stops the machine ;
You know that when we're dead and gone, as I have often said,
There cometh back no ticking from the greenest grave bed.

Yes, John, life still is ticking—for God to all hath given
A key to life eternal that we may live in heaven ;
At night when by thy side, angel tickings reach my ear,
And slowly whisper—"Heaven's bright to-morrow draweth near."

Well, well, dear wife, my sense to hear is not so fine as thine,
At night I hear no ticking, but from thy heart to mine ;
But if thou hast the magic key that giveth life for aye,
O ! what a glad to-morrow we'll have after our earthly day.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

(On Receiving a Copy of the Song, "When we were Boys Together."

The tears are fallin' doon, Jim,
Free as the summer rain
As I remember thee and
That ance I ca'd my

I'm thinkin' of the gowan knowe,
An' bonny bloomin' heather—
How short the time seems—fifty years—
Since we were boys together;
Since we were boys, twa happy boys,
Fraternal bound together;
And happy were the days we spent
Amang the bloomin' heather.

'Tis gladness to remember, Jim,
Our friendship still was true,
And sweet to me with Memory's eye
Old scenes again to view.
To live anew our boyish days,
When life was but a dream,
And like crystal fount of joy
Was Almond's ripplin' stream.
Then we were boys, bright gladsome boys,
Whate'er might be the weather;
And lightly ran about the green,
Or roamed amang the heather.

But now I'm far awa, Jim,
'Mongst other boys and men,
Though oft my heart's wi' thee, Jim,
And dear old friends again.
I hear the mavis trill his glee,
Amang the purple heather,
And feel the strength of friendship's chain
As when young boys together.
But now adoon the furrowed cheeks
The raindrops sadly fa';
Methinks we ne'er shall meet again
On Scotia's braes sae braw.

But we shall meet in heaven above,
Where parting is no more;
No stormy seas shall roll between,
Upon the Eden's shore.
And there the loved ones—one by one—
In God's good time will gather,
To live in love and joy for aye,
A happy band, dear brother.
Then we shall be bright spirit boys,
For ever and for ever,
'Mongst bonny bowers o' fadeless flowers,
Beyond the mystic river.

THERE IS ROOM FOR MOTHER.

There is room 'mongst the angels for mother,
Dear mother, weary with care;
There is rest in heaven for mother—
No weariness over there.

Sweet rest for the best of mothers
Over the river of love,
Where our angel fathers and brothers
Build flow'ry bowers above.

Her step is gentle and loving,
Her smile like the morning rays;
How soothing is mother's caressing,
How pleasant are all her ways.
Make room 'mongst the angels for mother,
Who nears the green grassy grave,
Where the Marthas and Marys together
A banner of love shall wave.

There is room 'mongst the angels of heaven
For the mother we love so well;
Our child-love by dear mother given,
We feel as we sigh, farewell.
Be an angel of love to your mother,
Smile love to your mother while here;
Only once kind heaven gives a mother,
Oh bring her never a tear.

Deck a room 'mongst the angels for mother,
Bring diadems rich and rare;
A crown waits for thee, dearest mother,
Flowers bloom eternally fair.
Sing again the great love of a mother,
With heart ever kind and true;
Raise a song from each sister and brother,
Soon mother may go from your view.

Ada E. Taylor, youngest daughter of the above, contributes both prose and verse to various Californian papers. Though born in California, both her parents went thither from Perthshire. She is a promising and thoughtful writer, and one of her poems was thought worthy of being illustrated in the Christmas number of the *Rural Press*, one of the leading papers in California.

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS EVE AND MORNING.

Four little stockings, all hung in a row,
Pretty and dainty and white as the snow;
The children's small fingers that placed each one there
Had been clasped long ago in their evening prayer:
Their blue eyes had danced with a clear sparkling light,
As they thought of to-morrow, so full of delight;
They talked of their stockings—the theme
So full of nice candies and beautiful toys

Their small childish prattle was heard everywhere,
Their laughter rang out on the calm evening air;
Blue eyes soon grew sleepy—no longer now bright—
They all kissed each other and whispered good night;
On soft, downy pillows their curly heads rest,
An innocent heart beats in each tiny breast.

The morning dawned brightly with clear, cloudless skies,
The sun kissed the sleepers and opened their eyes.
A scamper for stockings, a shout full of glee!
Oh, what a surprise was the great Christmas tree!
A shimmering mass, in the bright morning sun.
"Hurrah!" cried the children, for Christmas has come.
Be happy, young hearts, while ever you may,
For every short year takes you farther away
From that one youthful time, that so lightly has flown
Enjoy it, dear ones, while you call it your own;
Clouds may o'ershadow the bright beaming sky,
The Christmas may come when you'll look back and sigh,
"Backward, turn backward, O! time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night."

NEVER AGAIN.

Never again shall we stand side by side,
And watch by the sea at eventide;
Where the moon-beams fall with a mellow glow,
And the bright waves dance them to and fro.

Never again shall we wander through
The shaded woods where falls the dew;
Where the gentle zephyrs love to blow,
And flowers so rare in profusion grow.

Never again shall you call me your own;
I'm left to watch by the sea alone.
I try to forget from day to day,
But I loved you so in a strong, true way.

Never again will those lips I miss,
Touch my own with a tender kiss.
There is no gentle voice in accents low,
To speak to me now of the long ago.

Never again will those bright blue eyes—
(They rivalled the azure of the skies—)
With a happy light gaze deep in my own,
And read the love that in them shone.

The sad sea waves are dashing high,
And threat'ning clouds o'ercast the sky.
The low winds moan like a cry of pain,
And seem to say "oh! never again!"

They made you a grave so cold and deep,
Where you slumber alone in death's calm sleep.

Oh! would to God that I lay there too,
For life is naught when it holds not you.

I know you are watching me from above,
With eyes full of pity and tender love.
Oh! wait for me there, on the heavenly shore
We shall meet again to part no more.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING AT HOME TO-NIGHT?

What are they doing at home, to-night
'Twould fill my heart with joy to know;
Are they sitting before a fire so bright,
Talking in accents soft and low?

Do they think of the dear one, far away,
Who longs to clasp them in close embrace?—
Who is waiting patiently for the day
When she can kiss each smiling face?

Do they miss the foot-steps, everywhere,
That loved to traverse the old home o'er?
Do they miss the music, that filled the air,
And the songs they've heard before?

Tho' pleasures may fill my life, each day,
As gaily through the world I roam;
Tho' the hours may pass in brightness away,
My thoughts are ever with those at home.

I waft them a kiss, on the calm, still air,
Which floats away, on zephyrs light;
I think of them all, in my evening prayer,
And whisper, softly, a sweet good-night.

THOMAS CARSTAIRS LATTO,

THE author of some of the most widely-known of our Scottish lyrics, is perhaps personally one of the most unfamiliar to the present generation of Scotsmen. His name was known and his songs were sung in Edinburgh when the Modern Athens was still the favoured resort of the choice and master spirits of our age, when under the sheltering ægis of of the great Christopher, Hogg and [redacted] Moir and Riddle, Captain Gray, Davi
Smart, and a hundred of t
song gathered at the O

made the "noctes" fly on golden wings. To Scotsmen of the present day, although his songs have lost none of their inspiring charm, the personality of the singer will scarcely be remembered.

Thomas C. Latto was born at Kingsbarns, in the East Neuk of Fife, in 1818, being the eldest son of Alexander Latto, the Kingsbarns schoolmaster, and his wife Christina Anderson. From his father, a man of deep moral sensibility and strong and acute mind, he inherited the quick intellect, the intense human sympathy, and the warm kindly nature that glow in his songs, while on the maternal side he was heir of the daring, adventurous, sea-loving Norse blood that has made so deep a mark on the east coast of Scotland. The elder Latto early discerned the intellectual fibre of his son, and the poet, in his "School Examination," has paid a tribute to the worth of his sire that must ever mark the Kingsbarns schoolhouse as a sacred spot to those who prize the virtues that have given to Scotland her most endearing fame.

Young Latto was a delicate boy, but his mind rapidly expanded under his father's judicious care, and at an early age he was sent to St Andrews University, where he was the classmate of Dr Lyon Playfair, M.P., Dr Charles Rogers, and other distinguished scholars. He remained at St Andrews five years, and was especially favoured by being allowed free access to the magnificent library of the University, a privilege seldom accorded to students in those days. In 1838 Mr Latto removed to Edinburgh, where he remained eight years, acting during three of these as private secretary to William Edmonston Aytoun, then Professor of Rhetoric in the Edinburgh University.

Mr Latto's poetic genius had already won for him [illegible]stinction during his career at St Andrews, but it was [illegible]ing his residence in Edinburgh that he became

known as one of the foremost of the choir of sweet singers then gathered in Auld Reekie. During this time he published his "Minister's Kail Yaird," a volume of poems in the Scottish dialect, that was received with marked favour, while his contributions to "Whistle Binkie"—including "The Kiss Ahint the Door," "When we were at the Schule," "Sly Widow Skinner," and "The Bonnie Blind Lassie"—gained for him the favourable suffrages of a wide circle of readers.

Dr John Brown, the author of "Rab and his Friends," who was a warm personal friend of the poet, said of him—"Among the song-birds of Scotland, Latto has a true note of his own;" while a London critic of established reputation, commenting on his well-known song, "When we were at the Schule," wrote—"In the whole range of Scottish lyrical poetry, there is nothing more graphic or delightful." A careful and discriminating criticism in the *Caledonian Mercury* contained this eulogy on his published volume—"Here is not only the germs of true poetry but the bud, the blossom, and the very flower of song." The list of favourable criticisms might be extended indefinitely, but it may not be out of place to add the tribute of the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, who, referring to his poem on Sir Walter Scott, which appeared first in that magazine, said that "of all the poetical tributes which had been laid on the tomb of the Great Magician, that of Latto was the most graceful and the most original."

In spite of the favourable reception accorded to his published works, however, Mr Latto has since contented himself with occasional contributions to current literature, and has, so far, refused to publish any complete collection of his poems. It has been said that during his first sojourn in Edinburgh, Mr Latto was an intimate companion of most of his literary contemporaries. Not only was he a member of the

celebrated "Musomanite Club," of which Professor Tennant, Sir Walter Scott, and Captain Gray were the ornaments half-a-century ago, but it is believed that he possesses not merely fragments, but poems replete with rough fun and sparkling with Doric wit, thrown off by the choice spirits of that still more celebrated coterie of an earlier date, headed by Clerk Dishington, General Scott of Balconie, the rollicking Anstruthers, and Lord Boyd. This coterie, which flourished in Burns' day, was pronounced by Robert Chambers "the cleverest geniuses of a clever generation," and that indefatigable antiquary, after searching long and vainly for their literary remains, went to his grave believing that these had perished beyond the hope of resurrection.

Mr Latto subsequently resided for a short time in Glasgow and Dundee, and in 1851 he removed to the United States. He was one of the founders and the first editor of the *Scottish American Journal* of New York, and his poems and prose sketches, not less than his severe and classic literary taste, contributed materially to establish the high repute which that journal has long enjoyed. Mr Latto long ago severed his connection with the *Scottish American Journal*, but still resides in the United States, relieving the drudgery of editorial work on a Brooklyn daily newspaper by frequent incursions into the realm of poesy. At a comparatively advanced period of his life he mastered the Scandinavian languages, and his published translations from the Danish, Norwegian, and Icelandic poets are marked by the same vigour of execution, felicitous grace of diction, and genial human sympathy that early won for him the place he holds among modern Scottish poets.

THE KISS AHINT THE DOOR.

There's meikle bliss in ae fond kiss,
Whiles mair than in a score;

But wae betak' the stowin' smack
I took ahint the door.

O laddie, whisht ! for sic a fricht
I ne'er was in afore ;
Fu' brawly did my mither hear
The kiss ahint the door.
The wa's are thick—ye needna fear ;
But, gin they jeer an' mock,
I'll swear it was a startit cork,
Or wyte the rusty lock.
There's meikle bliss, etc.

We stappit ben, while Maggie's face
Was like a lowin' coal ;
An' as for me, I could hae crept
Into a rabbits' hole.
The mither look't—saff's how she look't !—
Thae mithers are a bore,
An' gleg as ony cat to hear
A kiss ahint the door.
There's meikle bliss, etc.

The douce gudeman, tho' he was there,
As weel micht been in Rome,
For by the fire he puff'd his pipe,
An' never fash'd his thumb ;
But, titterin' in a corner, stood
The gawky sisters four—
A winter's nicht for me they micht
Hae stood ahint the door.
There's meikle bliss, etc.

" How daur ye tak' sic freedoms here ? "
The bauld gudewife began ;
Wi' that a foursome yell got up—
I to my heels and ran.
A besom whiskit by my lug,
An' dishclouts half a score :
Catch me again, tho' fidgin' fain,
At kissin' 'hint the door.
There's meikle bliss, etc.

WHEN WE WERE AT THE SCHULE.

The laddies plague me for a sang,
I e'en maun play the fule ;
I'll sing them ane about the days
When we were at the schule—
Tho' now the frosty pow is seen
Whaur wav'd the curly hair,

And mony a blythesome heart is cauld—
  Sin' first we sported there.
    When we were at the schule, my frien',
      When we were at the schule ;
    And O sae merry pranks we play'd
      When we were at the schule.

Yet muckle Jock is to the fore,
  And canny, creepin' Hugh,
An' Bob the pest, an' Sugar-pouch,
  The best o' a' the crew ;
An raggit Willie is the laird
  O' twa-three landart farms ;
And Katie Spence, the pridefu' thing,
  Now cuddles in his arms.

Man, do ye mind the maister's hat,
  Sae auld, sae bare an' brown,
We carried to the burnie's side,
  An' sent it soomin' down?
We thought how clever a' was plann'd,
  When—whatna voice was that?
A head is raised aboon the hedge—
  "I'll thank ye for my hat!"

O weel I mind our hingin' lugs,
  Our het an' tinglin' paws ;
O weel I mind his solemn look,
  An' weel I mind the tawse.
What awfu' snuffs that day he took,
  An' panged them up his nose,
An' rapped the box as if to strike
  A terror to his foes.

An' do ye mind, at countin' time,
  How watchfu' he has lain,
To catch us steal frae ither's slates,
  An' jot it on our ain :
An' how we feared, at writin' hour,
  His glunches and his glooms—
How mony times a day he said
  Our fingers a' were thooms!

I'll ne'er forget that afternoon,
  'Twas manfu' like yersel',
Ye took the pawmies an' the shame,
  To save wee Johnnie Bell.
The maister found it out belyve ;
  He took ye on his knee ;
And as he look'd into your face,
  The tear was in his e'e.

But mind ye, lad, yon afternoon,
How fleet ye skipp'd awa',
For ye had crack'd auld Jenny's pane,
When playin' at the ba'?
Nae pennies had we—Jenny grat;
It cut us to the core;
Ye took your mither's hen at nicht,
An' left it at her door!

And sic a steer his granny made,
When talepyet Jamie Rae
We dookit roarin' at the pump,
Syne row'd him down the brae.
But how the very maister leugh,
When leein' Saddler Wat
Cam' in an' threept that cripple Tam
Had chas'd an kill'd his cat!

Aye, laddies, ye may wink awa'—
Truth shouldna a' be tauld;
I fear the schules o' modern days
Are no unlike the auld.
And are nae we but laddies yet,
Wha get the name o' men,
And livin' by the ingle-side
Thae happy days again.
When we were at the schule, my frien',
When we were at the schule?
To fling the snaw-ba's owre again
We flung when at the schule.

THE BLIND LASSIE.

O hark to the strain that sae sweetly is ringin',
And echoing clearly o'er lake and o'er lea,
Like some fairy bird in the wilderness singin',
It thrills to my heart, yet nae minstrel I see.
Round yonder rock knittin', a dear child is sittin',
Sae toilin' her pitifu' pittance is won.
Hersel, tho' we see nae, 'tis mitherless Jeanie,—
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

Five years syne come autumn she cam' wi' her mither,
A sodger's puir widow sair wasted and gane;
As brown fell the leaves, sae wi' them did she wither,
And left the sweet child on the wide world her lane.
She left Jeanie weepin' in His holy keepin,
Wha shelters the lamb frae the cauld wintry win',
We had little siller, yet a' were gude till her,—
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

And blythe now an' cheerfu', frae mornin' to e'enin',
She sits through the simmer, an' gladdens ilk ear,

Baith auld and young daut her, sae gentle an' winnin',
To a' the folks round the wee lassie is dear,
Braw leddies caress her, wi' bounties would press her,
The modest bit darlin' their notice would shun,
For tho' she has naething, proud-hearted this wee thing,
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

OUR AIN WIFE.

O there's nae wife like our ain wife in a' the Borristoun,
There's nae dame like our ain dame for mony miles aroun';
She is a wee bit bodie, an' I'm a muckle man,
But the feck o' a' the gear we hae my wee bit wifie wan.

She aye had sic an eident gait, while ithers sat she ran,
While ithers gossip't on the stair she took her wheel an' span,
An' bonny were the sheets, an' shinin' were the claes
She saw wi' joy set out to bleach upon the gowney braes.

A waefu' house wad ours be gin Maggie were awa,
For a' the helpless bairnies a blacken't coal to blaw,
What could we do without her?—we couldna move a fit,
We've muckle to be thankfu' for, she clouts our duddies yet.

She's haen her times o' trouble, mair maybe than her share,
A weary, weary widdle, an' ither's lade to bear,
But her heart is unco big, and she never will gee in,
While there's a turn o' wark to do, she'll see the hoosie clean.

O bairnies! ye are thochtless whyles, ye dinna ken her fecht;
The little shouther shouldna bear the heaviest o' the wecht,
Your hands should wait upon her e'e to help her a' you can,
For she is a wee bit bodie, tho' I'm a muckle man.

O there's nae wife like our ain wife in a' the Borristoun,
There's nae dame like our ain dame for mony miles aroun',
An' maybe yet we'll see her sit a leddy in the lan'
A wee bit smilin' bodie beside her muckle man.

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS.

As at gloaming I mused from the Craigs looking down
On the turrets of Holyrood rare,
The moon's silver light stream'd on gateway and crown,
As if sorrow had never been there,
Slowly flitting visions came; jealous knight and peerless dame,
They pass'd and sad a cry arose, "Love not like hapless me,
Mary Beaton, Mary Seton, who a Queen would be."

The sword broke the song, for the lord of the lute
Fell prone as he warbled his lay,

For I found she had courted na me, but my purse ;
What's waur—that she liket a drappy, a drappy,
What's waur, that she liket a drappy.

Then ae nicht at a kirn I saw Maggie Hay,
To see her was straight to adore her ;
The widow look'd blue when I pass'd her neist day,
An' waited na e'en to speer for her, speer for her,
An' waited na e'en to speer for her.

O pity my case, I was terribly raw,
An' she was a terrible Tartar ;
She spak aboot "measures" an' "takin' the law,"
And I set mysel' down for a martyr, a martyr,
And I set mysel' down for a martyr.

Weel ! I buckled wi' Meg, an' the blythe honeymoon
Scarce was owre when the widow I met her,
She girningly whispered, "Hech ! weel ha'e ye dune,
But tent me, lad, I can do better, do better,
But tent me, lad, I can do better :—

"Gin ye canna get berries, put up wi' the hools ;'
Her proverb I counted a blether,
But,—widows for ever for hookin' auld fules,—
Neist week she was cryed wi' my feyther, my feyther !
Neist week she was cryed wi' my feyther !

WILLIAM NEILL,

BORN at the farm of Chapelton, near Greenock, in 1821, is the author of a number of pleasing poems and songs. His forefathers were farmers in the East Parish of Greenock for more than three hundred years. After receiving a fair elementary education, William engaged in agricultural pursuits till 1843, when he became a market-gardener—a calling he still follows at Port Glasgow. His verses are natural, and can be read with pleasure by those who have a taste for poesy.

THE BEAUTY O' SCOTLAND.

The bonnie hills o' Scotland, I love them ane an' a',
In summer ting'd wi' heather bloom, in winter white wi' snaw ;
The big anes and the wee anes are a' alike to me—
The bonnie hills o' Scotland, home of the brave and free.

The woods and glens o' Scotland, I love them ane an' a',
From the stately forest to the lowly hazel shaw;
Amang the bonnie woods and glens I often stray in spring,
To see the primrose and bluebell, and hear the mavis sing.

The bonnie streams o' Scotland, I love them ane an' a',
But, my native Clyde, I love thee best, the fairest o' them a';
Upon its bonnie verdant banks I spent my youthfu' days—
As lang as I can tune my lyre I'll sweetly sing its praise.

Here's to bonnie Scotland, her hills and valleys green,
Wi' a' her rivers, ev'ry burn, and crystal limpid stream;
Home of my heart, my native land, land of the brave and free—
O, Scotland, thy hills and dales are ever dear to me.

LIZZIE'S BLACK E'E.

The cauld wintry win's noo whistle and blaw,
And the hills are clad wi' a white robe o' snaw;
The birds are a' mute and the trees are a' bare,
And nature seems burdened wi' sorrow and care.

On hicht and in howe lie big wreaths o' snaw,
And Jock Frost is king noo in cottage and ha';
But the cauld nights o' winter will ne'er trouble me
When cheered by the blink o' my Lizzie's black e'e.

The dull days o' December—would they were awa'—
We ne'er get a blink o' the sun noo ava';
The dark nichts o' winter are weary and lang,
But I pass them awa' wi' a cheery bit sang,

And shut up the doors to keep out the cauld snaw
When the snell norlan' win's aff Ben Lomond blaw;
Bleak winter may blicht a' the flowers till they dee,
But can ne'er dim the blink o' my Lizzie's black e'e.

JOANNA BOGUE.

MRS BOGUE'S father, the late Mr James Blackstock, was a native of Dumfriesshire, and removed to Glasgow in early life. He was a *man of* extensive reading, and was possessed of a *very retentive* memory. Her mother was a daughter

of the late Mr Charles Christison of Mill of Dalbog, parish of Edzell, on leaving which he became factor to Sir James Stewart of Coltness, and was afterwards factor to the Earl of Elgin. The subject of our brief sketch was born in Glasgow, and is the wife of Mr R. A. Bogue, late Deacon Convener of that city, and a well-known and much respected citizen, while her only son, the Rev. John Bogue, M.A., is the able and popular minister of St Andrews Presbyterian congregation, Stockton-on-Tees. Mrs Bogue has contributed several very graceful and tender poems and songs to the local press. She has been a great reader all her life, while she possesses a rich store of old ballad lore which she never saw in print, but got orally from her mother and grandmother, who belonged to a district rich in such treasures. As she has generally been in the habit of merely writing her thoughts down in pencil, and as they very seldom satisfied herself, they were, with a modesty peculiar to true merit, at once committed to the flames. We regret this very much, as, from the samples we have seen of her muse, we feel certain that many excellent pieces have thus been lost.

Several of Mrs Bogue's productions have been set to music, the latest being "Tannahill's Well," which has been characterised as marked by sweetness and grace, qualities chiefly noticeable in the words, which are "pretty, and happily descriptive, with, in the end, a kind of prayer, which is becomingly expressed in the music." Mrs Bogue's verses are delicate, and marked by deep, true feeling, a warm love of country, and a charming and felicitous power of description.

TANNAHILL'S WELL.

From out the bosom of the hill
There springs a little crystal rill,
So sparkling, cool, and clear;

This streamlet, now well known to fame,
Tho' lowly once, recalls a name
To many hearts most dear.

The name of one whose tender lays,
Poured forth on fair Glenitfer braes,
Are loved and lilted still;
And many a pilgrim band repairs
To view the little well that bears
The name of Tannahill.

We lovingly had sought the place,
With eager feet the haunts to trace
Of Nature's gifted son;
The ferny rocks around us lay,
The "burnie jouked" "beneath the brae,"
Then trotted gaily on.

Fair June had cast her magic spell
O'er flowery nook and bosky dell;
And sweet it was to hear
The wind's soft sigh among the trees,
The song of birds, the hum of bees
From out the woodlands near.

The tasselled broom so rich and sweet,
Which grew in beauty at our feet,
Made all the hillside golden;
Tall ferns and mosses green were there,
And many a fragrant wild-flower fair,
Oft sung by poets olden.

Beside the burn we lingering stayed,
Then o'er the breezy upland strayed
Among the scented thyme;
The sun had sunk behind the hill,
But golden clouds reflected still
His radiancy sublime.

Our thoughts took flight beyond the sun
To that bright world where, glory won
And mists all cleared away,
It may be ours, by mercy given,
To spend with kindred souls in heaven
An endless "gouden day."

CHOILLEMHOR,

LOCHRANZA.

In Arran's wild romantic isle,
Whose mountain peaks tower to the skies,

No scene more fair, more peaceful is,
  Than that which now before me lies;
Deep silence broods upon the hills,
  No sound ascends from sea or shore,
Except the wavelets' whisperings
  That kiss the beach 'neath Choillemhor.

The clustering lights at Skipness-point
  Send o'er the tide a glimmering ray,
While the Lady moon with jewels decks
  The laughing ripples of the bay;
The little cots, like white sea shells,
  Are dotted all the hill-sides o'er,
And one stands higher than the rest,
  Above the rocks, at Choillemhor.

A humble home: while all around
  Some scene of beauty charms the eye;
The hills, the glens, the woods, the streams,
  The mingling tints of sea and sky;
The sea-born zephyrs, pure and soft,
  Come floating through the open door;
'Tis pleasure only to inhale
  The sweet, fresh breeze at Choillemhor.

The glowing heather decks the hills;
  We wade knee-deep among the bloom,
Whence clouds of fragrant incense rise,
  Wild myrtle adding its perfume.
We climb the mountain's rugged height,
  Where the proud eagle loved to soar:
Till, by the lengthening shadows warned,
  We seek the path to Choillemhor.

The fishing-boats, at eventide,
  Skim lightly o'er the dancing wave,
With brown sails set to catch the breeze,
  And manned by fishers strong and brave.
At early morn, the little fleet
  With nets well filled from ocean's store,
Deep-laden with its silvery freight,
  Comes gliding in by Choillemhor.

The ancient castle in the bay,
  Its lonely watch still seems to keep;
Tho' all its warders stern have slept,
  Through ages long, the dreamless sleep.
When hurricanes rush down the glen,
  And through the ruins rave and roar,
Its roofless walls so gaunt and grey,
  Look sadly up to Choillemhor.

As if they mourned the joyous time
When youth and beauty gathered there;
When song and dance were in the hall,
And gallant gay wooed lady fair:
When kings and lords and belted knights
Forth from the castle-gate did pour,
With vassals leal—with hound and horn,
To chase the stag up Choillemhor.

Dear Choillemhor! when far away,
In fancy I'll revisit thee,—
And climb once more thy grassy slopes,
Which overlook the changing sea.
Again I'll roam through leafy glades,
Of oak and silver birch trees hoar,
Where honeysuckle tendrils twine
Round mossy stems,—fair Choillemhor!

TO AN EARLY SNOWDROP.

Thou comest to cheer me, floweret pale,
'Midst bitter winds and driving hail;
Meek herald of a thousand flowers,
Of balmy airs, and golden hours.

Long in earth's bosom hast thou lain,
By sunbeams warmed, refreshed by rain;
To Nature's voice responsive thou,
Nor bring'st one earth-taint on thy brow.

Thou'st piercéd through the grassy sod,
Which oft my passing feet have trod;
Hast left the dull, deep gloom of night,
Rejoiced at length to gain the light.

Whilst yet the snow lies all around,
Thy little fairy-bells are found:
Chiming the old, yet new refrain:—
"Spring comes to gladden earth again."

Thou enviest not thy sisters gay,
That blossom in the flowery May;
Nor yet the perfume-breathing Rose,
Which in her radiant beauty glows.

Content thy mission to fulfil,
Thou questionest not thy Maker's will;
But, with thy pennons green unfurled,
Dost bear thy message to the world.

MARION BUCHANAN,

GLASGOW, was born in 1840, and has all her life had a love of rhyming. She, however, thinks that she has never written one line of *true poetry*, and feels that she has no claim whatever to appear in this volume, except through the too partial opinion of her friends.

Of late years Mrs Buchanan has beguiled many lonely and sorrowful hours by thinking of persons and places seen in the past, and clothing these thoughts in rhyme. And most of all, it has been a solace to meditate on familiar words of Scripture, and paraphrase them in words of her own. She has contributed considerably to poets' corners both in religious and secular papers; and some day possibly will accede to the wishes of friends by gathering these stray rhymes into a volume.

Notwithstanding the modest opinion Mrs Buchanan expresses of her poetical effusions, our readers will have no hesitation in thinking that she possesses at least a fair share of the "divine afflatus," and they will admire not only the tender, touching, and Christian spirit which her verses breathe, but also the fine musical rhythm and flow which characterise them.

Mrs Buchanan has contributed to the periodicals of the day, not only in the shape of poetry, but also in that of essays and letters on questions in domestic economy. She has been awarded several prizes, and has received other acknowledgments of the value of her productions.

LONG, LONG AGO.

My children talked together yesterday,
I watched their serious faces with a smile,
As sadly spoke my little four-yeared May,
Her dolly all forgotten for a while.

"Oh, it was nice to be beside the sea,
And gather shells all day along the shore
Long, long ago," she sighed; "will you and me
Get to the rocks we played by any more?"

"You foolish sister," said wise six-year Will,
"Maybe the rocks are now all washed away;
The sea would dash all winter round the hill;
Mind 'tis long, long ago, and not to-day."

And so they harped and harped "Long, long ago."
It seemed a sad, strange phrase on childish lips,
Yet they its doleful mystery seemed to know,
For o'er their wonted mirth it brought eclipse.

Then I took pity on their woeful faces,
And called them to me, saying, "Children dear,
Soon we shall see again these well-loved places
Of your sad long ago—'twas but last year."

My boys still looked uncertain to each other,
As if unwilling yet to part with woe;
But little May crept closer to her mother,
"Mamma is very old, and she must know.

Methinks our Father oft must pitying smile
To see His grown-up children mope and sigh;
Turning from all His kindly gifts the while,
To their "Long, long ago"—that weary cry.

And oh, what can we know—what can we say,
Of His great Past and Present, or To Come?
A thousand years to Him are as one day,
And all Eternity He needs for home.

Ancient of Days is He, and well He knows
All the lost spring-time that our souls yearn after,
All the wild storms in which our winter rose
And shut us in with tears for old sweet laughter.

And He will bring us back to youth's bright shore
(Our rocks stand firm in His great gentle river),
The glory of the days that are no more
Shall shine o'er all the days to come for ever.

LONGINGS.

Oh, how grand it will be, to wake when the ages are past—
Young again, and for ever—a child at home at last;
No more dimness of eyes, no more dulness of brain,
No more desperate cries for lost days to come again,
But the old joys of hope and wonder, of love and trust an given—
Yet this is only one bit—one little bit of His heaven!

Oh, how grand it will be, to waken when sin is past,
Pure and perfect in soul, by the great white Throne at last;
No more terrible thoughts, no more rancorous words,
No more self-seeking deeds—that pierce me now like swords,
But a gladsome single heart, to Thy glorious service given—
Yet it is only one bit—one little bit of His Heaven!

Oh, how grand it will be, to wake when weakness is past,
Strong—to be ever a pillar, in my Lord's Temple at last;
No more palsied hands, no more slow dragging feet,
No more sinking heart, sick of the burden and heat,
But a swift and fearless spirit, to gaze on the glory given—
Yet this is only one bit—one little bit of His Heaven!

Oh, how grand it will be, to wake with all striving past,
"Satisfied with His likeness," and He well pleased, at last;
No more visions that torture, no more strugglings vain,
No more scorn of our bitter lot, never more envy again,
But a full and freshening tide of sweet contentment given—
Yet this is only one bit—one little bit of His Heaven!

Oh, how grand it will be, to wake when partings are past
"Together," and "with the Lord," for ever and ever, at last;
No more sea to divide, no memory-haunted shore,
No more loved ones estranged, and desolate homes no more,
But with all we have lost or longed for, a rapturous meeting given—
Yet even this is only a bit—His is an infinite Heaven!

WHO SAVED NINEVEH?

"Yet forty days, and all shall be o'erthrown,"
So cried the voice through the great city's splendour.
The king arose in haste from off his throne,
Due homage to the King of kings to render;
He doffed his silken robes, his proud head bowed,
And, clad in sackcloth, fasting, cried aloud.

Then those who saw said, "Surely God will hear
Our great king's voice, and look upon his sorrow;
Lo! how he trembleth who made all men fear,
As low in ashes sits he each dark morrow.
This royal penitence *must* save our city,
And win for us and ours God's help and pity."

"Yet forty days, and all shall be o'erthrown."
The infant slumbered, smiling in its cot;
The playful little ones looked laughing down
To see the prophet pass, and heeded not;
And the quiet cattle browsed among the hills,
Joying in each green herb, fearing no ills.

Then those who saw said, "We shall be undone,
If children laugh and play when God hath spoken;
If cattle lie contented in the sun,
Nor bear of shame or suffering any token;
Let child be shut in chamber, beast in stall
In silent fast—they will destroy us all."

Then God looked down, past stately shadowed palace—
Past hands upraised in dread—and woeful voice—
To patient, happy creatures in the valleys,
To little hands that moved among their toys;
Then His great Father-heart filled fast with pity,—
The children and the cattle saved the city!

JAMES M'KIMM,

A POET to whose numerous productions may be ascribed the qualities of smoothness of versification, deep-hearted Christian earnestness, apt illustration, keen discrimination of character, and a warm and intelligent love of Nature, was born early in the present century at Hardgate, parish of Urr, Stewartry-of-Kirkcudbright. He was early put to school—the first real trial of his life. On that eventful morning, he remembers yet distinctly of concealing himself behind a pile of firewood. His hiding-place was discovered, and, the tears streaming down his cheeks, he was dragged into the presence of the hoary-headed, yet kindly old teacher. His parents told him that the faster he learned he would get the sooner away. By diligence and perseverance, in a few years he mastered English, writing, and arithmetic. He was blessed with pious parents, who lost no opportunity of instilling into his mind the leading principles and doctrines of religion, and with a veneration for the Sabbath almost bordering on superstition. At the age of sixteen he joined his

father in his business of a builder. The sudden death, however, of his father when the subject of our sketch was eighteen, left him to face alone the stern realities of life, giving a bent to his every feeling and action, which time has never been able to efface. He followed the occupation of a builder and architect until 1870, when he took the farm of Potterland, parish of Kelton.

The fine scenery of this district has formed the theme of many of his beautiful descriptive poems. In the days of his childhood, the long winter evenings were generally spent in the recital of old legends, tales of fairies, witches, brownies, warlocks, water-kelpies, ghosts, wraiths, and all the long train of the visible and invisible. So thoroughly was his mind imbued with something like a belief in the existence of the heterogeneous legion, that when sitting down to write any of his tales or sketches—of which he has written many for the weekly press—he has merely to shut his eyes to *see* an old witch sitting on a window sill like a huge cat, or walking backward three times round a widow's one cow who has refused her milk—the cow of course dying,—or a dance of witches and warlocks round a lone thorn away on the bleak hillside, together with many similar vagaries. The subjects of his muse give evidence of a love of the beautiful —animate and inanimate, the mysterious, old manners and customs, frequently sighing with much plaintiveness over the fall of the autumn leaf, the wail of the wind through the forest trees; and on the other hand rising to deep pathos and power in treating of the roll of thunder in the distant cloud, the majesty of the mountain torrent, and hearing not only laughing music but also sighing and wailing in the little brook as it sweeps tremblingly along to join the waters of the ocean.

Mr M'Kimm takes a very humble view of his productions both in prose and poetry, and of late years

he has not written much. His poems and tales have gained much popularity, however. He is a perfect store-house of curious lore, and his sketches contain much quaint and entertaining information. His poetry is eminently reflective, and shows much tenderness of feeling, and considerable power of delineation. His love of nature and the genial qualities of heart are equally to be remarked in his effusions, and however ardent the poet's desire may be to penetrate the veil that hides the future, he has a very keen appreciation of the realities of the present.

GROWIN' AULD.

When sitting on the auld hearth stane
My e'en whiles fills wi' tears,
When voices frae the hazzy past
Come sounding doun the years.
They talk to me o' youthfu' days,
An' manhood in its prime,
Afore I felt the heavy han'
O' that auld carle Time.
My step is slower on the road,
Its no sae firm an' bauld;
I'm like to trip amang the stanes—
I think I'm turning auld.

Ah, me! that auld grey heid o' mine
When young was gowden fair,
But noo alack the kirkyard flowers
Are blooming freshly there.
I hear a voice that nane can hear,
It fa's sae calm an' sweet,
The little children's cheerie lauch,
The patter o' their feet.
But noo their din I canna thole,
It makes me fret and scald;
Whan I was young it wasna sae—
I'm mayhap growin' auld.

My auld clay biggin's turning frail,
The roof tree's bending sair,
The han' o' time has left its mark
In curves an' bends o' care.
My sperit whiles tak's langing looks
Through chinks in that auld wa',
It totters whan the win's are loud,
I fear its gaen tae fa'.

Sae like a sair worn garment noo
That's cutting at the fauld,
An' a' aboot the seams is bare—
I'm surely growin' auld.

I feel like some frail lanely tree
That's bending in the blast,
Its kindred a' are deid an' gane
An' lang it canna last.
My autumn's sun is sinking low
Doun in the gowden west,
I hear a gentle whispering
That speaks o' coming rest.
I sune will pass the bound o' time,
The river deep an' cauld,
An' walk the Amaranthine shore—
There youth will ne'er grow auld.

THE AULD GUDEWIFE O' THE DRUM.

When witches an' warlocks were plenty langsyne,
An' brownies an' fairies tried wha to outshine,
There lived an auld wife o' the first-mention'd kin',
In the auld reeky house o' the Drum.

It sat by its lane in the howe o' the glen,
O'erhung by the rocks like a cave or a den;
Nae neebour durst enter, so nane cou'd explain
The queer auld hoose o' the Drum.

Strange forms were seen at the dead hoor o' nicht
By the quivering gleam o' the streamer's licht—
Baith lad an' lass gat mony a fricht
When passing the hoose o' the Drum.

When the feast was spread on the auld kirk green,
Where ghost an' goblin baith convene,
At the head o' the table presided as queen,
The auld gudewife o' the Drum.

She'd been lang awa in the realms o' ghosts,
Ken'd a' the neuks roun' the fairy coasts,
An' a' the heterogeneous hosts
Were under the wife o' the Drum.

Her nose an' her chin lang threaten'd to meet,
A waddling gait wi' her great braid feet,
A nameless glare made the outline complete
O' the gudewife o' the Drum.

She gather'd her tithes like an English priest,
Her share was reserv'd o' every beast,

For onything else a perennial feast
Had the auld gudewife o' the Drum.

Ae day she cam' into Bengairn wi' a hitch
Wantin' butter or milk, I canna tell which;
They order'd aff for an ill-fared witch—
The auld gudewife o' the Drum.

She glower'd like a bawd wi' her e'e askance,
Ran three times roun' wi' a backward dance,
An' grumbling spak' at the head o' the trance—
Ye'll rue't quo' the wife o' the Drum.

She glower'd in the face o' the red rising sun,
Drew angle scores wi' her taes on the grun',
Ye'll rue yer rede gin I were begun,
Or I'm no the wife o' the Drum.

Next morning three kye lay deid at the stake,
The cout had tum'l'd an' droon'd in the lake,
No a duke was left in the puddle to quake
At the auld gudewife o' the Drum.

But the evergreen laurel may fade an' decay,
The king frae his throne may be driven away,
The auld proverb tells us ilk dog has its day,
An' sae had the wife o' the Drum.

Ae nicht at the Drums three spectres did meet,
Twa took her shou'ders, an' ane took her feet;
They flew doun the glen like a red-lowin' sheet
Wi' the auld gudewife o' the Drum.

A gigglin' laugh was heard in the air,
As they tore frae her heid the han'-fu's o' hair;
And ane after ane the banes gied a rair—
O' the auld gudewife o' the Drum.

Lightly dances the sunbeam after the rain,
The camp is at rest when the enemy's gane;
The country rejoices, an' nane maks a mane
For the auld gudewife o' the Drum.

LITTLE ANNIE.

"You will not leave me, Annie dear,"
A weeping mother said,
As on her breast a sickly child
Reclin'd her weary head.

"How much I love my little Ann,
None but myself may know—
I feel as if I love you more
The weaker that you grow;

"And when I get you sooth'd to rest,
I look with fond delight
Upon the lovely sleeping form
Fast fading from my sight."

"You know, dear mother, how I love
To sit upon your knee,
And look into those kindly eyes
That smile so sweet on me.

"I feel, dear mother, I must go,
But do not weep for me;
And when we meet you'll find my love
All treasured up for thee.

Father was reading of a gate
Of pearl and of gold
That leads into a city fair,
Where blows no wintry cold.

"My little hands are thin, you know,
I feel the frosty air;
But in that land that knows no night
I will not feel it there.

"When nights are long I cannot sleep,
Sometimes with pain I cry;
There father says that God himself
Will wipe the tearful eye.

"When sweetly falls the ev'ning dew,
Come to the old beech tree,
Where oft I said my little prayer,
Dear mother, on your knee;

"And bring my little sister Jane
I us'd to play with there,
That I may kiss her rosy cheek,
And stroke her yellow hair.

"I want to tell her of the joys
That are at God's right hand,
Of pastures green, and flowers that grow
In that far distant land.

"There I will wear a starry crown,
And robes as white as snow,
I'll be a little angel there;
Dear mother, let me go."

OLD THINGS.

I like to think of the bygone days,
Of my childish freaks, and boyish ways,
When the earth and air were breathing balm
At sunset hour in the ev'ning calm.

I like to think of the broomy braes,
The deep dark glen where we gather'd slaes,
The woody banks and the sylvan nook,
Where willows dance in the sunny brook.

I like to think of the humming bees,
The yellow tint of the fading trees,
Where the green fly sported blythe and free
In his quiet home 'neath the auld thorn tree.

I like to think of the autumn morn,
When the breeze was whispering through the corn,
When the reaper sung with merry glee,
And the golden fruit hung on the tree.

I like to think of the winter night,
When the moon, unclouded, shone so bright;
Our joys roll'd on in their ceaseless flow,
We castles built of the virgin snow.

I like to think of a mother's love,
It aye seem'd fresh from the fount above
As she smil'd on me, taught me to pray,
And sooth'd and kiss'd all my tears away.

I like to think of a grassy mound,
Where a brother sleeps so still and sound,
Where the snowdrop blooms in early spring,
And the small bird sits with drooping wing.

I like to think of a life to come,
Away, away, in the pilgrim's home!
And the gladsome songs of sweetest sound,
And the endless joys that circle round.

O! I like to think of the shady bowers,
And the glorious groves of deathless flowers,
And the song that rolls from shore to shore—
We are all safe home to die no more.

MY LOVE.

There's beauty on the verdant lawn
Where morning dew reposes,
There's beauty in the sylvan bower
Where sunbeams kiss the roses.

There's beauty in the little brook
That through the fields meanders,
There's music in the gentle breeze
That through the woodlands wanders.

I love the flowers, I love the bowers,
I love the fragrant roses,
But dearer far my love you are
Than aught that earth discloses.

Now you are gone, and I'm alone,
No kindly voice to cheer me,
Nought could annoy or dim my joy,
My love when you were near me.

Like morning dream past pleasures seem,
Or shadows quickly flying;
The narrow space we scarce can trace
Between our joys and sighing.

Our earthly joys, like children's toys,
How short the time they please us,
In one short hour they loose their power,
Or only live to tease us.

The woodland shade and hazel glade
Seem lonely now and eerie,
The wandering breeze sighs through the trees—
Come back, come back, my dearie.

O God of love that dwells above,
In mercy guard and tend her;
In evil hour o' may thy power
And mercy both defend her.

Through life's rough way be thou her stay,
And strew her path with summer flowers;
May sunbeams gild her path by day,
And angels guard her sleeping hours.

When Death's dark night shall dim her sight,
Bid all her fears and sorrows cease;
Then be thou near her heart to cheer,
And take her to the home of peace.

GEORGE SPROAT

WAS born at Almorness Farm, Dalbeattie, in 1858. He received his early education at the school of his native parish, and afterwards sat under the celebrated teacher and botanist, Mr M'Andrew, New Galloway, with whom he boarded. Here the young poet was imbued with a keen appreciation of the varied beauties of inanimate Nature. Returning from school, he commenced farming with his father, and while cultivating the field he also cultivated the mind. Amid the romantic wilds of his sea-girt home he could follow the sheep with an Ettrick Shepherd, or the plough with a Burns, and at night muse over the rhapsodies of Homer or the beauties of Dante. Thus, with a love of reading and a love of Nature, he commenced to give vent to his thoughts in rhyme, and henceforward his productions appeared under various *noms-de-plume* throughout the local press. He was agricultural correspondent to the *Dumfries Standard* for some years, and enjoyed the genial friendship and assistance of its poetic and talented editor, Mr M'Dowall. He left the home of his youth in 1882, and entered on a lease of the farm of High Creoch, Gatehouse. Mr Sproat is a profound thinker, and a devoted lover and discerner of all the finer feelings and sentiments of the human heart. His verses are smooth, and show a keen discrimination of human character, with an occasional bold and apt illustration, and a warm appreciation of the beauties of Nature.

FAREWELL, OLD HOME!

Farewell, old home! sweet pearl of earth,
Where oft, in childhood's joy,
I've sported round thy happy hearth
A careless, laughing boy.

How bright that little sunny band,
In youth's delightful day,
Ere time, with its unerring hand,
Plucked one by one away.

Where are they now, that happy round
That circled bright the hearth?
Ah! one beneath a silent mound
Has joined the soulless earth;
And one 'neath fair Edina's eye
Her busy way may press;
And one beneath an Indian sky
Has doffed her bridal dress;

And one the land of beauty roams
That proudly claims the rose;
And others now have made their homes
Where heath and thistle blows.
Thus severed wide, the children fond,
That roamed through Nature's hall,
Yet bound by some dear mystic bond
To thee—the home of all.

No dearer spot we e'er can view
Where'er our footsteps roam;
Thou hadst thy joys and sorrows, too,
Still, thou art ever—Home!
How fair thy charms, dear rugged land,
Clad in thy mantle green;
Thy rocky knolls and glittering sand,
Kissed by the ocean queen.

Thy mossy thorns, thy woodlands wild,
In bridal garments drest;
And Heston, sleeping like a child
Upon its mother's breast;
And thou, Balcary's hoary brine,
Where tempests loudly rave,
What kindly homes in shadows shine
Across thy glancing wave!

And here the seafowl's mated glee
Bespeaks a joy that's given;
While yon grey mountains o'er the sea
Seem finger-posts to heaven.
Adieu! fair land, thy beauteous scenes
Where memory's God will reign;
I could not live if but in dreams
I viewed thy charms again.

I look away to future years,
'Mid visions bright and gay;
But, lo! these days seem bathed in tears—
My hopes, oh! where are they?

The tawny fisher's horny hand
No longer clenches mine;
No greetings on the eerie strand,
The joy of joys lang syne.

No heaven-like carol upward rolls
From yonder flowery grove;
No voice of sweetness, gem of souls;
No music-food of love.
Oh! sweet sad thoughts, for ever reft,
Oblivion take thee now;
No youthful joyance thou has left
To light my dark'ning brow.

To Nature, Poesy, and Love,
One longing fond adieu!
The last a mandate from above—
The vow can scarce be true.
With every thought the teardrop starts,
What loving memories come;
Fair is the land and kind the hearts
Around my boyhood's home.

CRAIGNAIR.

Where Screel uprears its purple crest high o'er the glancing sea,
Where Criffel sleeps in pensive rest, and Cairnsmore crowns the three,
Amid such rugged mountain might there stands in beauty rare
A little hill unknown to height that bears the name Craignair.
The winding Urr swept o'er its bed on fair Creation's morn
And found its hand by Nature led, its robe the birch and thorn;
Its inner garment fern and flower, pale moss and ivy green,
The oak, the honeysuckled bower—the warbler's sheltering screen.
But progress dawned; the planter came, the heaven-born mantle drew,
Then forest trees of varied name outspread their vernal hue.
And Baliol at thy fertile base reigned silent in his tower;
Strong masonry his theme of praise, and yet unknown thy power.
Thus years rolled on, thy worth unknown, thy granite bosom fast,
Till, hark! the chisel on a stone, thy value's found at last.
But soon the crowbar's thrown aside, the drilling jumper tried,
And powder, in its blasting pride, triumphantly applied.
"Ha! we've found the stone of stones," uprose the exulting cry;
"Craignair, Craignair," in trumpet tone, "can half the world supply
With stones for lighthouse, bridge, or dock, or pavement, curb, or wall,
For monument in slab or block, round, square,

Then off by raging sea, or rail, through alley, street, and square,
Till wide the trampling echoes hail thou bone of earth—Craig-
nair.
How changed the scene, that little hill where feathered songster
deigned
To wake the vale with minstrel skill where silence calmly
reigned;
No voice of Nature charms the air, 'tis mortal music now,
That rises from thy bosom bare, from out thy bleeding brow.
The varied voice, the noisy load, click, clack, the causeway flies;
"Gee up, we're foremost on the road," the horseman loudly cries.
The jumper bounds, the mallet rings, the chisel joins amain,
The creaking crane its burden swings, the anvil swells the strain.
And men with dusty aprons on, and boys in 'prentice guise,
Unite to raise the toil-born song, and let the anthem rise.
O, what a change in gazing now upon thy scraggy height,
That yet uprears its mangled brow in glittering beauty bright;
A shattered face, grey splintered rocks, a torn, uptattered tree;
'Mid careless powder-blasted blocks, great mounds of smashed
debris.
And there what matchless beauty blows, what countless value
lies,
Some pearl in polished brightness grows, some gem that gold
outvies.
Still proud we sing let other lands have silvery mountains fair,
What care we for their golden sands while Scotland claims
Craignair.

Great prince of rocks, say, wilt thou last eternal as the sun?
And gild the future as the past till earth and sky are one?
Yes, o'er the sparkling world adored thy beauty, strength, and
power,
The last to nothingness restored thou'lt view earth's closing hour,
Thy beauty gleams o'er honoured dust, yet bears the noisy
throng;
E'en in a dingy dock may rust, yet rears a lighthouse strong
That braves old ocean's hoary field, great victor o'er the wave,
To thee the tyrant billows yield submissive as a slave.
Then let us join at Nature's shrine and breathe one earnest
prayer,
For though she gave no golden mine, she blest us with Craig-
nair.

BEAUTY'S POWER ON THE RAGING SEA.

'Mid the powers of love I clasped her form,
While the seas in mountains pressed;
For what did I care for the raging storm,
With Lily at my breast.

Though the bounding spray from the yawning ridge
Had swept the decks below—
Had kissed our cheeks on the captain's bridge,
We never thought of woe.

Though the angry seas in hoary wrath
Our dismal tale had wove,
We could sing to the waves on our downward path
'Roll on o'er the graves of love.'

For Beauty's power on the raging sea,
Had scattered the realms of fear,
While the Prince of Love, in his kingly glee,
Had hallowed that boundless bier!

Had calmed our last, with its dire alarms;
Had softened the pangs of pain.
Oh! Beauty, go whisper thy greatest charms.
Oh! Love, on thy throne ever reign!

WILLIAM GIFFORD M'GILL

WAS born in the parish of Old Luce, Wigtonshire, in 1851, where for centuries his forefathers had followed the pursuit of farming. One of the same race became Professor of Hebrew at the early age of twenty-four, and, although he died when only twenty-nine, he was one of the most noted scholars of his time. Shortly after the birth of William, his father leased a farm on the Logan estate, occupying a beautiful situation on the Bay of Luce. When about sixteen, our poet wrote a poem which attracted some attention when it appeared in the columns of a local paper, and ever since he has from time to time contributed to various newspapers and magazines under the *nom-de-plume* of "Arion." Mr M'Gill presently occupies the farm of Knockallan, on the estate of Greenlaw, Castle Douglas. Of late

years he has written much on agricultural matters, as well as articles on general topics in the leading agricultural magazines and local papers. These are marked by shrewd observation and much thoughtfulness and practical knowledge. He finds it pleasant in the evenings to indulge occasionally his fancy in "metrical numbers." His poems are generally reflective and descriptive, although he occasionally betrays a vein of quiet, pleasing humour, and we find many of his verses very tuneful, and happy in idea and expression.

ODE TO SUMMER.

A paradise of love,
The gift of heaven above,
Surrounds us like a dream of fairy-land,
Go bid the sceptic look,
He will see in nature's book
That he's only like a wreck upon the strand.

The little birds rejoice,
And sing with varied voice,
Regardless of the cares of floating time.
In yonder dazzling light,
In heavenly beauty bright
The tuneful lark pours forth his notes sublime.

The valley and the hill,
The river and the rill,
Are showing forth their beauty and their song,
While the solemn mighty deep
In glistening sheen asleep,
Bears the snow-wreathed maiden joyously along.

Then why should care and strife
Be found in earthly life,
When nature only tells of peace and love:
Our cares are but a dream,
The shadows on the stream,
Which leads to life's eternal rest above.

DEATH AND MARION.

Ae winter nicht some neebors met to gossip owre the news,
The weel-made fire wi' blazes bricht were roaring up the flues,
To guess the subject o' debate ye needna waste your breath,
It was a theme baith dull and weird,—'twas naething less than death.

When thinkin' o'er the Holy Book a well-known text was heard,
'Twas "scarcely for a righteous man will life for death be shared,"
Then Katie spak wi' jeering voice "They must be fools wou'd die
To save the life of any one no matter how or why."

"Trowth no," outspak auld Ivy's wife, "if Death was at my side
I'd tell him for to tak' my life and let my Ivy bide;"
"I'm sure she wu l," said the gudeman, "but what's Death like ava,"
Says Betty Frizzle in the neuk, the slyest o' them a'.

"Oh, I hae seen the picture o't, juist like a gray auld man
Wi' glow'ring een wud stare ye through, and scythe blade in his han',
"Na, na," says student Tam M'Queen, wha noo had entered in,
"That's just in books to scare the bairns, and make them keep frae sin.

I'll tell ye what aul' Death is like, for in oor college neuk
We hae his real likeness drawn frae oot the Holy Book,
For a' the warld he's like a cock wi' a' the feathers gane,
Just like a scauded, pookit ane that scarce can gang his lane."

"Ye dinna say that," says the wives, amazed at ought sae new,
"O yes," says Tam wi' solemn face, "what I have said is true."
And as he was a quiet chiel, a minister to be,
They thocht 'tis gospel clergy speak as if they couldna lee.

The party soon did gang their ways, and Ivy went to bed,
While Marion his ain gudewife for heavenly blessings pled.
"O Lord," she prayed, "if Death should come towards oor ingle side
Just tak' me to thyself, O Lord, and let my Ivy bide."

Now student Tam and Peter Waif—they kent the aul' folks ways,
And so they pooked a cock alive, and up to Ivy's strays,
The aul' wife still with earnest prayers confessing was her sin,
When warily they oped the door and slipped the biped in.

Soon in the dying firelight she looked towards the door,
When lo! what now appears but Death, straight marching up the floor,
"O Death, great Death, cries Marion, you've made a fair mistake,
There's Ivy lying in the bed—its him ye've come to tak'."

But Death cam' marching nearer still, the gudewife louder prayed—
"O faith gude Death 'twas all a joke, I meant na what I said,
O tak' aul' Ivy, he's prepared, he's aulder far than me,
He's ready ony time for Heaven, it's time that he should dee."

Her earnest supplications anl' I-y did awake,
And even then she prayed that Death wad her ain gudeman take;
But noo her thoughts expressed in prayer she sadly did deplore,
For hark! the sound of boisterous mirth in laughter at the door.

Some innate power had moved great Death, though not near break of day,
To give his sonorous salute of cock-a-lear-a-lay.
What mair was said and what was dune the neebors best can tell,
But ever since the lady says her prayers in tae hersel'.

THE SCENES OF YOUTH.

Angelic Peace sat throned upon the earth,
In nameless splendour sank the god of light,
The smiling woods were girt with fragrance round,
For summer ruled exulting in her might,
When I again the happy scenes beheld
Where oft I've sported in my childhood's glee,
The home of other days in seeming pride
Looked out in beauty o'er the silvery sea.

A stranger hand with mind of tasteless thought
Has rooted out the hawthorn spreading wide,
Whose summer grandeur in her snow-white robes
Shone like the glory of a lovely bride.
But passing onward, faces I beheld
Whom Time hath furrowed with his spareless hand;
But life's meridian passed, 'tis Nature's laws
That we should fade: ours is but mortal land.

The girlhood forms are now to woman grown,
The merry schoolboys joined the world of care,
Whilst others at the shrine of Learning stand,
Their minds ennobling, future life to share.
I heard again the aged pastor's voice,
So duly lifted in the house of God;
In language loving, elevating, clear,
He told the beauty of the heavenly road.

In years so few, what changes meet the eye,
The idle waste is now in verdure green,
Where tottering ruins trembled with decay,
The cheerful home is now in beauty seen.
But duty calls, the pleasant scenes I leave,
What loving memories unrequested come;
Fair is the land girt by the rocky shore,
Kind are the hearts around my boyhood's home.

HOPE.

Hope is the sunshine of the human breast:
In sorrow's hour it sheds a joyous light,
It lulls our angry passions into rest,
And makes our earthly road more calm and bright.

Despondency, thou brother of dull care,
We scorn thy claims and bid thee fly away,
With our short span of life thou wilt not share—
Our hopes disperse thy darkness into day.

Though cares are woven with our earthly life,
Yet Nature does not claim them as her own,
The heavens above are free from working strife,
The earth beneath speaks of a joyous home.

The small birds singing on the leafy bough,
The lark melodious soaring to the sky,
The sea-gulls gambol on the waves rough brow,
Speak out to us of pleasures ever nigh.

The air of Hope let us then fondly breathe,
Though not that hope which craves for earthly store,
But heartfelt peace crowned with fair heaven's wreathe,
Which leads at last to joys for evermore.

JAMES M'GILL,

BROTHER of the subject of the preceding sketch, was a poet of much promise, who died when only twenty-one years of age. He was born at the farm of Curghie, Kirkmaiden, Wigtonshire, in 1859, and served his apprenticeship in the Union Bank, Castle-Douglas. He afterwards acted as accountant in a branch of the same bank at Edzell, and in this capacity gave evidence of such excellent business habits as led the manager to predict for him a higher position in his profession. But it was otherwise designed—he died of a rapid consumption after only a month's illness, sincerely regretted

by a wide and loving circle. How often is it thus the case that "the good die first, and they whose lives are dry as summer dust burn to the socket?" In the space of two years Mr M'Gill wrote numerous poems of considerable merit—indeed, as was remarked by the editor of the *Galloway Gazette*, "his writings were above the average of the youth of the present day." The samples of his poetry submitted for our selection show much solidity and conciseness of thought. They are smoothly written, and display pure and delicate fancy.

MY BOY TAMMIE.

I hae a son, I hae but ane—
My boy Tammie;
A finer lad ye widna fin'
Than my boy Tammie.
His sonsie face, sae plump and fair,
Wi' dimples set abune compare,
Clear blue een and gowden hair
Has my boy Tammie.

Oor wee lad attends the schule—
Sharp boy Tammie,
Whiles it's sair against his will—
Puir wee Tammie;
Roarin', greetin', twined wi' thraw,
Like to break his heart in twa,
Like to beat us ane an' a'—
Strong boy Tammie.

Then when he comes hame at e'en—
Blythe boy Tammie,
Wi' rosy cheeks an' sparklin' een—
My son Tammie,
Sune he gars dull care flee oot,
Knockin' stools an' chairs aboot,
Ower the table he will loop—
Smart boy Tammie.

Tam can dance, and Tam can sing—
My boy Tammie;
Whiles he tries the Hielan' fling—
My son Tammie;
O he'd set the world asteer,
Nane to me is half sae dear,
Nane my droopin' heart can cheer
Like my son Tammie.

When nicht's dark mantle spreads aroun'
My wee Tammie,
Close by the fire he'll cosy doon—
Snug boy Tammie,
Crackin', jokin' like a man,
Noddin', winkin' 'lang's he can,
Aff to bed wee Tam maun gan'—
Soun' sleeps Tammie.

He'll be young when I am auld,
My boy Tammie,
He will shield me frae the cauld,
My son Tammie,
Never shall I poortith dree—
Never till the day I dee—
Last o' a' he'll close my e'e,
My son Tammie.

THE INFANT'S GRAVE.

A snowdrop on an infant's grave,
A dewdrop decks its head,
And the robin sings from the willow tree
That mourns the little dead.

And all is still save that sweet song,
Still as the soft wind's breath,
Still as the heart of that sweet babe
That sleeps so calm beneath.

Now wherefore does the robin sing
So cheerily and clear,
When all around is lone and sad,
And none there be to hear.

And why does it peer so blythe and keen
Through the air so pure and warm,
As if some angel form were seen—
Some soul it loves to charm.

Ah, methinks a spirit must be there,
Some joyful little thing,
That flits through the blaze of the sun's bright rays,
And lists to the sweet bird sing.

The spirit of that infant dear,
That sleeps within the tomb,
Comes from its home in the bright blue sky
To see the snowdrops bloom.

It loves to come when the snowdrops shine
In the early morn and even,
And then at night it wings its flight
Away to a nightless heaven.

Oh! what a purity on earth,
Oh! what a wondrous peace,—
There loving Christian wander oft,
And let thy love increase.

JOHN CHRISTIE

WAS born in Leith, in 1848. His parents both belonged to Arbroath, and they returned thither when the subject of this sketch was quite a child, and he has resided there ever since. After leaving school, he went as an apprentice to the office of a wood merchant, to whom he now acts as managing clerk. He commenced to write verses sometime about his eleventh year. His productions have never been printed in a collected form, but have from time to time appeared in the poets' corner of the Arbroath and Dundee newspapers. Excessively modest, however, his own name has never been attached to anything he has written—the *nom-de-plume* of "Thomas Kydd" having been put to most of what has appeared publicly. It was with considerable reluctance that he allowed us to reveal his name when we were preparing this sketch, and many of his friends, when this volume is published, will be astonished to find that "Thomas Kydd," who has so long written from his mythical "attic" in "Convent Street," is no other than Mr John Christie, Gayfield, Arbroath.

Some time ago, a gentleman who had frequently read with interest the productions of our poet, and was anxious to make his acquaintance, applied to a widely-known Arbroath poet (George W. Donald, of the Abbey) for an introduction, but Mr Donald had not then the pleasure of knowing Mr

Kydd. He and the gentleman, however, set out on a pilgrimage to Convent Street, and searched every building from basement to garret, without finding any one of the name of "Thomas Kydd."

Describing his imaginary abode—the "attic" in Convent Street—he wrote some years ago—

MY ATTIC.

Furnished with only a thing or two,
Loved for the sake of the loved and true;
Up in an attic, light and high,
Where stillness the senses intensify.
This is my dwelling, nor call it mean,
With its wide and wonderful range of scene,—
Roofs and ridges, and steeples fair,
And distant tree tops against the air;
The shouldering shape of a monster mill,
And the glimpse of street that climbs a hill:
Mean unto me it can never be,
But touched with serenest dignity;
Lifting the mind to a kindred frame
With His that wept o'er Jerusalem.

Mr Christie has written a few pieces of considerable length, and possessing more than average merit, but they are too long for quoting here. The selection we have made are fair specimens of his muse, and afford sufficient proof that he possesses a true poetic spirit. His style is eminently graceful, and his compositions exhibit a deep and genuine pathos. Throughout they bear traces of that ingenuity, earnestness, and fancy, which, when combined, go to make the true poet.

LONG AGO.

Summer time it is, and fair,
Streets in sunset yellow,
Balmy blows the evening air,
Soft, and light, and mellow,
Like a tinkling in a pool,
From a fountain dripping,
Maidens singing, out from school,
In a circle tripping:
This I hear, like yesterday,
(Fifty-three am I,)
"Water, water, wellflower, growing up so high."

Monk of old who made this rhyme,
Or whoever made it,
Kindly went its simple chime
With the lips that said it;
Innocent and guileless hours,
Things of joy and beauty,
Maidens, waters growing flowers,
Naught of pain or duty.
Fifty years of weary life
Soon, how soon go by!
"Water, water, wellflower, growing up so high."

Then it told me to be glad,
But to be preparing;
Was it meant for sweet or sad,
Hoping or despairing?
Lost am I to whirr of wheels,
Back in memory's blending,
Hear again the merry peals,
Hear the sadsome ending:
"Water, water, wellflower,
Growing up so high,
We are all maidens, and we must all die."

CROSSING THE FAIRPORT BAR.

Out to sea, from the old red pier,
When the morning is breaking fair;
I gaze, and the lapping of wavelets hear,
And I revel in ocean air.
My heart keeps time with the lap and spray
As, bearing to seaward far,
The fisherman silently sailing away
Is crossing the Fairport Bar.

In from sea on the autumn day,
With the sun on the western rim,
The wild waves hurry and break away
On the lee-land—phantom dim.
And keen through his rigging the tempest sings,
As steady each gallant tar
Stands at his post as his vessel swings,
Crossing the Fairport Bar.

I think of youth on the old red pier
Ere the din of day is begun;
I think of age in the autumn blear,
When the voyage is almost done.
And I wonder if I shall as calmly stand
As that weary but dauntless tar
When my bark is nearing the silent land,—
Is crossing the Fairport Bar.

HESPERUS.

Forests, mountains, jungles, streams,
  Turn beneath me in the night;
Many a merry city gleams,
  Many a frozen waste of white
Twinkles gem-like in my beams.

See upon Arabian plains,
  In the wake of golden day,
Silent dromedary trains
  Cast long shadows on the way
Entering my blue domains.

I have memories, for I bear
From a thousand passioned eyes
Dreams of love and of despair
Conjured to the evening skies,

From where sober Obi rolls
Weirdly to the Arctic Sea,
To the Western Ocean old,
I revere each devotee.

Could the creed-cursed nations view,
From my seat serenely high,
Pagan, Christian, and Hindoo
Would embrace in harmony.

As when the command divine
Slung me in the azure spheres,
I, as calm and chrystalline,
Muse for ever in the years.

RENOUNCED.

When lamps are lit, and the grey north wakes,
And the stars begin to rise,
And the god of day in the distant hills
In the gloom and glory dies.

By a window the place, and this the hour—
A lady, goodly to see,
Is leaning, as fair as an olden saint,
In gracious benignity.

And he—let my fancy remain on wing—
In the olden time, might be one
Of the Satraps, who flashed on the infidel Frank,
In the hosts of the fierce Soldan.

But the times are ours: a lover is he;
And holding his answer "No!"
Pressed down in his heart; "May I ask,"
He says, "Your reason? and then I go."

"I fear I would peril my soul," she says,
"Were my life with one to be spent
Who has no place in the Church, nor attends
On the Holy Sacrament."

"I believe," he says, "in God and the good
And true, as it seems to me;
I believe that the half of your churchmen's creed
Is cant and hypocrisy.

But enough! That lock of hair you gave
On the day—no matter—I might
As well retain it." "Oh! yes, you may,
And good-night, I suppose, good-night!"

And without Orion marches on,
And the Pleiades twinkle and dance;
And the mystic Aldebaran peers intent,
In the wonderful globe of chance.

She had her reward as the faithful have,
For there came another to woo,
Who walked in the faith and loved the church,
As each of us ought to do.

'Tis true he never forgave a debt,
And hated the vagabond poor,
And was carefulest over his treasure on earth,
For his treasure in heaven was sure.

And the other, while joyous music graced
Their bridal with mirth and glee,
Lay shot by a Texian in a bend
Of the wild Yosemite.

A red stream trickled adown from his side,
And soaked thro' his jersey, where,
In a soiled old envelope, carefully tied,
Was a lock of light brown hair.

MARI.

Come night, and the shade of the soft, starry spheres,
I wait with a longing that calleth for tears;
It swells in my heart like the break of the sea
In a shell, and it murmurs Mari, sweet Mari,
In beating repeating Mari, sweet Mari.

'Tis sweet, and 'tis sad, that this maiden divine
I know will ne'er fade from this memory of mine,
But as far as my heart in its future can see,
The refrain of its song will be ever Mari,
And longer, and stronger, Mari, sweet Mari.

I kiss the dear tokens that came from her hand,
I wet them with tears in this far away land;
And I curse in my sorrow the cold, callous sea
That keeps me from clasping Mari, sweet Mari.
The dearer in distance, Mari, sweet Mari.

Oh, could I believe that for me there is still
A place in her pure heart none other can fill,
I swear, and the blue heavens my witness shall be,
To be true as their deeps to my lovely Mari,
My dearheart, my sweetheart, Mari, sweet Mari.

REV. T. P. JOHNSTON.

T. P. JOHNSTON, author of a powerful poem entitled "Patrick Hamilton: a Tragedy," and numerous very beautiful minor poems, was born in Edinburgh. His father was a writer in that city, and proprietor of Ogscastle, in Lanarkshire. His great-grandmother came from Orkney, and as she was a relative of David Vedder, the poet, we can thus trace the poetic faculty inherited by the subject under notice to this Orcadian strain. Mr Johnston was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, under the late John Carmichael, in the same class with Alexander Crum Brown, professor, of chemistry, and others. His place was third from the top, and honours in the way of prizes for English as well as Latin verse, recitations, &c., frequently fell to his share. At the University of Edinburgh he was chiefly successful in the class of Rhetoric and *Belles Lettres*, gaining the prize for elocution, and also writing the prize poem of the year on the subject of "Columbus." This poem was very highly spoken of by Professor Aytoun, and was handed by him to the editor of *Blackwood*, who published it in *Maga* with a highly commendatory editorial note.

On leaving the Arts Classes, Mr Johnston "passed furth to the schools of Germany," and resided several months at the picturesque university seat of Marburg, in Hesse. Returning home, he completed his theological course, and was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh in 1863. Thereafter he was for a short time assistant in the parish of Athelstaneford—the parish where two distinguished Scottish poets successively ministered—Blair, the author of "The Grave," and Home, who wrote the tragedy of "Douglas"—and where Dr Whitelaw was pastor—another worthy poet and eloquent divine (noticed in the second volume of this work, and who has since died). In 1864, on the presentation of Sir Robert Anstruther, Bart., Mr Johnston was settled in the parish of Carnbee, Fifeshire, where he still remains, and is held in much esteem as an able and faithful minister, and for his courteous and kindly manner.

Mr Johnston has written from time to time in the magazines and newspapers—the selections we are privileged to give being from *Life and Work*, the admirable and popular magazine of the Church of Scotland. His largest work is a drama entitled "Patrick Hamilton," published by Blackwood in 1881, which has met with much popularity, and been spoken of in the highest terms by the press. Here the events of the life of the well-known reformer are interwoven with much dramatic power, and interspersed with such incidents of personal history as have come down from the days of the martyrs. It contains descriptive passages of great beauty, and there are many lines to indicate that the author is a genuine poet. Such a poem suffers from mere extract, which can give no adequate idea of its strength. Our poet can, however, unbend himself to lighter themes, and the specimens we give show true pathos, tender feeling, and a deeply spiritual sentiment. Where could we find a picture of lowly life

more sweet in tone and graceful in expression than the following?

A' THING LOOKS DOWIE WHEN JAMIE'S NO WEEL.

Sair changed is the house sin' my Jamie lay down,
The clock tickin' lood breaks my heart wi' its soun',
Frae sunshine to cloud a's gane round wi' a wheel,
For a' thing looks dowie when Jamie's no weel.

O' waefu' 's the glance o' his pitifu' een,
They follow aye wi' me gaun but and gaun ben;
Sae I maun be cheery, nor look as I feel,
For a' thing looks dowie when Jamie's no weel.

His staff, and his plaid, and his bannet and a',
Are hangin' these three months and mair on the wa';
"How's father the day?" asks the weans frae the schule;
Oh a' thing looks dowie when Jamie's no weel.

Come here, my bit bairnie, an' sit on my knee,
O wae's me, my lammie, gin father should dee!
But we'll make our prayer to the Hand that can heal,
For a' thing looks dowie when father's no weel.

O gin but my Jamie were stirrin' again,
There's never a wrang word would come 'tween us twain,
And kinder I'd be than I hae been atweel,
For a' thing looks dowie when Jamie's no weel.

STRAYED.

A child within the summer wood
With happy feet alone,
'Mid dancing gleams of light and shade
And music in the branches made
And waters' undertone,

Awhile unheeding trips along,
A song within her heart,
Seeking where purple berries lie,
And dewy flowerets lurking sly
In tangled nooks apart;

But sudden! starts she, smit with fear,
And lets her posy fall,
Quick thro' the mazy woodland flies,
To find the homeward pathway tries,
While rocks and trees repeat her cries,
And "Father, father," call.

Till, as the evening darkens round,
'Mong velvet mosses hid,
Sleep lulls upon her slumb'rous breast
The little head with grief opprest,
And folds each tearful lid.

The silver morning breaks anew,
Oh unexpected bliss!
She wakes to meet her father's face,
With upflung arms to his embrace,
And lips that shape a kiss.

We, too, are children that have strayed
And on a strange earth roam,
For, when we've culled its fairest flowers,
A wanderer's longing still is ours
To find our own true home.

The Home our heart still dreams of,
Our Father,—where are they?
Ye ancient hills that stand on high,
Ye stars, that in your silent eye
The secret hold, hear how we cry
"Our Father and the Way!"

O never-resting heart of man,
Seeking this darkened earth around,
And finding grief, know, weary heart,
That He, whose wand'ring child thou art,
Has sought thee and has found.

And lay thee calmly to thy rest
When death's night darkens round,
And trust that waking thou shalt see
The Father's face bend over thee,
And th' endless morn around.

AN OLD VIOLIN.

Hand me down that olden fiddle
That is hanging on the wall,
Ah, how many recollections
Does that instrument recall!

'Twas my father's, and he played it
All his lifelong pilgrimage,
Sang to it his early love-songs,
Crooned to it the psalms of age.

Till his palsied fingers failed him,
And he gently laid it down;
"John," he said "the 'bonny leddy,'
Take it henceforth for your own,"

And I took it, and have played it,
Lad and man, for fifty years;
Oft 't has lain upon this bosom,
Sometimes felt the drip of tears.

It has played at all the weddings
Of my bonny lasses four;
Ah, I hear the merry voices,
Young feet skipping on the floor!

But when mother died I hung it
On that nail, and sitting lone
In my widowed chair, I never
Since that time have heard its tone.

O but there were merry meetings
In the days of long ago,
When we met on winter evenings,
Loving brothers of the bow!

Rab brought down his humming 'cello,
Pate was there, and old blind Niel;
Softly, softly, went the quartette,
Briskly the strathspey and reel.

And I never see that fiddle
But I think when it was born,
And its maker in white apron
Carried it one summer morn

To the doorway, stroked its polish,
Smiled upon its bended breast,
Strung it, laid the bow across it,
Then pronounced it far the best

Of the many he had fashioned;
Sound and true in every string,
Sounding clear, yet very tender,
Speaking nobly, like a king.

Look within, for you can see it,
But my eyes are growing blind,
Stands the place and date of making,
All with his own hand there signed.—

In the ages long since vanished
Danced the peasants to its tune,
In some sweet Italian village,
Underneath the vintage moon.

Then about the world it wandered,
High-placed now, and pleasing kings;
Played now by some poor blind stroller
For the pence the public flings.

Up and down in life—like many—
And there was a story told
By my father, a sad story,
How it once came to be sold.

For its owner had a daughter,
Only in her tenth sweet year,
Lying on a weary sickbed,
And the price of bread was dear.

And he sat and nursed her. Harder
Grew the pinch, each thing was sold
But the fiddle, the bread-winner,
That was worth a store of gold.

So he rushed abroad to sell it,
Ah, too late! when he was gone
Angels came and kissed his darling,
And God took her for His own.

And the Lord is taking me too
From this world, I think and say,
For all earth's most pleasant music
Now grows faint and far away;
But that wondrous heavenly harping
Where the happy saints are praising,
Worlds their hallelujahs raising,
All our loved ones gone before us
Swelling the triumphant chorus,
That comes nearer day by day.

JOHN WILSON,

AUTHOR of "Selections of Thought from the Leisure Hours of a Working Man," and other smaller works, was born at Longtown, in 1835. He lost his father when only six years of age, and his mother being unable to send him to school, she educated him at home, along with three sisters, to the extent of her own attainments—reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic. When thirteen, he read the life of Sir Walter Scott, became filled with enthusiasm, and with the fervour and inexperience of early youth, he determined to become a poet. The habit of verse-writing thus early formed has never entirely left him. In 1852 he was apprenticed with his uncle

to the trade of a joiner, and in 1862, work being scarce in Longtown, he removed to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where remained eleven years. Most of his spare time was spent in literary pursuits, and in temperance work, of which he has from his youth been an earnest and very intelligent advocate. He afterwards returned to his native place, where he is at present in business.

"Selections of Thought" was published in 1874, while "Saved by Song: or How John Strong Became a Teetotaler," was printed in 1882. This has become one of the most popular of those "musical entertainments" interspersed with connective readings—the music being arranged by Joe Button. He has frequently contributed prose and poetical sketches in local and temperance papers.

Mr Wilson is a thoughtful and earnest writer. He has warm sympathies, and the faculty, in a high degree, of writing easy and melodious verse. His poems and songs are marked by qualities of directness, simplicity and force of expression, and his word-pictures, whether of joy or sorrow, are clearly the language of the heart—exceedingly pathetic, suggestive, and graphic.

THE REASON WHY.

"What makes him sing," the sneering critics say,
"Who hath no art to frame a worthy lay?"
"What makes him sing," reviling neighbours ask,
"Who hath no fancy for the poet's task?"
"Why waste his time in song," kind-thinking friends inquire,
"Whose sphere is honest toil, whose full reward his hire?

I've heard the throstle on the topmost bough
Make the whole air with untaught music ring;
I've seen the redbreast 'mid the winter snow
Expand his tiny throat, and warbling sing;
E'en rippling brooklets, as they onward flow,
Join in the chorus, and the gushing spring
Harmonious blending with the fall below,
Their voices wild to sweet accordance bring,
And swell the hymn of praise to their Almighty King.

The sun that shines on these shines on me too ;
The air that fans the trees renews my blood,
To course afresh the wondrous circuit through,
Of my mysterious frame, a vital flood.
The spring which wakes to life the sleeping land,
And calls to song each tenant of the grove,
Bestows its liberal gifts on every hand,
But gives me most, to rouse my slumbering love :

For me these fields of grain that waving lie
Like summer seas of mingled gold and green ;
For me these autumn fruits that charm the eye,
In clusters grouped, with verdant leaves between,
And those melodious songsters, wild and free,
Think not, nor love, nor feel as I can do.
Then who denies the leave to sing to me?—
I'll lift my voice and sing my raptures too.
My song though void of beauty, strength, and skill,
And soft'ning touches of the hand of art,
And more devoid of genius, yet is still
The true and simple language of my heart.

THE WIFE'S LAMENT.

"What ails ye now, Jessie? that sad tears are fa'ing
Adoon your wan cheeks where saft smiles used to play ;
Ye ance were as blythe as a bird o' the simmer,
Your heart was as light and your sang was as gay.
At kirk on the Sabbath ye aye were the neatest,
Ye still were the brawest where ony were braw ;
And when the bright smile played upon your saft features,
That smile was the sweetest that ever man saw.

"I weel mind the day that I danced at your bridal,
Sae light was your footstep, sae sparkling your e'e ;
Sae kindly you spak when you bade us a welcome,
I looked at your Willie, and wished I were he.
But, oh, how ye're altered, your blue eyes are sunken,
Care sits on your forehead, want leers in your e'e ;
The big tears roll down ower your cheeks that smiles dimpled,
And now ye gang downey an' care na wha see.

"Oh, say, is your Willie unkind or unfaithfu',
Oh, loves he some ither fair lassie than you ;
And has the young love that flamed hot in his bosom
But flickered and settled in cauld darkness noo?"
"Ah, no, it is not that my Willie's unfaithfu',
He loves na anither fair lassie but me ;
But yet I'm forsaken, for Willie's aye drinkin',
Which mak's the hot tear rush sae aft to my e'e.

"He leaves me alane, and ne'er thinks o' returning
Till midnight's dark mantle owershadows the town;
He revels himsel' while the bairns are left greetin'
Wi' hunger, or supperless sent to lie down.
Oh! dark is the gloom in our wee shattered cottage,
And dread thoughts creep ower me and chill me wi' fear,
As night after night I sit waiting his coming,
And listen for footsteps when nane I can hear.

"And when the day breaks, and the first streaks o' morning
Blink in through the window, unbarr'd wi' a blin'—
They usher to young hearts their pleasures returning,
But only renew the sad sorrows o' mine.
I scan the bare wa's frae the floor to the ceiling,
Now strip'd o' their plenishing ance a' our pride;
And, oh! the cauld hearth mak's my heart sink within me,
'Tis empty and cheerless, and empty maun bide.

"My helpless wee bairns that are sleeping beside me,
Nae faither protects them frae guilt and frae need;
Nae school book enlivens the days o' their childhood,
What mither could bear it, wha's heart wadna bleed?
Oh! was it for this that I listened enraptured,
And yielded to Willie's warm pledges o' love,
When we twa were young, and he kissed me and promised
To love me until his fond heart ceased to move?

How waesome's the sang o' the bird that's been harried,
But spring will return and restore it a nest;
How sad is the wail o' the captive in fetters,
But hope may still linger uncrushed in his breast;
But spring shall ne'er shine on my winter-bound bosom,
And hope's fled awa never mair to return;
And dark is the prospect o' life's dreary gloaming
Approaching when loved ones hae left us to mourn."

BOYHOOD.

Loitering on a sunny bank,
Through the willows trailing,
Watching fleecy knots of foam
In the eddies sailing.

Whetting at a riven wand
From the hazel bushes;
Plaiting whips and soldier hats
With the supple rushes.

Angling in a muddy pool,
Scrambling through the hedges,
Climbing to the martins' nests
In the rocky ledges.

Trudging listlessly to school,
Not a moment caring
For the tasks he should have been
Studiously preparing.

Sunny, sunny boyhood-time,
Thy days appear hereafter,
Brimful cups of happiness
Running o'er with laughter.

Let no fretful shadows fall
On thy brow of gladness;
Dare to meet, but don't forestall,
The world's weight of sadness.

THE LANGUAGE OF LIFE.

What says baby round face?
Tell me while he lies
Gazing at his mother
With his wondering eyes!
Lips have got no language,
Speech too hard a task,
Yet each dimpled feature
Plainly say *I ask*.

Petticoated Charley,
Laughing merrily,
Clinging to his mother's chair,
Tell me what says he?
Crimson on his hot cheeks
Burning blushes strike,
Stammering from his red lips
Come the words I *like*.

Tommy in the playground,
Bounding like his ball,
Creeping under gateways,
Riding on the wall;
Thoughtless as his thoughts are
One is ever there,
Uppermost and foremost,
Out it comes, *I dare*.

Andrew at the college,
Or, if never there,
Learning in the workshop
And worshipping his fair;
Has a thought in his mind,
Wide its future scope,
Oft his lips, unconscious,
Use the words, *I hope*.

Master in the office,
At his books and bills,
With his large transactions
Bulky ledgers fills.
Knitted brows and firm looks,
Weighty words and slow,
Answer my inquiry,
Yes, sir, yes, *I know.*

Grandsire in his old age,
Locks as white as snow,
Limbs that once were lusty
Now are bent and slow;
Weighing past experience
Learnt through many a year,
Gives his sage opinion,
Prefaced with, *I fear.*

REV. JAMES BALLANTINE.

JAMES BALLANTINE was born in Irvine, in 1835, of parents much esteemed for their excellent Christian character. He was deprived of both parents in childhood, but their place was admirably supplied by his mother's sister, Miss Conn, an excellent Christian woman, by whom he was brought up with affectionate and intelligent care. From his earliest years he was of a dreamy and poetic temperament, fond of Nature and of books. In dawning manhood he came under deep religious impression, and joined the Free Church in Irvine, then under the ministry of the Rev. Mr Cousin, by whose advice he prosecuted his studies with a view to his becoming a teacher, or a minister of the gospel. During these preparatory years he was a constant contributor of poetic pieces to the newspapers and religious journals. In 1865 a selection of these was published by Messrs William Oliphant & Co., Edinburgh, in

hopes of aiding him in going to Jamaica, to which he had been recommended for the benefit of his health, which had broken down in the prosecution of his studies for the ministry while still engaged in the arduous work of teaching. Happily the change of climate was completely successful in establishing his health, and the aim of his life was shortly after attained by his ordination over a charge in Jamaica, where he exercised a useful and honoured ministry till his removal to his present charge in Paris, Toronto, Canada.

Mr Ballantine has not struck his harp in vain. Many of his verses are marked by pleasing reflection, and a warm sensibility to external beauty. He knows well how to render tributary to his poetic reveries the principles of revealed truth, and they are all imbued with a deep moral and religious feeling.

CHANGE.

Time, rushing onward on his tireless wing
Wafts us o'er change's realm of shade and shine,
Far from the dear old scenes of youth's gay ring,
The sand-hills glowing and the woodlands fine.

Something of change I've known, the scorching beams,
The palm trees rustling by the blue sea's foam,
And dusky faces where the cane-field gleams
Tell me old Scotland is no more my home.

Blame me not sternly, ye whose finer ear
My harp's rude symphony to charm may fail,
That for the friends who erst were pleased to hear
I pour old numbers on the homeward gale.

'Tis sadly sweet, when come strange stars with night
To bid fond memory her rare wand wave,
And wake Langsyne in robes of pensive light,
Like moonshine sleeping on the moorland grave.

Brethren and friends, farewell! On Time's dark river
Like ships we're gliding to the shoreless sea—
What though with music's swell or banner's quiver?
O Christ, our pilot to the haven be!

HOPE'S NEW HARP.

In an hour of youth and music
Hope saw the world afar,
Like a beautiful bright garden
Where plum and olive are.

From her terrace gay with sunshine
She saw the orange trees,
And the myrtles and the roses
Came to her on the breeze.

But the desert wind came rushing,
With ruin on its wings,
And the harp of hope fell from her,
And marred its tuneful strings.

On her cheek the tear was dropping
Like dew-pearl on the rose,
When a voice with heaven's sweetness
Believed her tender woes.

"Daughter, for thy poor harp broken,
Weep not!" the stranger saith;
"Freely take from me another
Will charm the ear of Death."

Then he played the lyre so sweetly
That Hope in wonder heard,
And emotions never dreamed of
In her rapt being stirred;

For it seemed as at the music
The desert wind sunk low,
And a balmier breeze than Yemen's
Far east began to blow;

And as myrtles and as olive
In greener beauty sprung,
And as streamlets in the desert,
Rejoicing anthems sung.

On a sudden round the stranger
Shone Iabor's cloud of fire—
Rising in the cloud he vanished,
But left to Hope his lyre!

THE SCENES OF YOUTH REVISITED.

Once more by childhood's rippling stream,
I find myself alone
Watching the playful, sunny gleam,
And hearing hushed in memory's dream
My native zephyr's tone.

Once more the dim old woods are mine,
With many a minstrel sweet!
I hail the purple-shafted pine,
And wander in sweet summer shine,
Where beech and linden meet.

Hail to the pastures fresh and green,
The bonny hills o' blue,
The bright and balmy meadow-queen,
The daisy's white and crimson sheen,
And king-cup's golden hue!

Be still my heart, forever still,
No more in darkness pine;
For he who weaves so fair a frill
For the wee gowan on the hill
Will care for thee and thine.

And the old castle on the lea,
Deal gently with it, Time—
Gray nurse of fancy, young and free,
Still watch the dim, blue, ebbing sea
In thine old hood of rime.

Oh thanks, my God, for leave to view
Once more this scene divine!
Thy waves are rolling, white and blue,
And yonder soars the wild sea-mew,
On rocks upon the brine.

Back to the moor of boyhood's play,
There furnace giants tower;
But where, oh! where the sky-lark gay,
The linnet on the broomy spray,
And the bee upon the flower?

Yon spire has not yet lost its spell,
With the silent churchyard round;
There sleep true hearts that loved me well—
Sleep till the resurrection knell
Peal o'er the hallowed ground.

There, too, I mind the martyr's stone,
With its old iron-plate—
A fitting spot to muse alone,
With the blue gloaming round you thrown,
On man's immortal state.

The western sun, thick barred with gold,
Glares from the mountain crest;
Anon the bolts away are rolled,
And lo! he shines like a martyr bold
Fire-curtained near his rest!

And yet away, I must not stay,
This eve to the city's din;
But God is there by night and day,
As near me in the crowded way
As by the mountain linn.

JOHN WALLACE LYALL

IS a fine example of a working man possessed of noble aspirations. He has sung amidst the din and bustle of machinery, and worked for the same employer during a period of twenty-five years. He was born in Paisley, in 1836, and is the son of a weaver, who was also a poet of some considerable merit, for his songs were sung in public by vocalists of standing. John thus inherited his poetical abilities from his father, who was also a great lover of Scottish history, and was so passionately fond of Sir William Wallace that he said if ever God blessed him with a son he would name him after the great Scottish hero. The subject of our sketch was only nine months old when his father died, and the mother having to go out to work, he was left to the care of his grandmother during the day. He was fond of the lyric muse, and wrote songs and sung them when quite a boy. After receiving the best education his parent could afford, he spent some of his early years at sea, and he has courted the muse in various foreign climes. He follows the calling of an iron planer, and is much esteemed by his fellow workers. Often when wearied and tired after the day's toil, our poet has solaced himself with the pleasures of poetry.

Mr Lyall has been a voluminous writer of lyrics *and hymns*, and he has been a successful prize-taker

in several poetical competitions, while many of his songs have been wedded to appropriate music, and sung with much acceptance in public. His productions, although not generally reaching a high level of inspiration, are highly pleasing, and it is evident that he understands the practical rules of rhythm and metre, while his hymns and sacred pieces show a fine vein of morality, and a heart beating warmly to the sacred intonations of piety.

NOW MY LITTLE DARLING SLUMBERS.

Hush, my peerless little treasure,
Thou art weary come and rest;
Surely sorrow is a stranger
To thy tender infant breast.
Why, my darling, dost thou startle?
Morbid forms thou canst not see,
Nought but visions pure and holy
Dwell with one so fair as thee.
Now my little darling slumbers,
While the vespers pure and sweet
Tell me angels hover o'er thee,
And will guard thee while you sleep.

Now, I see thee smile, my darling,
Like an angel in your dream;
See,—those little orbs of beauty
Peer beneath their silken screen.
Now, that playful little dimple
Sports among the roses rare,
As 'twere proud to be in bondage
On a spot so pure and fair.

O, the joy to watch your dear one,
Only loving mothers know;
Feel the little heart apulsing,
While the blushes come and go.
Sleep, my peerless little beauty,
Calm and tranquil be your rest,
Now, I'll taste those lips of honey,
While I clasp thee to my breast.

Yet, my smiling little rosebud,
Though thy charms n ay seem divine,
There was once a tender flow'ret
Far excell'd those charms of thine.

Jesus was that pretty sunflower,
Planted by the great Most High,
All who breathe the holy fragrance,
They shall live and never die.

A KIND WORD STILL IS EASY SAID.

Ne'er despise your fellow brother,
Tho' perchance, no coin he's got,
You may find him frank and honest,
Tho' he wears a ragged coat.
Should you find him in misfortune,
Strive to lend him timely aid,
Should he be in sorrow pining,
Mark ! a kind word's easy said.

Sorrow oft might be averted,
If we'd only with a will
Try to check a hapless brother,
When he's sliding down life's hill.
Lend your shoulder, push him upward,
Tell him not to be dismayed,
Yet he'll reach the golden summit,
If a kind word's only said.

Tell him though the sky is lowering,
And the Icy King doth reign,
Summer bright, again is coming,
Flow'ret's gay, shall deck the plain.
Woodland birds, wi' ling'ring chorus,
Shall resound o'er vale and glade,
Those sweet words will bring him gladness,
Kind words, still are easy said.

When he's growing old and feeble,
And his brow traced o'er wi' care,
Cheer him with a word of kindness,
Tho' a mite, you cannot spare.
You will nobly be rewarded,
From above you'll be repaid,
If you mind the golden maxim—
A kind word still is easy said.

STILL BE HAPPY WHILE YOU MAY.

Come, dispel that look of sadness,
Why make sorrows of your own ?
Strive to banish melancholy ;
Strive to make a happy home.
Try to cheer your fellow brother,
Try to bear his burdens, too ;
And you'll find an inward pleasure
As this life you journey through.

Though misfortune should assail thee,
Bear your troubles like a man ;
Work and sing, and still be cheery—
Always do the best you can.
Let your mind pursue your labour,
And no doubt you will excel ;
Life is mostly what we make it,
And the future—none can tell.

Though the sky seems dark and dreary,
We will soon have brighter days,
For again the radiant sunbeams
Will send forth their golden rays.
Everything is mixed with mercy,
If we only knew the plan ;
And our wise and just Creator
Only knows what's best for man.

What's the use in sitting grumbling ?
Sure, the past we can't recall ;
Let us then be up and doing,
There is room enough for all.
In this world, amid our sorrows,
Still some pleasures find their way ;
Leave off grieving, 'tis a folly—
Still be happy while you may.

BE KIND TO THE AULD.

Be kind to the auld folk, noo mark what I say,
For manhood and beauty are sure to decay ;
Tho' noo their broo's wrinkled, and locks like the snaw,
We'd miss the auld bodies if they were awa' ;
Tho' whiles they admonish in language severe,
To bid ye dae wrang ye ha'e nae cause to fear,
Why, why look sae cauldly, an' treat wi' disdain
The auld folk that nursed ye when you were a wean.
Be kind to the auld folk, noo mark what I say,
For manhood and beauty are sure to decay ;
Tho' noo their broo's wrinkled, and locks like the snaw,
We'd miss the auld bodies if they were awa'.

Noo 'tis their cauld winter, bright summer is past,
Their auld stems a' shattered an' bent wi' the blast,
Nor sap in the branches, nae green leaves there noo,
Nae sweet fragrant blossoms a' glis'ning wi' dew ;
Yet tho' noo they're failin', they ance had their day,
An' hard did they warsle to climb life's steep brae,
An' min' ye the auld folk was guid to us a',
Let's cheer up their auld hearts ere they slip awa'.

My freens, min' the auld folk, we'll no ha'e them lang,
Let's lichten their burden as lang as we can,

For Life's wheel aft changes, an' mark, nane can tell
How soon comes that day we'll need help oorsel';
Tho' noo 'tis oor simmer, an' a' things seem gay,
An' fair nature smiling in richest array,
'Tis but a brief moment, too too bright to last,
'Twill soon be our winter, wi' cauld biting blast.

WIDOW O'MAILLY'S LAMENT.

I'm an old widow, my maiden name's Brogkan,
I came from a town they call sweet Maghera;
I wance wis good lookin', in troth, I wis handsome,
But never a tooth I've now got in my jaw.
The night I got wed to ould Paddy O'Mailly,
The murthern thaif he brought on me disgrace,
Because for a joke, I kissed young Neddy Duffy,
He shifted my nose a bit out of its place.

Abra musha bad luck to the night that I met him,
In ould Pegg M'Clusky's beyant at the "bog,"
Sure I'd been better for life to wear crutches,
Than tie meself up to the drunken ould hog.
When he came courtin', he wis a fine fellow,
As modest's an angel just down from the sky;
But scarcely had I got the ring on my finger,
Than he tuk a notion to colour my eye.

The dirty ould haything, had it not been for him,
I might have been wed to a dacent young man,
Sure every night at my ould father's cabin,
The boys they were hoxing for who'd get my han';
In troth I don't wonder; although that I say it,
It just wis myself had the swate luckin face,
Bad luck to the colleen from here to Dungannon,
Whin I wis just twenty, cud tie my shoe lace.

And now, though I'm forty just luck at my figure,
Where cud you see such a beautiful waist?
The ladies all praise me, the gint's they admire me,
They all say I've got such an elegant taste.
Now since Paddy's gone, I'll cock up my beaver,
To catch the boy's eyes I do what I can,
I'm no yet that ould, nor yet so bad luckin,
But I might take the eye of some strapping young man.

GEORGE STRONACH, M.A.,

A YOUNG *litterateur* of strong intellect and brilliant powers, whose poetical productions evince delicacy of thought, fertility of imagination, and felicity of language, was born in 1851, in Edinburgh —"Scotia's darling seat" of Burns, and "mine own romantic town" of Scott. He was educated at George Watson's Hospital, where both he and his younger brother were duxes of the school. Mr Stronach had a distinguished career at Edinburgh University, where he took honours in all the Arts Classes, and graduated as M.A. in 1871. Since then he has been engaged in political work for the London reviews and journals, also acting as the Scotch correspondent for one of the chief metropolitan dailies. Many of our readers will be surprised to learn that Mr Stronach is the author of a series of the most noted political "squibs" of the day. These successful *brochures* (published by Messrs Blackwood) include the "Gladstone A.B.C.," now in its twenty-fifth thousand; "New Gleanings from Gladstone," which has enjoyed a circulation of 68,000; "More Gleanings from Gladstone," which has reached its twenty-fifth thousand; and "The Liberal Mis-Leaders," which has been issued to the number of 30,000. These four works, recently published in a collected form with the title "Gladstone & Co.," show on the part of the author keen wit, acute observation, and considerable knowledge of the ludicrous and humorous in human nature, as well as an extensive acquaintance with the works of classical authors, from whom he gives exceedingly pertinent "texts" and illustrations.

Mr Stronach has produced a large amount of excellent work, both in prose and verse, in Temple

Bar, The Argosy, Cassell's Magazine, Scribner's Monthly, Harper's Monthly, The Atlantic Monthly, The Quiver, London Society, and other journals. He also writes for several of the comic papers, where his clever poetical parodies and *jeux d'esprit* find ready acceptance. Mr Stronach has an intimate knowledge of "the out-of-the-way nooks and corners" of literature, and doubtless he has enjoyed special opportunities of prosecuting such researches from his occupying the position of principal assistant in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

But it is as a poet we have to consider the subject of our sketch. As a song-writer he is almost as prolific as his friend Mr Frederick E. Weatherly, upwards of half-a-hundred pieces from his pen having been set to music and published by London houses. Although he has written numerous very thoughtful poems, he is most successful as a song-writer, and we think that when a poet's feeling finds truest and easiest expression in a particular form of poetry, it is better that he should adhere to it than that he should detract from its quality by seeking to vary his rhymes. Mr Stronach's verses are in great demand by musicians, and he appears to be equally at home in writing words *for* music, or words *to* music, as occasion arises. He seems careful in the setting of his conceptions, and the result is chastely-wrought songs, abounding in melodious cadences. An enthusiastic yachtsman, he doubtless derives not a little of his inspiration from the breezes of the Firth of Forth, where the cutter "Nautilus" may be seen skimming the waves to Queensferry, Aberdour, or Elie in the summer afternoons. His themes, however, are varied, and it is evident that he can find food for observation and reflection at all seasons, and that he is quick to respond to the exhilarating influence of the free wind, the open sky, and the ever-changing world of conscious and unconscious life. Many of the sweet

and tender lyrical productions of Mr Stronach will live, and we hope soon to hear of his consenting to give them to the world in book form.

MACLEOD OF DARE.

She was blithesome and bonnie
As bonnie could be,
Wi' a maddening spell
In her laughing blue e'e.
"Come, tell me, my heart,
What, what shall I say,
If he asks me to wed him
Some fine summer day?"

Sir Keith was as brave
As his lady was fair—
This handsome young gallant
Of wild Castle Dare.
"Haste to her, sweet roses,
My fond message take—
If she love me, I'll live,
Or I'll die for her sake."

For he loved his proud queen
With a love passing true,
While the hours pass'd so gladly
The bright summer through.
And to Keith in the north,
When the winds whistled shrill,
The winter was summer—
He trusted her still.

Oh! if from our dreaming
We never could wake,
Would love be so bitter,
Or hearts ever break;
Would vows prove inconstant
And light as the air;
Would a mother be weeping
In lone Castle Dare?

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

Only a peasant of Flanders,
Sweet as the southern breeze,
Saying a glad "good morn" to her friends—
The birds and the happy bees.
Fair bloom the roses and mignonette;
E'en the fields and the azure skies
Have borrow'd a double meed of life
From the light of her sparkling eyes.

And cheerily pass the hours away :
In work and song day follows day.

One sunny morn of a golden May
  There comes to the market place
A painter, with eyes as blue as our own,
  And they fall on the fair young face.
All through the pleasant summer-time
  Her heart to his replies ;
While the rose-tree on the cottage wall,
  Untended, droops and dies.
But merrily pass the hours away :
In the light of love day follows day.

There seems a strife in the chiming bells,
  A din in the murm'ring streams,
For never again will she see his face,
  Save in the world of dreams.
'Tis the old, old story, ever told
  By many a broken heart—
An hour of bliss—a life of grief :
  "They met—but only to part."
Oh, wearily pass the hours away !
In the gloom of death day follows day.

The years roll on ; one autumn eve
  He stands at the wicket gate,
Where they linger'd o'er many a sad goodbye :
  Too late ! he comes too late.
The garden that blossom'd so sweet and bright
  Is dark as the shade of yews.
When he sought her, they show'd him a dead moss-rose
  And two little wooden shoes.
Oh, drearily pass the hours away !
So runs the world from day to day.

MY MESSAGE.

Do I love thee? ask the stars,
  That watch o'er all my hopes and fears ;
Ask the lily or the rose,
  That sparkles with my sorrow's tears.

Do I love thee? ask the clouds
  That bear my thoughts on silver wing ;
Ask the linnet or the lark,
  In all their chants I hear thee sing.

Do I love thee? ask the waves—
  Thy face in every ripple's seen ;
Ask the brooklet or the breeze,
  My messengers they've ever been.

Do I love thee? ask mine eyes,
  Tell me have they never spoken?
Do I love thee? ask thy heart,
  And the spell of doubt is broken.

ALINE.

A merry little nymph I know,
With mind and soul as pure as snow:
Her sweet name sets my heart aglow—
  Aline!
But wists she that I love her so?
  My queen!

The Highland lads can tell she's fair;
They praise her dimples, dark-brown hair
And rosy lips, beyond compare—
  My queen!
Not many maids boast charms so rare—
  Aline!

Her sparkling eyes and pattering feet
Are ready aye my steps to meet;
She knows I've aye a kiss to greet
  Aline!
And she returns one twice as sweet—
  My queen!

To all she is so frank and free—
Beyond her wont, perhaps, with me;
But then she is my wife to be—
  My queen!
The best of sermons 'tis to see
  Aline!

A bright and happy wife she'll make,
To household duties e'er awake;
No power on earth from me will take
  Aline!
And nought my trust in her can shake—
  My queen!

With her to cherish and caress,
Life's plain will be no wilderness,
The seasons all will wear Spring's dress—
  My queen!
My care to see no care oppress
  Aline!

THE RUBY RING.

A ruby ring he gave her
  Before he cross'd the sea,

"Let this, love, be a silent pledge
Of faith 'twixt thee and me."

She took the ring and kiss'd it,
He press'd her to his heart—
Oh, that all vows prov'd passing true,
When they who love must part.

Came winter, dark and dreary,
Ill far'd her lad at sea.
Spring brought another wooer,
Wealth was his only plea.

But the sailor's ring yet conjur'd his face,
So she would not wed;
When autumn winds were sighing,
They told her he was dead.

A year and a day since he left her
And his gift is no golden toy,
For love, as time passes, grows stronger,
When sorrow's unmix'd with joy;

But the good ship homeward speeding
Leaps like a living thing,
And a sailor boy is dreaming of home and a ruby ring—
Of home and a ruby ring.

WILLIAM GRAHAM

HAILS from Paisley, that town so freely favoured by the Muses. He was born in 1853, and at an early age was employed in the local branch of the Savings Bank, where he remained for two or three years. When about seventeen, he gave up accounts and figures, and went abroad. After living in Paris and Rouen, and more recently in London, Birmingham, and elsewhere, he returned to Paisley in 1880, and became assistant editor of the *Daily Express*, which paper he left early in 1882 to take the position of London correspondent of the *Glasgow Citizen*.

In 1877 Mr Graham published (Alex. Gardner, Paisley) a small volume entitled "Bazil: a Tale of Herzegovina, the Modern Alchemist, and other Poems," by "Houssaye Graeme." This volume has met with much public favour, and was highly spoken of by the press. Although engaged in the exacting and anxious work peculiar to a London correspondent, Mr Graham yet occasionally finds time to "throw off" a "happy lilt." As a "man of letters," he is ready, graphic, and attractive, and he is the author of numerous exceedingly thoughtful and interesting articles and sketches. His most ambitious poems show energy of feeling and vigorous conception, while his shorter pieces and songs are generally reflective, and are largely imbued with the national spirit, although in his humorous productions he can show rich and playful fancy and fine healthy humour.

THE FLOWER.

(From the French.)

Sad solitary dying flower,
Erewhile the valley's pride,
The chilly northwind's blasting power
Now strews thy ruins wide.

The same dread Might our being stops,
The same hand strikes our knell;
From thee a leaflet withering drops,
A joy bids us farewell.

Old Father Time steals every day,
A passion or a taste;
Each instant quick that flies away,
Illusions with it haste.

And man, in losing his soft dreams,
Asks (sad with inward strife),
Which one the least abiding seems,—
The flower or life?

THE DAY THAT FIRST I SAW YE.

That rosy lip, that slae black e'e,
And blushing cheek have captured me;
There's no a pain, I wadna dree,
Gin mine, I micht, but ca' ye.
Nae ither lassie can I loe,
Ne'er kiss anither bonnie mou';
I'm sure, my lass, ye winna rue
The day that first I saw ye.

Wi' love and doubt I'm sair distressed,
Oh! speak the word and mak' me blest;
And gin ye trust this faithfu' breast,
Nae harm shall e'er befa' ye.
Warm sunny love shall licht oor way—
Oor life shall pass a' bricht an' gay,
An' we will ever bless the day—
The day that first I saw ye.

THE EARTH IS WEARY.

The Earth is weary, bleak, an' wae,
Crisp win's ower dale an' mountain blaw;
Ilk thing is drear on bank and brae,—
The cauld grey craigs keek through the snaw.

The high black firs whilk tap yon hill
Are busket a' wi' siller straikes,
The saugh is mourning by the rill;
A white robe shrouds the gnarled aiks.

About the birk the snaw-wreaths cling—
A ghastly dool the forest bears—
And ice-draps ower the scaur's face hing
Like mute creation's frozen tears.

But in the warl' o' my breist
Far greater wae and sorrow reign;
Nae lichtsome joy my dool will reist
When simmer's sun bedecks the plain.

Ance roun' my heart a lily twined,
But cruel Death my lily herried;
The fairest flower to Earth was tined,
And lies within my bosom buried.

A TALE FOR THE MARINES.

The Bladda is the name of a street or district in Paisley. The Sneddon Quay is the name of the wharf at Paisley on the River Cart. The Water Neb is where the Cart flows into the Clyde.

The Bladda was our good ship's name
(As trim a craft as e'er you'd see);
She kept up intercourse between
The Bowling *lock* and Sneddon *Quay*.

One day from Bowling lock we sailed,
With flowing tide to help us hame;
But when we reached the Water Neb
An ebb of water it became.

We raised the steam upon our steed,
And worked it at its utmost force;
While as we left the Clyde behind
The Cart was all before the horse.

Along the banks the "engine" puffed
Till by the auld Teetotal Toor;
But here it fagged—our one poor horse
No longer was a one horse pu'er.

And slipping on the towing path
Its feet got tangled in the rope;
All *tied* into the *tide* it fell,
And had, alas! *a little drop.*

It shuffled off "the mortal coil"
That twisted round its hoofs and head:
Its strength was spent, to rest it went,
And sank into the river's bed.

We thought our good ship now was lost,
The murky water soon must fill her,
For oh! her rudder ploughed the land,
And was in fact a perfect *tiller.*

Then swinging to the other side,
Her prow into th' embankment bore,
But still our *bark* was on the wave
Although the *bow* was on the shore.

And thus across the stream she lay,
Our ship that was so neat and trig;
From shore to shore you might pass o'er—
The bark had now become a "brig."

As there she stuck, nor moved a peg,
The river trust got mad and madder;
And so to sink her out of sight,
They cut a hole right through the Bladda.

She would not sink, but could not swim,
So here must end this awful tale,
They broke her up, and so at last,
In bits she had an auction sale.

COURAGE.

To sit an' greet ower carks an' waes
Is nae the way to fecht our faes;
Wha fears his guid richt haun to raise
(Plain be it spoken),
Is but a loon baith mean an' base,
Nae worth a doken.

The feckless fule that has nae he'rt
To strike the blow for his ain pairt,
Aye leuks for help frae every airt
The win' can blaw:
A coof—a slave—to loot an' scairt,
To ane an' a'

When Fortune looks a wee thocht glum,
His craven briestie maun succumb;
Honour and courage, deaf and dumb,
Ne'er tauld this story—
Misfortune, when 'tis overcome,
Is changed to glory.

Nae man can thole anither's pain—
Nae man can dicht anither's stain—
Nae man anither's faught can gain,
Or pay his debt:
Ilk, unsupported and alane,
Maun vict'ry get.